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BRITISH

GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

JULY
2015

WORLD EXCLUSIVE

VINCE Vaughn

The TRUE
DETECTIVE
STAR

Brings the
HEAT

INTERVIEW BY JONATHAN HEAF

SUPERMODEL

KENDALL Jenner
OWNS the
summer

SEX

LIVIN'
LIKE LEO!
In defence of
THE ULTIMATE
'modelizer'

VINCE VAUGHN PHOTOGRAPHED FOR BRITISH GQ BY NORMAN JEAN ROY



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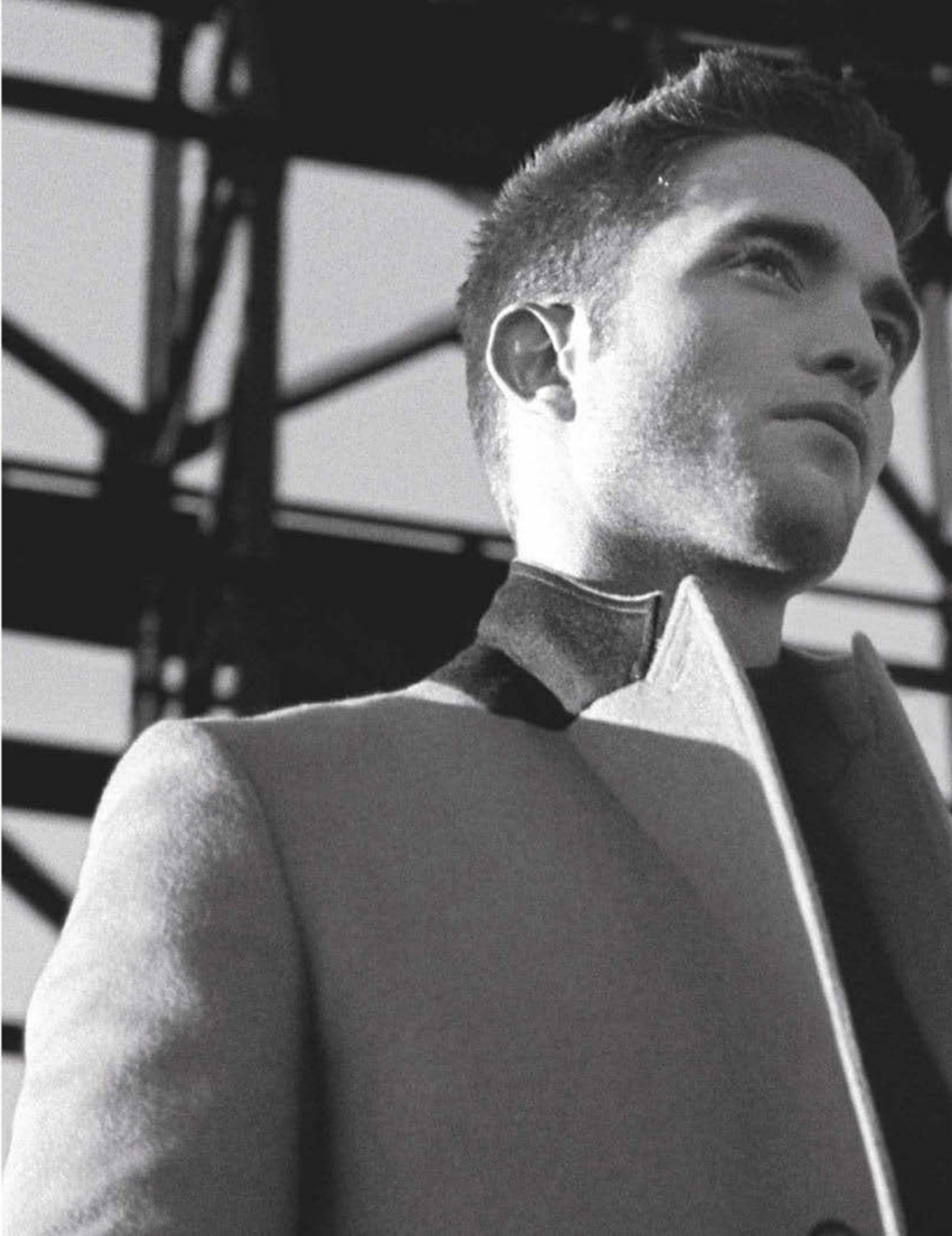


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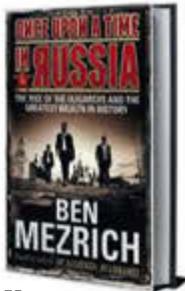
DIOR HOMME
EAU FOR MEN



GUCCI

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BY RACHEL JOHNSON

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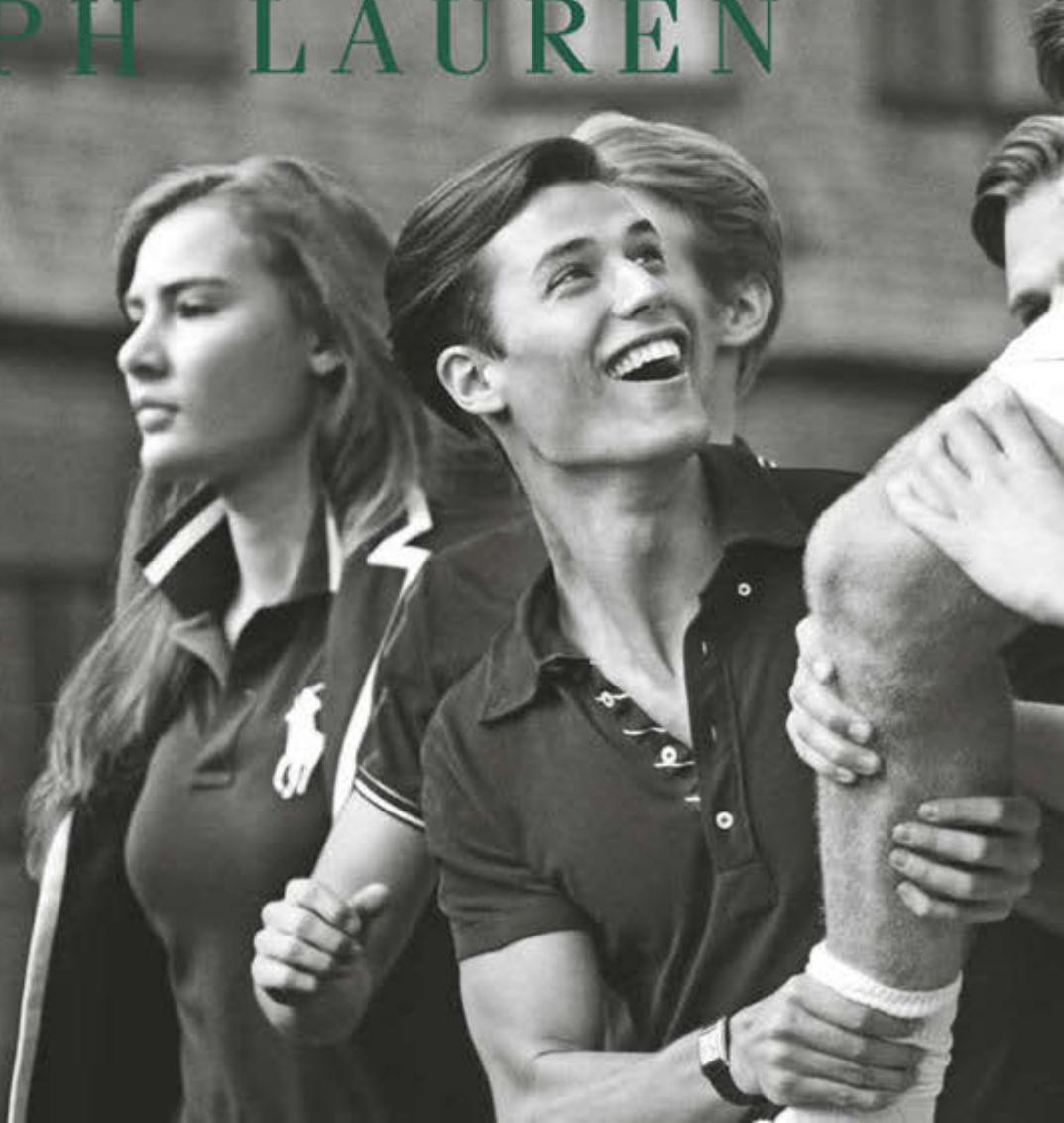
All-American sausage joint Top Dog sets up shop in Soho; Luca Maggiore's Toy Room makes its way to Mayfair; plus, a palate-pleasing trip to Winchester.





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A color photograph of actor Vince Vaughn. He is leaning against the open driver's side door of a dark-colored, vintage-style pickup truck. He is wearing a white V-neck t-shirt and dark jeans. He has his left arm crossed over his chest and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background shows a desert landscape with mountains under a clear sky.

T-shirt by **Tom Ford**, £450, [tomford.com](#).
Jeans by **Diesel**, £110, [diesel.com](#). Vintage
boots, from a selection
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LIONEL RICHIE

Lionel Richie is back with a brand-new album, which has sold 100 million records in a career spanning four decades – he'll turn the judges again when he performs at Glastonbury. In an exclusive interview with GQ, the soul singer reveals the highs and lows of his life, as well as the moment he realised he might have been more than a few...

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS AYRES

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Why there is no sport without risk; Tony Parsons' latest noir thriller; the digital age's serendipitous side-effect; art's new attitude focuses on film; why we should avoid the urge to build new super cities; the sidestepped battles of the big British constituencies; plus, this month's films.

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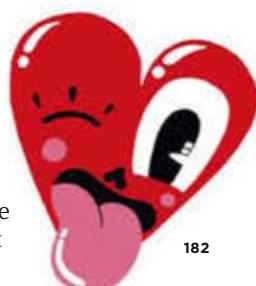
From Martin Scorsese to Tony Bennett, we invite eight legends of screen and stage to celebrate the man who dressed them. Mr Armani, we salute you. **PHOTOGRAPHS BY KURT ISWARIENKO**

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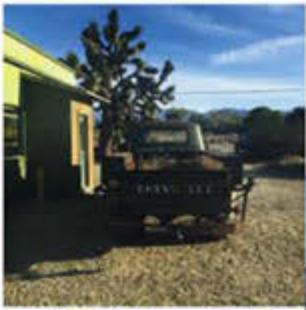
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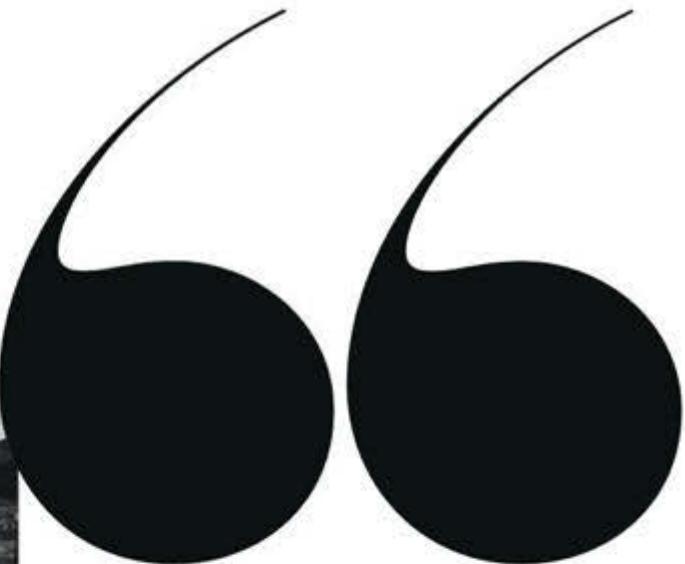
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California guys: Vince Vaughn, wearing his personalised Cardiff Devils ice-hockey shirt and, bottom, with GQ's Creative Director, Paul Solomons, on location in the Mojave Desert



Sharp, smart and effortlessly cool"

That's how GQ's Creative Director, Paul Solomons, describes this month's cover star, Vince Vaughn. Solomons spent nearly a week in LA, prepping and directing GQ photographer Norman Jean Roy's extraordinary portrait series.

The cover was shot at the famous Four Aces movie set, an hour outside LA in the Mojave Desert. The location was chosen to echo the hard-hitting mood of the HBO drama *True Detective*, the second series of which stars Vaughn alongside another former GQ cover star, Colin Farrell.

True Detective marks a new direction for the Illinois-raised actor. It's a chance for him, as Solomons says, to "reinvent himself".

And how.

"This is quite brave casting: to put an actor known more for his comedic turns in a role like this after Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson had such success in the first series," continues Solomons. "Even though Vaughn is one of the most famous people in Hollywood, I think he's seeing *True Detective* as a chance for a renaissance."

The cover is also a break from GQ tradition, using a gritty location and more casual clothes.

It suited the actor's personality, too. "Without doubt, Vince was one of the nicest, most genuine guys we've ever shot," says Solomons. "The fact that he agreed to travel outside of LA for this shoot told me instantly he was going to be cool."

"You don't often meet people in his position who are willing to give themselves over and travel like that in order for you to get what you want. But then look what happens – you get great pictures."

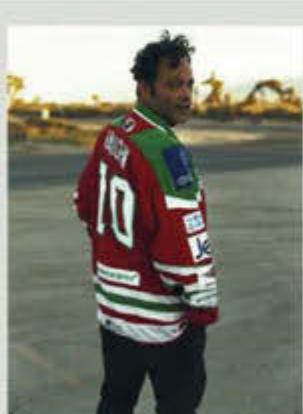
Vaughn certainly seems to have his swagger back. In Roy's photographs he looks like he did ten years ago – moody, cool, trimmed down. On set, he had a confidence about him that turned out to be incredibly infectious.

"He loved the pictures from the off. He could see from the ones we posted on Instagram that we were going to end up with something special," says Solomons.

"When we shoot our covers, we always want the subject to have as much fun as possible, because if they're doing something they're uneasy with it always shows. Always. So if they're having a good time, everyone else tends to have a good time, too. And you come back with a set of really iconic images."

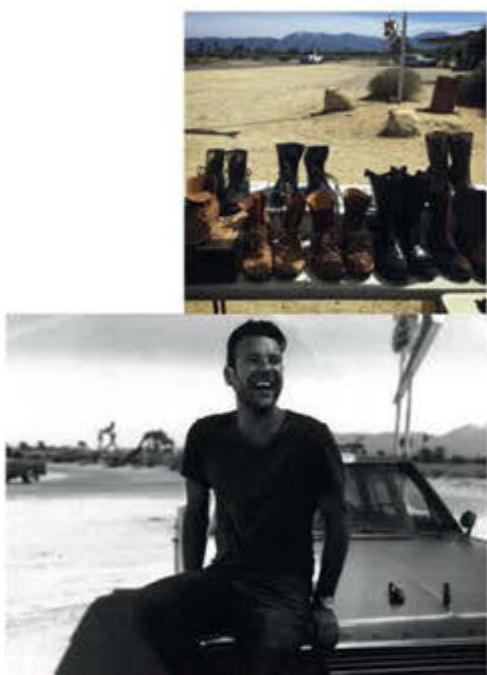
"We also make an extra effort to get to know our subjects' characters and to keep them sweet," he says. "After all, these stars do hundreds of shoots for as many different magazines. Hopefully, it helps us stand out."

For Solomons, it was also a chance to fly the flag for his native Wales. Both ➤





'Sure, Vaughn will discuss the merits of Dodgeball over Couples Retreat, but get him on the EU or gun law and you've really got a conversation'



Russell Crowe and Matthew McConaughey were given signed Welsh rugby shirts, as well as first editions of *Under Milk Wood*. Vaughn was in for the same treatment.

"I'd heard Vince loves ice hockey. The night before I flew, I noticed that there were a lot of photos of him in ice-hockey shirts. True enough, in his own words, Vaughn is a die-hard Chicago Blackhawks fan. That evening, I managed to contact both the commercial director and the coach of the Cardiff Devils ice-hockey team – who happened to be huge fans of Vaughn – and overnight they had a shirt made up with 'Vince Vaughn' and '10' printed on the back. I gave it to Vince as soon as we met. After that, we got on like a house on fire."

The final day of the shoot happened to be Solomons' birthday, and Vaughn didn't disappoint. "Vince and the team had candlelit iced muffins delivered to the set and sang happy birthday to me, which was quite a moment."

For the accompanying interview, Vaughn met up with our Features Director, Jonathan Heaf, in downtown LA. They had arranged to meet in the basement of the Hotel Figueroa, an old YMCA now decorated to look like a traditional Moroccan riad. Often, encounters like this are treated as something of a necessary evil by the talent, but on this occasion the two of them spent nearly four hours together, only bringing the conversation to a halt because the bar was closing for the night. Perhaps predictably, when they continued the interview outside, they were constantly interrupted by bar crawlers asking for selfies with "the guy from *Swingers*".

That night, the pair discussed everything from politics and Hollywood to drug laws and US foreign policy. "Sure he will sit down and discuss the merits of *Dodgeball* over *Couples Retreat*," says Heaf, "but get him on the dysfunctional qualities of the EU or gun law and you've really got yourself a conversation. Stupidly, I expected him to be like a taller, more self-deprecating version of John Belushi's character in *Animal House*: all fast talk and sarcastic asides. He was, in fact, quite the opposite.

"The important thing here is you don't often encounter someone you don't know and with whom you want to spend that much time talking. The surprising thing was how serious and wide-ranging our conversation was. I didn't always agree with what he said, but you don't need to agree with someone's values to enjoy their company."

Heaf's often extraordinary interview starts on page 148.
Enjoy his piece, enjoy the issue. ☺

Dylan Jones

Dylan Jones, Editor



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Golden hour:
Vaughn poses for
photographer Norman
Jean Roy at the Four
Aces film set, art
directed by GQ's
Paul Solomons

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Westfield - Unit 2030A (Village), Ariel Way - London W12 7GF - Tel: +44 208 743 9169

Contributors

Norman JEAN ROY

As one of the world's most prolific magazine photographers, Norman Jean Roy has shot most celebrities worth shooting, and has been featured widely in the pages of *GQ*, *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*. After his work on this month's issue, Jean Roy has now shot the men on both sides of the *True Detective* story. Having previously photographed Matthew McConaughey for our December 2014 edition, he captured this month's cover star, and new *True Detective* antagonist, Vince Vaughn. "He is a fantastic man," says Jean Roy, "and very enjoyable to shoot."



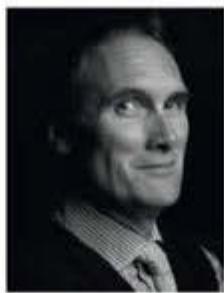
Bruce DOUGLAS

In his first *GQ* feature, the former BBC journalist investigates Brazil's killer police officers and what compels them to murder innocents. Reporting from Belém, he reflects that "in my old job you used to have to fill out a risk-assessment form before going to the loo. Whereas, in terms of health and safety, the brief for *GQ* was more straightforward: don't get killed."



Chris
AYRES

For a Heroes feature certain to leave you enlightened or nostalgic, Chris Ayres, a regular contributor to *GQ* and bestselling author, meets Eighties superstar Lionel Richie. "The man looks younger than he did in 1984, which is something I'd really love to know how he did. He's also one of the most interesting men I've met; he's a natural-born and hilarious storyteller, with very little filter, who isn't trying to be anything he's not. In fact he reminds me quite a lot of Ozzy Osbourne."



AA GILL

On *GQ.co.uk* AA Gill continues to take on the world of golf. After a visit to Fairway Pines in Colorado, he tells of lightning strikes, roadkill and his first 18 holes. "Fairway Pines, despite itself, must be one of the handsomest courses in the West. It's used mostly by mule deer and octogenarians in shorts. These desiccated, ancient, wrinkled and bowed sunset lads and lasses blow around the course like tumbleweed. It's touch and go if they'll make it back to the clubhouse or just get left where they fell in a sand-trap for the critters and varmints."



Rachel JOHNSON

This month's Foreword is written by Rachel Johnson, former editor of the *Lady* and a columnist for the *Mail On Sunday*. Exploring the trials and tribulations of being a female fiction writer in the wake of *Fifty Shades Of Grey*, Johnson talks of sexism, being mistaken for a lesbian and the task of writing her fourth novel, *Fresh Hell*. "I know everyone will wonder what spurred me to write about lesbian lovers and whether I go in for some light bowling as well as batting, but what goes on in the cricket pavilion stays in the pavilion."



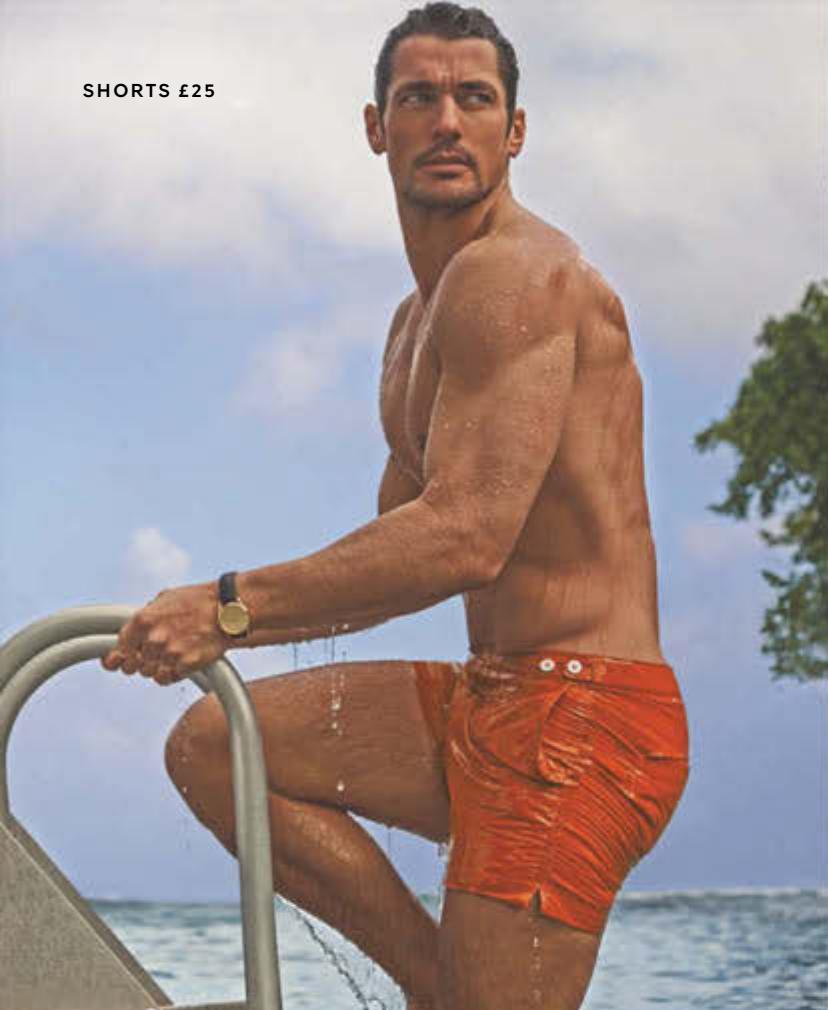
Alastair CAMPBELL

This month, Alastair Campbell speaks to the former head of the FIA, Max Mosley. After years of (successfully) combating newspaper allegations of a Nazi sex party, Mosley has become one of the most prominent figures in the Hacked Off campaign, championing stronger press regulation. "I don't take my opinions on people from their media portrayal," says Campbell. "I make my own judgment. And I think a lot of people would have just slunk away after being exposed getting up to what he got up to, but he stood up for himself and fought." ☺

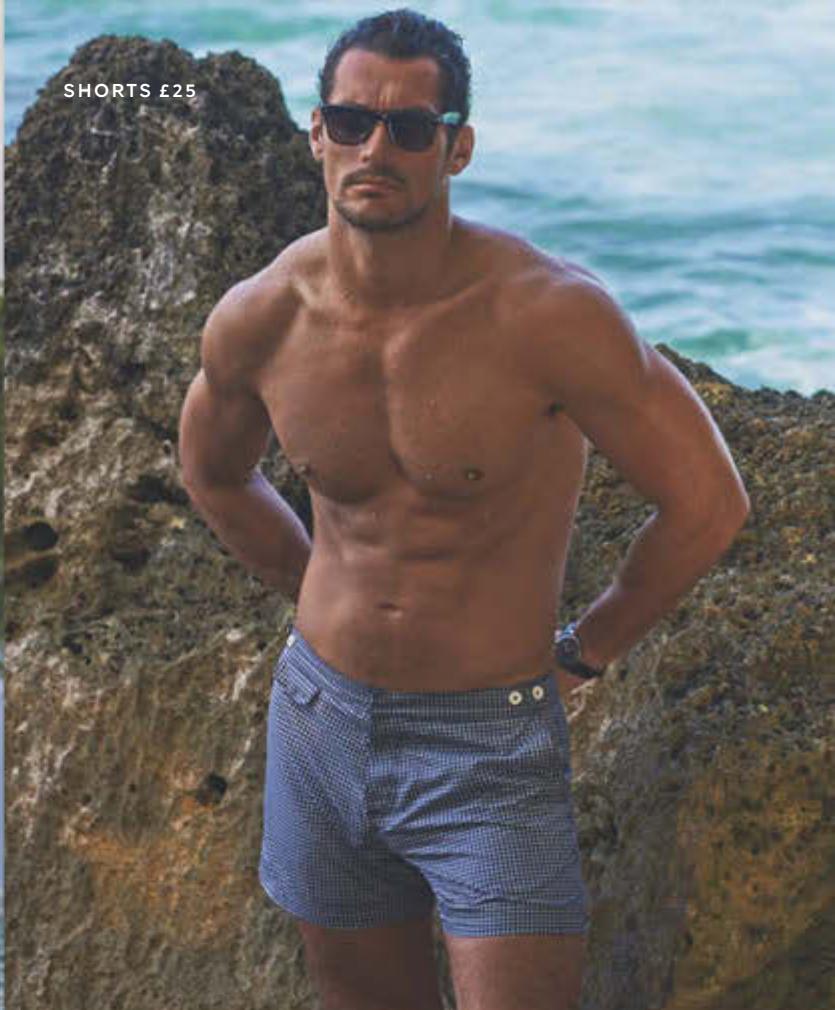
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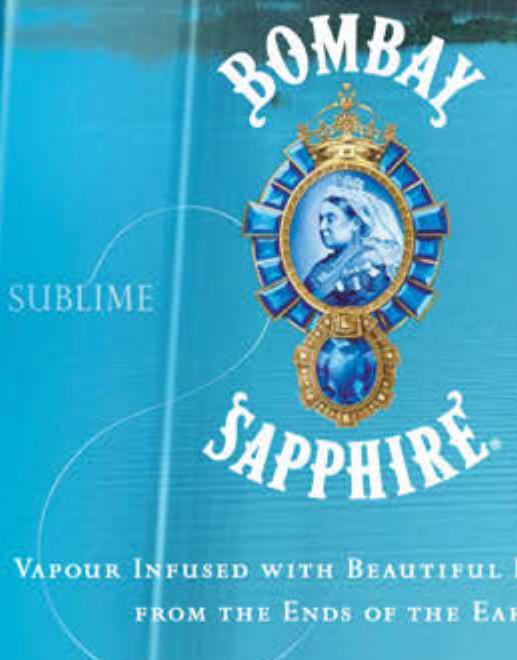
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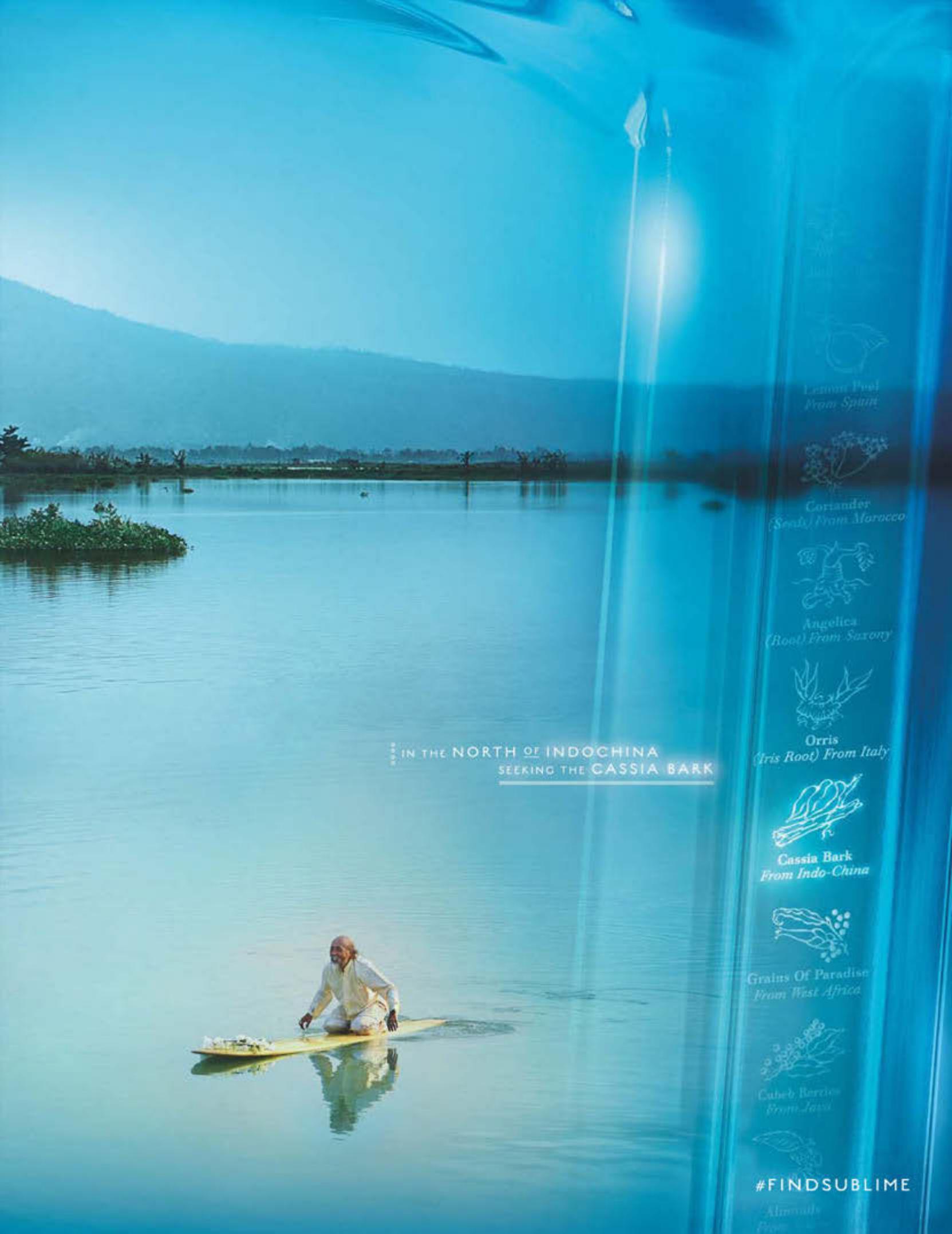
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GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

Foreword

Kissing with confidence:
Cara Delevingne
and Sienna
Miller play
up to the
paparazzi at
the Met Ball in
New York, 2013



KISS KISS, BANG BANG

Despite creating a lesbian leading lady, GQ's femme de plume scoffs at accusations that such Sapphic delights can only come from experience. It's all fantasy, honest...

STORY BY RACHEL JOHNSON

Ielp! I don't know what to do. Everyone will think I'm a lesbian. Not that I've got anything against lesbians, some of my best friends etc. Only I'm not one. Or am I? What do I tell my mother?

What's happened is this. I've written a book, again. If you're a female writer, people tend to assume you are incapable of making anything up. (Recently, to his horror, Hanif Kureishi discovered we shared the same agent. "But you can't be represented by Peter Straus," he told me. "Peter's a *literary* agent.")

People assume in a maddening, syllogistic way that as you are a woman and incapable of invention, let alone writing "serious fiction", you must have done everything that the main female character in your book has. And I mean everything.

To date this has meant I've had a torrid affair with a billionaire (this happened in my first novel, *Notting Hell*, and I can't count the number of times I've been asked to write about adultery as if I am the acknowledged expert, which is annoying on so many levels).

It's meant I've fallen in love with the player-editor of a glossy monthly magazine (not you, Dylan), and now, in my new book, they'll assume that, despite the documentary evidence of my proclivities, I've always been a closet homosexual and am using publication of my latest novel to finally come out as a late-onset lesbian.

In *Fresh Hell*, the third in my *Notting Hell* trilogy, but very much a standalone piece of work, the main character is still called Mimi.

In the very first scene we find her tumbling arse-over-tit in love – like a Double Gloucester cartwheeling down a steep hillside in a cheese-rolling contest – with a performance artist called Farouche who is 1) ten years younger and 2) looks like Pocahontas and is 3) a rapacious and predatory lesbian who was expelled from her school for "turning" half the sixth-form girls.

See the problem? Everyone's going to assume that I bat for the other side, and that Bidisha – the feminist writer and critic – is right (she once tweeted that I had Sapphic tendencies and I made her delete it). I called Bidisha. Maybe she knew something I didn't? Maybe everybody knows something I don't?

"I'm sorry but you just clearly have what I call a lezzy vibe," she said. This wasn't what I was hoping for.

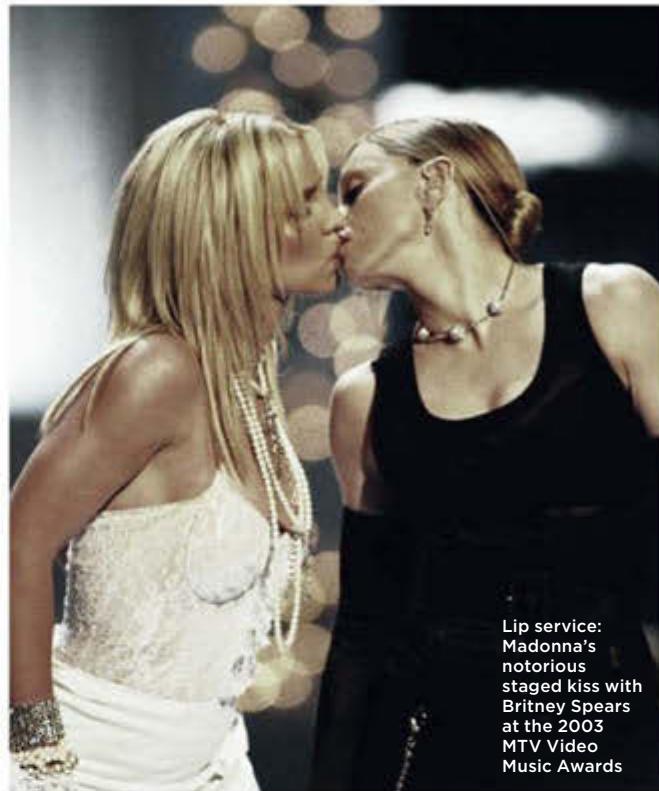
"To be honest, I simply think that despite your long marriage, zero lesbian experience and many claims to be straight, the fact that you have a closet massive lesbian character called, basically, Me Me, says it all. You are making a clear statement to the world about who you really are."

This made me think. I did snog a girl once – and I liked it – and I do look at BuzzFeed lists like "gorgeous girls with big breasts having wardrobe malfunctions on beaches" and "the girls who wore Mentos bikinis in baths full of Diet Coke" and anything with Kate Upton running, but doesn't everyone?

When it came to writing the one sex scene in *Fresh Hell*, it did occur to me to visit my friends Jack Monroe and Allegra McEvedy, who are a lesbian couple, and do some detailed, er, research but in the end I didn't. I wrote it off the top of my head. When the edit came back my editor, Juliet Annan, had highlighted the whole passage, and added tracked changes, "Are you sure? Am already mentally standing by your side on the podium as you accept the Bad Sex Award 2015."

I insisted we kept in the scene even if it does win me the uncoveted trophy a historic second time. And even though readers will assume that every move in the *Kama Sutra* is one I've storyboarded and practised myself with another woman, as EL James used her husband as a dummy to road-test where the arms and legs went in all the sex scenes for *Fifty Shades Of Grey*.

Other writers think I'm mad to worry about what people read into my books and whether I am indeed the last person in the world to realise that I'm gay.



Lip service:
Madonna's
notorious
staged kiss with
Britney Spears
at the 2003
MTV Video
Music Awards

'I think that despite your long marriage, zero lesbian experience and claims to be straight, you are making a statement to the world'

"I don't give a f*** if people think I'm a lesbian or anything else," says the writer Daisy Waugh, who once told me that the way to hook the reader was to "put a filthy sex scene" on page one. "Men don't read women's novels anyway, so who cares?"

Even if they don't, it doesn't stop them asking women whether their fiction is real, as EL James' husband knows. He complained that journalists are always asking, "Do we have a dungeon? Or a Red Room Of Pain? Maybe, and maybe there's a helicopter pad on the roof in case Christian Grey drops in for a spanking. *Fifty Shades Of Grey* is a fantasy – have they forgotten what that means?"

Yes, for the avoidance of doubt, I would like to confirm that *Fresh Hell* is a fantasy too. And also that I'm like my friend the critic Camilla Long. She says she's known she was straight since she was four and became sexually fixated by a man's hairy legs.

"I think that every girl goes through it at some point, having such a terrible time with men they think they must be a lesbian," she says.

So far, I've only ever had a marvellous time with men, but you know what they say? Try anything once. ☺

Fresh Hell by Rachel Johnson (Penguin, £7.99) is out now.



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DETAILS

EDITED BY CHARLIE BURTON

Lowe rider: Daisy takes a laid-back road trip through the California desert



Photograph Greg Williams

THE
ART
PROJECT

WHAT'S better than a photo of **Daisy Lowe** speeding through the desert in a cherry-red Cadillac wearing nothing but a lace bodysuit? Why, even more photos of Daisy Lowe, of course! Photographer **Greg Williams'** latest project, *Desert Muse*, comprises this and other portraits of the rock-chick model striking attitudes in the city of Palm Springs, California. "I took inspiration from Beverly D'Angelo in *National Lampoon's Vacation* and *Russ Meyer's Supervixens*," says Williams. "Daisy has a real Fifties bombshell style about her." Or, as Meyer might put it, she's dynamite, baby, dynamite! **Will Grice** Available to buy through gregwilliams.com. See the whole series online at visitgreaterpalmsprings.com

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THE ARTIST'S ARTIST

Ed Sheeran's new guitar looks like a work of art – because it is. We met the man behind it

WHEN Ed Sheeran steps out in front of a 90,000-strong crowd at Wembley on 10 July, he will sling a one-off Strat over his shoulder. Adorned with an abstract flurry of colours, the guitar, known as the "Crash x Teddy M Fender Stratocaster", is the latest creation of British pop artist Teddy M, whose Jeff Koons-inspired artworks already have a number of notable fans, including Eric Clapton, Joan Collins and Lindsay Lohan.

Initially known for his portraiture, Teddy is now painting on everyday objects such as watches, cars and handbags. "One of my most recent pieces was a Teddy M Rolex," says the 40-year-old. "However, the guitar is the first I've ever painted." And it won't be his last – if the price is right. "I can't tell you the exact amount Ed paid for it, but it was in the five-figure region."

In other words, don't lend yours to Pete Townshend. teddym.com **WG**

PSST!

That green guitar Ed Sheeran often plays? Yup, also by Teddy M



TALKING OF GUITAR ART...

These guys also have skin in the game



RICK GARCIA

Who? Surrealist with a penchant for Dali as much as for The Who.

Key piece: Epiphone SG (2011)



THE FOOL

Who? Dutch collective best known for painting Eric Clapton's 1964 Gibson SG (1967).

Key piece: See above



RICH ROLAND

Who? In his hands, a guitar can be anything from a fish tank to a neon artwork.

Key piece: The Gumball Guitar (1990)



JESSE RENO

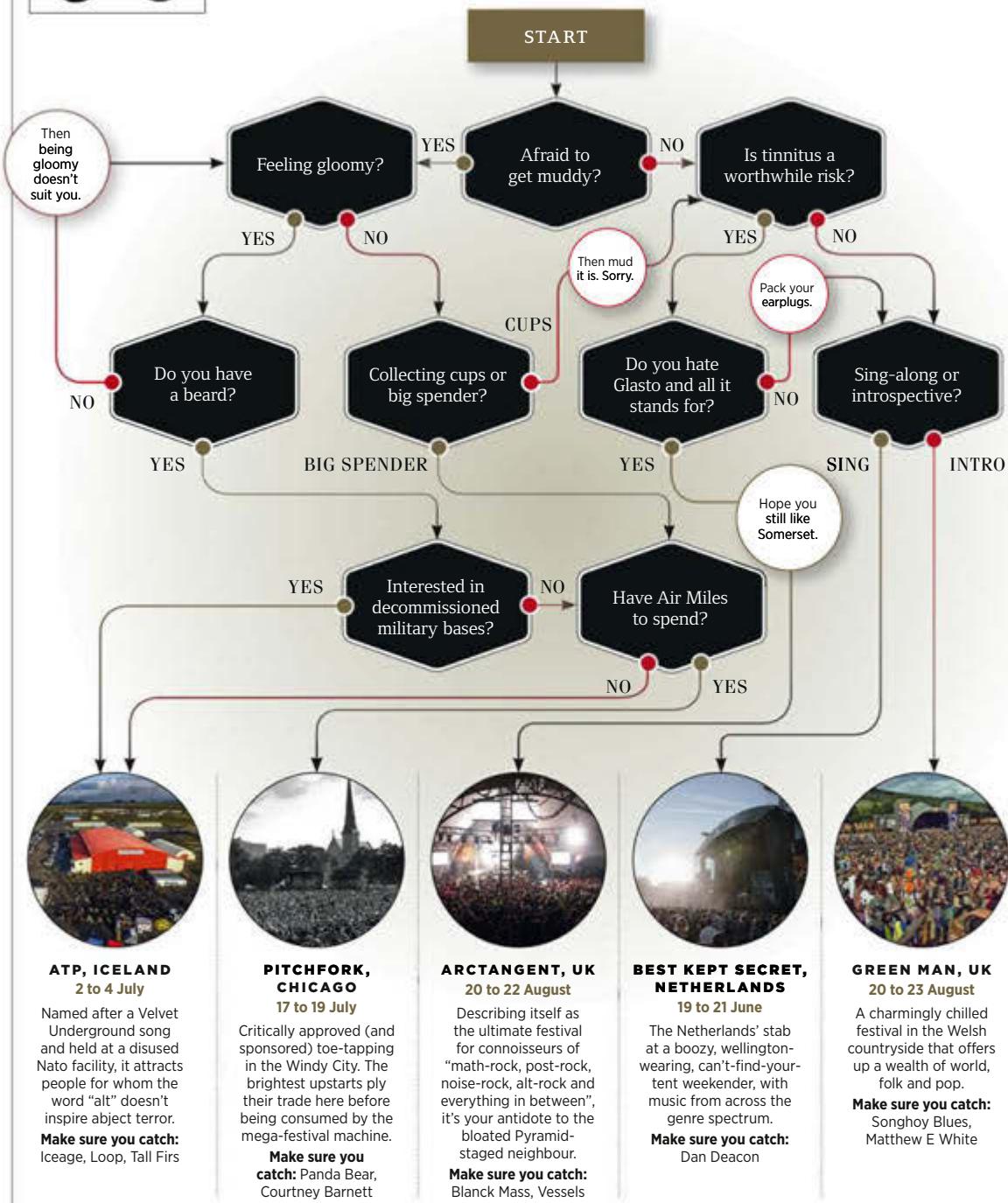
Who? Abstract artist. You may know his canvases; we prefer his guitars.

Key piece: Glenn McMullen custom guitar (2009)



FESTIVALS, REBOOTED

You could go to the same festivals you always do. You could hear the bands you've heard so many times before. Or you could check out one of tomorrow's headliners at an emerging event that's right for you... Joe Daniels



A TREND THAT MUST DIE IMMEDIATELY: SMART RINGS

Not content with co-opting your wrist, Silicon Valley has its eyes on your fingers. The successor to smart watches are smart rings – connected jewellery that notifies you of incoming messages or contain NFC payment chips. Take **Logbar Inc's Ring**, Kickstarted to the tune of £570,000, or the Mota smart ring with an in-built display. One brand, **Ringly**, has raised £3.2m to make what looks like something a 12-year-old might pull out of a cereal packet.

Ignore that most smart rings don't work (one reviewer of the much-hyped Ring called it "comically unusable") or that rings, in general, are a sartorial danger zone unless you're Keith Richards. The reason to avoid the trend is that "smart" devices make men dumb. There's nothing desirable about a device designed to make you a slave to notifications. When time disconnected is the new luxury, success is measured in one's ability to switch off – not order an Uber with a peculiar gesture. Put it this way, there's already one place where some men choose to wear vibrating plastic rings. Oliver Franklin



Imagine a Tuesday service at an upscale restaurant in W1. Imagine it has a David Collins interior, screened windows and Michelin-grade table linen. Got it? Here are a few things you're probably not incorporating into that mental image: children eating alongside their parents and grandparents; regulars so regular that they simply order "what you gave us last time"; and a chef who occasionally leaves the kitchen not to blah on at the clientele about where he sourced his monkfish but rather to share an embrace with old friends. It's for this yoking of prestige dining with Latin conviviality that Giorgio Locatelli's restaurant Locanda Locatelli – which shut in 2014 following a gas explosion – has reopened to such riotous applause and sighs of relief. Its famous table eleven has accommodated everyone from Bill Clinton to Cara Delevingne via Lucian Freud. To order the crab linguine is to instantly understand the draw. **cb**
8 Seymour Street, London W1. locandalocatelli.com



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Styling Nick Carvell

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The ingredients might be simple, but the rules are not self-evident. Here's how to do it...



1 If you're eating sashimi, you must use chopsticks. For other types of sushi, fingers are acceptable. Pincer between your thumb and first two fingers.



2 That little plate of ginger on the side is not garnish. No, it's a palate cleanser to eat between servings.



3 When eating nigiri, dip it briefly into the soy sauce fish-side first. Dunking rice first will make the sushi fall apart and the dish salty.



4 On the subject of nigiri, place it in your mouth fish-side down.



5 A decent sushi chef will already have put wasabi on to your sushi. But if you need more, place it directly onto the fish with your chopsticks. Mixing it into your soy sauce? Amateur!

Story Will Gruce Photograph Getty Images Illustrations Dave Hopkins

THE RUMOUR MILL

POST-ELECTION SPECIAL!

BY HARRY COLE

"We have created a thousand jobs every day. These didn't happen by a miracle," said **David Cameron** in the election build-up. Which was a change of tune from when he launched his campaign with the slogan "the jobs miracle".

As soon as it became clear **Russell Brand** was about to endorse Labour in the election, a briefing note was circulated retelling Brand's past interactions with a man in a public bathroom. The details are unfit for print...

"Rupert Murdoch won't decide this election. You will," claimed the *Independent* in 2010. Fast forward five years and an inside source says their endorsement of the Tories and Lib Dems was an order from their proprietor **Evgeny Lebedev**.

Party hacks were zombies by the end of the election campaign, but who worked the hardest? My moles say Labour's first meetings began at 7.45am, two hours after **Lynton Crosby** had the Tory troops in the war room. Looks like it paid off.

THE BEAT
MAKER

THE XX FACTOR

Thought Jamie xx was all about the dark tones? Now he's bursting into colour

THE XX, with their all-black outfits and all-black demeanours, cut a maudlin bunch. But in the time off since 2012's *Coexist*, producer Jamie xx has had a formative experience: bowling around Jamaica with Alicia Keys. "It wasn't a touristy area at all; I was the only white guy there. I really fell in love with the place." That might explain why the 26-year-old's debut solo album – appropriately named *In Colour* – soars into big club tunes, melding UK bass music with his trademark steel drum sound. "The music is a bit more colourful than The xx," he says. "It's more varied and eclectic than anything we've ever done as a band."

Although it's risky moving away from the

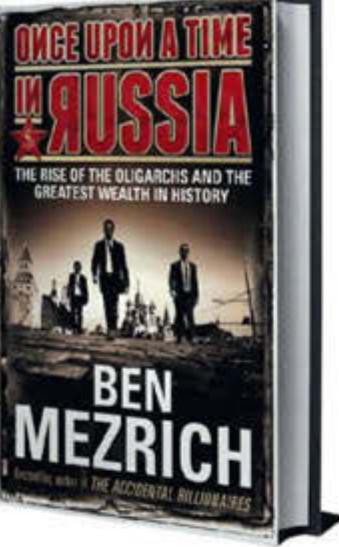
formula that led to The xx's platinum sales, Mercury prize and 50,000-strong Coachella audiences, Jamie's bandmates are never far away. Both Romy Madley-Croft and Oliver Sim lend their vocals, and the trio are already putting together a third album. "We've been working on it for nearly a year now," says Jamie. "It's nice to have some time to just sit back and take our time with it. Making this solo record has opened us up to new ways of working. We're more free."

And more colourful? "We do all wear black still," he concedes, "We're all a little bit brooding, quiet. But vibrant in our own way." Kevin Perry

In Colour is out now.



Vocal point:
The xx band members Romy Madley-Croft and Oliver Sim both feature on Jamie xx's (pictured) debut record *In Colour*



THE
BOOK
TO READ



RUBLES WITH A CAUSE

The inside story of how Russia's oligarchs launched their own revolution

ASSASSINATION plots, intimidation tactics, political manoeuvring and money in unfeasibly large quantities – this is the stuff of Ben Mezrich's *Once Upon A Time In Russia*, a nonfiction journey into the rise (and, in some cases, fall) of the oligarchs. Based on a year of interviews with high-level sources, it fleshes out almost 20 years of history with journalistic colour and anecdotes. Here's one of our favourites*:

"[The exiled oligarch Boris] Berezovksy had been leaving the Dolce & Gabbana store on [London's] Sloane Street, a dejected look on his face, because he hadn't found anything that fit. But as soon as he had stepped out of the fancy clothing shop, and saw the way his driver was pointing excitedly down the block, he realised that perhaps a new shirt would be a tiny victory, compared to what was about to happen. 'He's right there,' his driver shouted, loud enough for Berezovksy to hear from across the sidewalk. 'At Hermès. Two

doors down.' Following the man's extended finger, he saw a team of professional-looking bodyguards. 'Get the documents!' he shouted to his driver. He watched as the man leapt back into the car, quickly retrieving a sealed manila envelope. Then Berezovsky gestured with his hand, indicating for the rest of his team to come out of the car and join them on the sidewalk. As usual, he had his full complement of security with him, now mostly Israeli, well trained, and inconspicuously armed. They moved down the crowded sidewalk toward the Hermès store. He took the manila envelope from his driver. Suddenly, a small scuffle erupted as the two groups of bodyguards began pushing and shoving each other. As they battled, Berezovsky waited for an opening. He slid through the doorway into the elegant shop. The store went instantly silent. Roman Abramovich stared down at him. Berezovsky, in turn, smiled sweetly – and suddenly showed Abramovich the manila envelope. 'I have a present for you,' he said. Berezovsky tossed the envelope toward Abramovich's hands; the envelope missed the younger man's fingers, then fluttered to the floor. For nearly six months, he had kept that manila envelope close, as he had chased Abramovich all around the country. It had taken one giant happy coincidence, but now Berezovsky had officially served Abramovich. When his former protégé finally opened the envelope and looked inside, he would see the most historic papers in modern English legal times. The largest civil lawsuit in recorded history." CB

Once Upon A Time In Russia by Ben Mezrich (William Heinemann, £18.99) is out on 30 July.

*Text has been edited for brevity

ANOTHER BOOK YOU NEED TO BUY THIS MONTH...

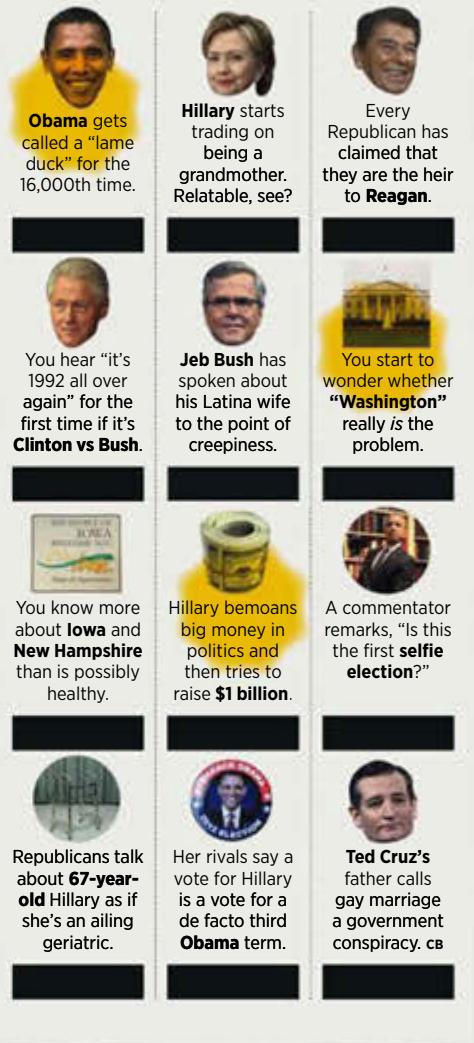


Television Is The New Television: The Unexpected Triumph Of Old Media In The Digital Age (Portfolio, £17.99)
by Michael Wolff is out 23 June.
An in-depth exploration of how video saved the new media stars.

A study in scarlet: Besides sitting pretty as a model, Joséphine de La Baume is making her way in music and movies

U.S. ELECTION BINGO

JUST when you thought you were done with elections, guess what? The 2016 presidential race is about to dominate your news feeds – super PACs, wedge issues and all. Here are a few things that are guaranteed to happen. Check the relevant bingo-card box when...



WOODEN-TONGUE WATCH

Style isn't simply about what you wear; it's also a matter of how you talk. By order of GQ, never allow the following past your lips:

- 1 **Said no one ever** You want to sound like a Valley girl?
- 2 **Conversating** Clang. Not actually a verb.
- 3 **Top of mind** A favourite of the under-educated, over-promoted middle manager. The linguistic equivalent of wearing a candy-stripe shirt to work.
- 4 **Paradigm shift** Read some Thomas Kuhn, then come back to us.
- 5 **Jumped the shark** Like you just did.
- 6 **Revolutionary** Are you discussing guillotines? Or palace coups? No? Didn't think so.
- 7 **Personally, I...** Come on, man! Find your backbone! CB



THE
RISING
STAR



UPTOWN GIRL

Joséphine de La Baume, actress, singer, model
(and Mrs Mark Ronson) rocks our world

ON the one hand, Joséphine de La Baume could almost be a cliché of the French ingenue: cultured, sexy, just a hint of insouciance, prone to metaphysical outbursts ("I would rather live an intense, creative life and leave a trace on earth, than live a long life with a dog"). But the 30-year-old multi-hyphenate also has something of the Brit about her. "I'm extremely neurotic," she says, laughing. "I overthink everything."

Born in Paris, de La Baume now splits her time between the city of lights and her house in London, shared with her producer husband, Mark Ronson. When she's not modelling for Agent Provocateur, she has a burgeoning screen career. Following roles in *Rush* and ITV's *Mr Selfridge*, she appears in Alex Ross Perry's drama *Listen Up Philip*, a parable about grand creative ambition.

Her ambition for her band, Singtank, however, is rather more modest. "Glastonbury is a dream," she says. "But I'd be happy on a small stage." We doubt one could hold her. **OF Listen Up Philip** is out on 5 June.

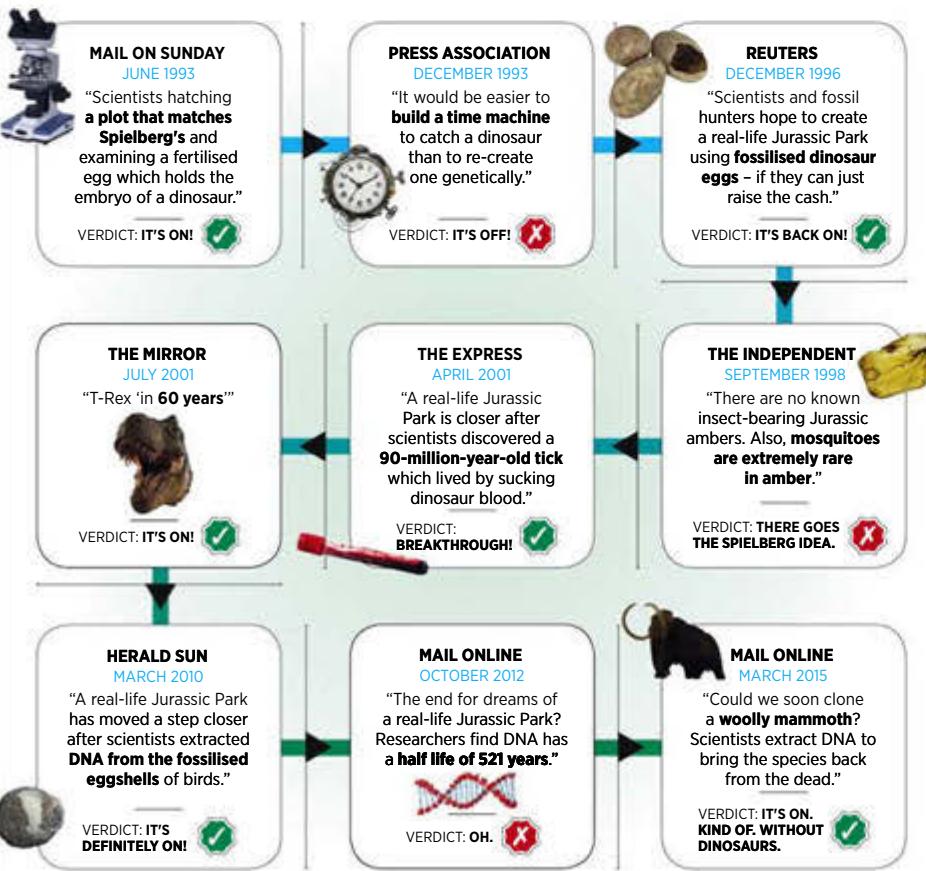
Bite back: Chris Pratt trains his talents on *Jurassic World* this month, but is there hope for a real-life raptor revival?



THE
FILM
TO WATCH

PARKS AND REX

WHAT'S *Jurassic Park*'s legacy? After the visual effects, surely it's the 22 years of news articles speculating about the prospect of a "real-life Jurassic Park". So, will we ever get one? Ahead of *Jurassic World* (out on 12 June), here's how the media has changed its mind again and again... CB



THE HUMOUR SLOT



Follow us
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@dylanjonesgq

TAKE a picture; it lasts longer. Even better, let **Instagram** do it for you. Here are the three **funniest** 'grams we've seen this month.



@SBELLELAUREN
Perfect exactly what I came to hike for



@THEFATJEWISH
Whoever is putting these electrical outlet stickers up in airports you are a great American and I celebrate you (Also, f*** you, die)



@BEIGECARDIGAN



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Monica Galetti
and Tom Kerridge



LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT
Jeremy King and Chris Corbin
The Hemsleys:
“The grandeur of their vision has raised the bar for everyone.”

Stepping up to the plate: Guests watch on as the winners of GQ's Food & Drink Awards are announced at Bulgari Hotel & Residences, London, 28 April

THE GQ AWARDS



TASTE OF SUCCESS

The inaugural *GQ* Food & Drink Awards 2015, presented by Veuve Clicquot, filled the Bulgari Hotel & Residences, London, with a (Michelin) star-studded, Smythson invitation-brandishing guest list. But only eleven attendees were able to call themselves winners, picking up bespoke Waterford Crystal ice bucket awards – plus magnums of Veuve Clicquot, of course.

Crowning industry legends and rising stars alike, the awards aim to set a new culinary benchmark. “This may be our first year,” says *GQ* Editor Dylan Jones, “but our hope is that the awards will not only do justice to those who have shaped British hospitality, but also encourage new talents to enter an industry that has become a focal point for modern living.” Stephanie Soh



BEST RESTAURANT

The Palomar

Oliver Peyton:
“Bold’ and ‘stylish’ are just some of the superlatives that describe The Palomar.”



Adam Hyman
and Zoe Paskin

Sylvain Ercoli
and Alain Ducasse



Matthew Hobbs
and Francine Corbin

BEST FRONT OF HOUSE

Jesus Adorno (Le Caprice)

Matthew Hobbs:
“He makes you feel like a celebrity even if you’ve never met him.”



Jesus Adorno

WHAT THEY DRINK

Veuve Clicquot Brut NV

Belvedere Martini (Belvedere vodka and dry vermouth)

Belvedere Double O (Belvedere vodka, French dry vermouth and Italian sweet vermouth)



Michael Sager-Wilde

BEST SOMMELIER

Michael and Charlotte Sager-Wilde

Jo Thornton: “They are championing wine to the next generation.”



Dylan Jones, Nicholas Coleridge, Vanessa Kingori and Jo Thornton



Angela Hartnett
and Ewan Venters

BEST PUB

The White Horse

Tom Kerridge:
“It’s almost the perfect inn. Comfortable, relaxed and informal.”



Photographs James Mason; James McCauley



BEST CHEF

**Nieves Barragán Mohacho
(Barrafina)**

April Bloomfield: "A chef who's not chasing fame, and serves faultless dishes."



Mark Hix



BEST BAR IN ASSOCIATION WITH BELVEDERE

Connaught Bar

Justin Carter: "You know that whatever you order is going to be done very, very well."

IN THE GOODIE BAG

Molton Brown
Black Peppercorn Body Wash
Bulgari Baci biscuits
Belvedere vodka
Veuve Clicquot voucher

WHAT THEY ATE

Canapés

Canapés designed by Alain Ducasse's protégé, executive chef Alexandre Nicolas

Duck foie gras, black pepper
Tuna with sesame and mango
Crab, cucumber and avocado roll
Saffron arancini
Roasted panisse

Bowl food

Organic quinoa with cucumber, radish, avocado and spinach

Ricotta and green asparagus ravioli
Marinated beef, shiitake and spring onions

Dessert canapé

Lemon tart
Chocolate lollipop
Passion Fruit Macaronv

BEST INTERIOR

Berners Tavern

Tara Bernerd: "Berners Tavern – a brilliant combination of old-school and new."

BEST HOTEL

Claridge's

Adam Hyman: "Claridge's is timeless and never ages."



Thomas Kochs and Justin Carter

WHAT THEY HEARD

A bespoke playlist provided by Music Concierge, which manages high-quality in-room audio for luxury brands, boutique hotels, leading restaurants and bars.

Claudia Winkelman,
Melissa and
Jasmine Hemisley



Oliver Peyton

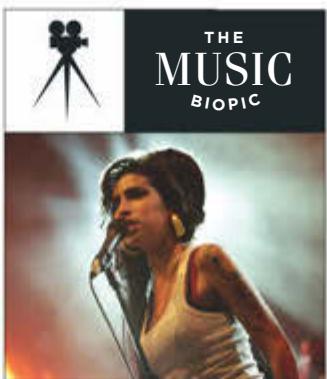
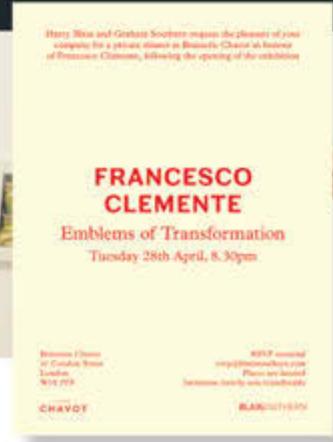


THE NIGHT OUT



POINT OF HUE

GQ joined friends of Francesco Clemente at Brasserie Chavot to launch the watercolourist's show, *Emblems Of Transformation*. At Blain Southern until 27 June.



A controversial documentary about Amy Winehouse sheds new light on a singer you thought you knew intimately. Director Asif Kapadia (*Senna*), told us about piecing Amy together.

On why he chose Amy Winehouse as his next subject

"My producer, James Gay-Rees, knew the head of Universal Music in London who said, 'I love *Senna*. Would you ever be interested in doing a film about Amy?' I felt like I already had a connection with her because she was also from north London, but then I started doing some research and it was clear there was a lot of drama in her story. It was either something amazing or it was something heavy, sad and tragic – and nothing in the middle."

On whether it unnecessarily dredges up the past

"There are images in the public domain of her looking in a bad way. At certain points this was the line: 'Are we exploiting her again?' That was a worry friends of hers had. There's one version that just shows her young. But would that be a satisfying ending? I'm not sure."

On the clip he reluctantly cut

"I wish that [a clip from *Never Mind The Buzzcocks* where Simon Amstell has a mini intervention with Amy] was still in there. In the raw footage she speaks very straight and openly about the scene she was in at the time. There is a bit of audio [*In Amy*] where she talks about rehab and she says her father said, 'You don't have to go, you can back out.' That's from *Buzzcocks*."

On the hardest person to get on board

"There is an unsung hero in Amy's life, Salaam Remi. He was a producer who was there in the beginning, in the middle and at the end. He's worked with Fugees, with Nas, he's a big hip-hop producer. He doesn't do interviews. So it took years but eventually he spoke to me – to get things off his chest – and gave me the interview and he gave me his footage. There was a phone call towards the end of her life where she says to him, 'Come on, I've got all these ideas in my head, let's do this! I love you!' I found that so moving."

On how Amy's father, Mitch, reacted to seeing how he gets portrayed

"I think it was tough to watch. I think it's a tough thing for the family – everyone spoke to us, everyone gave interviews. But I think he will answer that in his own time." CB Amy is out on 3 July.



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The imitation game:
GQ's Jonathan Heaf
(opposite) and Mariya,
a Ukrainian model,
emulate Leonardo
DiCaprio and Bar
Refaeli (on this page)
at West Hollywood's
Whole Foods
supermarket



Everyone in the club was looking at him. Every woman, if you can imagine this, was dancing towards him



LIVING LIKE LEO

STORY BY JONATHAN HEAF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GAVIN BOND

Enigmatic, secretive and the source of more rumours than there are supermodels in Los Angeles, Leonardo DiCaprio's private life is, quite frankly, the one we would want for ourselves. Armed with a trophy companion, a low-peaked cap and a paddleboard, GQ headed for Hollywood to channel the 'prince' for 24 hours. Catch us if you can...

Fiat with

EXPO

MILANO 2015

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Fuel consumption figures for Fiat 500X range, available at launch in mpg (l/100km): Urban 36.2 (7.8) – 60.1 (4.7); Extra Urban 56.5 (5.0) – 74.3 (3.8); Combined 47.1 (6.0) – 68.9 (4.1). CO₂ emissions 144 - 109 g/km. Fuel consumption and CO₂ figures based on standard EU tests for comparative purposes and may not reflect real driving results. Model shown Fiat 500X Cross Plus.

*Uconnect™ LIVE systems, where available, require a data enabled smartphone to use.



We're out here trying to look hot, and it's just not happening. How does he do it?

10.30am

VENICE BEACH, SANTA MONICA

"You know I can't swim, right?" We're pitching like human flotsam in the Pacific on a paddleboard and I'm not sure if Mariya, a 19-year-old model from Ukraine who has 18k followers on Instagram and likes *Game Of Thrones* and Drake, is laughing or crying. Actually, yes I do. She's definitely crying.

Even without the hysterics or the terror in her voice, the way in which she's white-knuckling the side of the board as a toddler might cling to a parent on the first day of nursery is a clear indication that maybe she's not having the best morning. The waves barrel under us with menace. Each time we lift and sink, the leggy, sallow-skinned Mariya gives out a low moan like a wounded animal. This is not the assignment she hoped it would be.

The water hadn't seemed quite so choppy from the shore but now we're out here trying to paddleboard, trying to keep cool, trying to look hot, and it's just not happening. How does Leo do it? I've seen the paparazzi snaps of him and Bar Refaeli or Toni Garrn paddling out like it's a cinch. Oaring like a king.

An hour ago it was all smiles. Shorts. Shades. LA sunshine. Beautiful model in a fuchsia-pink

swimsuit. So very Leo. Now, quite rightly, the girl who is being the Bar or the Toni to my Leo is screaming blue murder as hot tears roll down her freezing cheeks: "Are you happy now?!"

It crosses my mind that one of us might actually drown. I think of Mariya's family back in Ukraine, sobbing into the receiver as her model agent gives them the news: "How did it happen?" Oh, she was on a paddleboard with a writer from *GQ* who was trying to live like Leonardo DiCaprio for a day in Los Angeles..."

I aim the nose towards the shore. It's noon and I have a reservation at The Ivy, West Hollywood. Mariya whimpers as a wave begins to break beneath us. What would Leo do? Time for lunch.

I mean, wouldn't you want to try and live like Leo for 24 hours? I know I would. And I know most straight, of-a-certain-age men would. Out of every actor, every contemporary movie star, Leo seems to be the one who is having – year in, year out – the most fun any human being can have on this planet without (a) being arrested (b) checking into The Meadows.

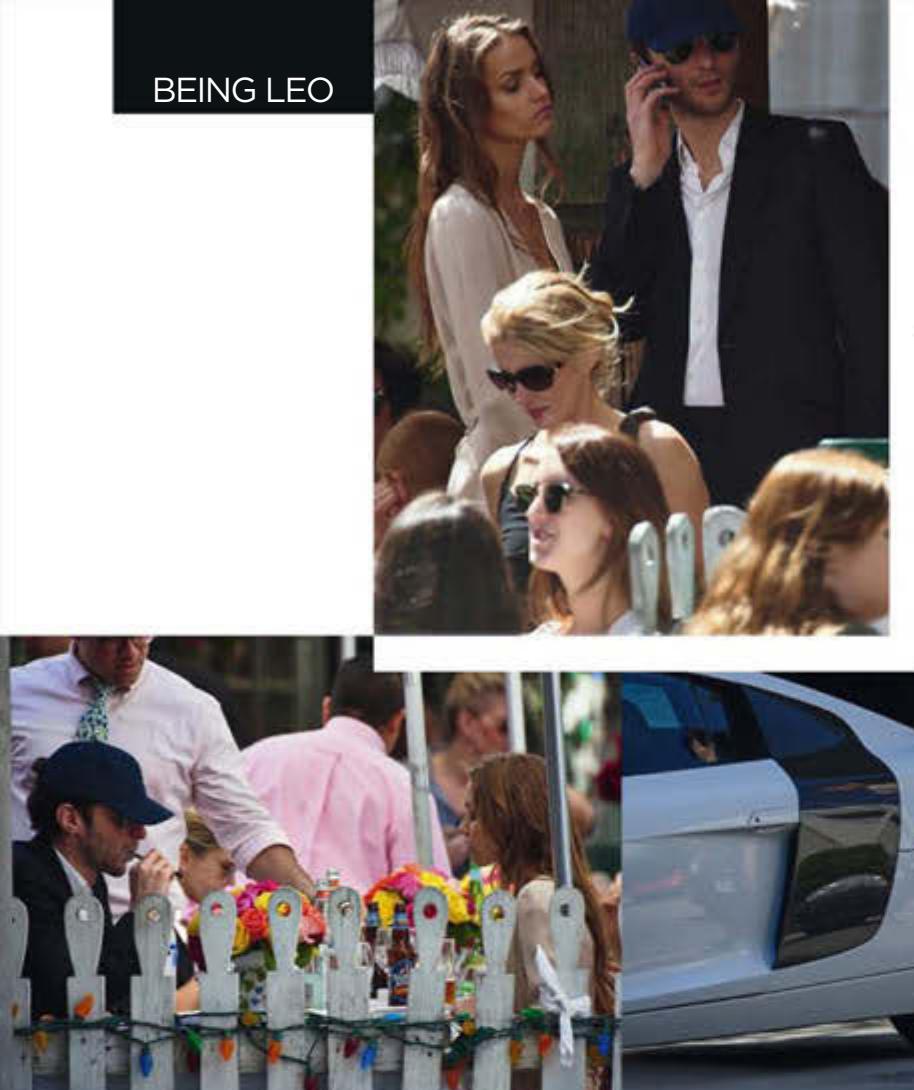
Mythology surrounding Leo and the way he lives lies over the industry like a blanket of Japanese knotweed. It grows. It spreads. It is undying. Everyone in Hollywood has a Leo

story. You'll hear them whispered between the tables on the terrace of the Chateau. Or while you wait for the valet to deliver your Avis-hired SUV, smoking Parliament Lights under the palms in front of Cecconi's on Melrose. In hotel elevators. Or in line at Mel's Drive-In.

My Leo story is an East Coast story. It was a couple of years ago and I was on a business trip to New York. A British colleague was in town, and as it was a warm spring evening, with our wives and girlfriends, daughters, sons and dogs already in bed 3,459 miles away, we decided to take to the rooftop bar of Soho House on 9th Avenue.

It was one of those Manhattan nights where the energy seems to spark off street signs and reflect off tailgates, drifting up with the exhaust fumes towards the city's multi-million-dollar penthouse apartments. We sank a couple of cocktails, whisky sours I think, and then we got chatting to popstar Rita Ora who was out in the city hustling her own brand of bossy pop to anyone who had a chequebook.

Rita – her finger not so much on the pulse as jammed up its backside – had heard about a party that was happening in a club that was below a tourist spot not too far away from where we were. Cabs were Ubered – or however we booked cabs back then – and our drinks sunk. ➤



Peak times: With aviator sunglasses, a low-peaked cap and Mariya in tow, Heaf hits Hollywood's celebrity hotspot The Ivy and is treated like DiCaprio himself



➲ The bunker bar seemed like every other jumped-up Manhattan establishment that couldn't work out if it was a yoga class or a next-gen EDM club. The music was carnival-float loud. Diplo was playing. Homogenous, repetitive and passive-aggressive: the sound of Cannes after 3am in mid-May, or the sort of music one imagines Dan Bilzerian has blasting out as he shoots Uzis with porn stars (or vice-versa) in the Mojave Desert.

I took in the scene. Immediately something didn't feel right – my friend and I both felt it. There was an imbalance. Not bad. Just, well, off. Then it struck me – we were, pretty much, the only men in the room. For every 100 revellers, 97 were women. Leggy women. Absurdly beautiful women. Women with unsmiling, disinterested faces, moving their wishbone hips to the sound of a drum machine and champagne corks hitting the ceiling lights. They all seemed, well, preoccupied.

It wasn't unpleasant, although I now know what it feels like to be trapped in a zombie-porn B-movie. Being surrounded by glassy-eyed models swaying the night away in tight body-con dresses in the heart of Manhattan didn't feel like such a miserable time. My friend and I looked at one another – part "WTF?" and part "WTF!" – and then we wandered over to a table overloaded with spirit bottles and mixers. I poured a large vodka tonic.

The tourists part like the Red Sea. I'm channelling Leo. Whatever I do, it works

Then we bumped into Jonah Hill. He looked sober and suspicious as to who we were and what we were doing. Good instincts. It turned out it was his birthday. I thanked him for the drink. We clinked glasses. He didn't smile. Then I saw the reason for the kink in the atmosphere. And just like that, everything made sense. The club. The slutty music. The beautiful wreckage of heavenly bodies bobbing up and down in a sea of Stoli'n'soda. Jonah's death stare.

The anomaly was standing on a sofa. Alone. Then he was dancing. Alone. He was wearing slack, baggy jeans – the sort you'd wear in the garden, or to take the bins out on a Sunday evening – a dark shirt, untucked. His legs were pumping up and down as if he was trying to stamp out a small bush fire. He looked straight at me. He was wearing a flat cap pulled right down to his nose, a trait that, despite being used to shield his features against the paparazzi, has actually become a *thing*. Every

so often a single, green pinprick of light from his e-cigarette throbbed, faded and burnt a hole in the fuggy darkness. Everyone in the club was looking at him. Every single woman, if you can imagine this, was dancing *towards* him.

1.20pm THE IVY, WEST HOLLYWOOD

Sauntering up to a top-end Hollywood restaurant dressed as Leonardo DiCaprio, a place where celebrities are as ubiquitous as face fillers and it's easy to let your braggadocio take the lead. Quite often in these places, the ruder, or rather the more assuming you are, the more likely they'll try and acquiesce, then scoot you away quickly and quietly.

I'm dressed in a Kilgour navy suit (OK, Leo would be in a sleek, black Armani number, but what can you do?), a white shirt, no tie and a pair of patent black dress shoes. Just like Leo, I have on a baseball cap and a pair of aviators, the cap pulled so far down my face I can hardly see where I'm walking. Mariya is, thankfully, by my side looking – as instructed – waited on, but also like she'd much rather be next door in Chanel with my (or rather Leo's) black Amex.

We walk up to the maître d'. The tourists standing outside the eaterie part like the Red ➤



LIFE IS A BEAUTIFUL SPORT

LACOSTE



Sea. I'm channelling Leo. I don't even know what that means but whatever I do, it works. Although (a) we are nearly two hours late for the reservation, (b) the restaurant is packed, (c) I am on my phone the entire time, (d) I am constantly, aggressively vaping into the faces of whoever I come across – we are sitting in the table I ask for, in the corner on the terrace, close to the kerb, no questions asked.

A chilled bottle of Veuve Clicquot hits the white cotton tablecloth almost as soon as we sit down. My anxious civilian hiding within the ballsy celebrity exterior begins to panic. "We didn't ask for this," I stutter. "Oh, don't worry, it's on the house, sir," says our waiter. I kick myself – Leo wouldn't have flinched. I look over at Mariya who smiles genuinely for the first time all day. She tells me I should take off my cap. I tell her that's not something Leo would do. The hat never comes off in public.

When was it that Leo started doing that *thing* with all the weird headgear? Three, four, five years ago? For more than a decade Leo has been hounded by paparazzi. Although modern superstardom has infringed on his privacy, Leo has always gone out of his way to do as he damn well pleases. If he wants to take a ride through Manhattan on a push bike with a *Sports Illustrated* model, then no cameraman hiding in a bush is going to stop him.

For Leo, one imagines, the theory must go something like this: if Leo can hide his face then no one can tell it's actually him in the

pap shots, thus the pap can't sell them on to the tabloids, who in turn can't flog them to the fame-hungry public, who then won't buy the magazines or click on the websites so, eventually, some time in the next decade Leo can have a beer on the terrace of The Ivy without wearing a cap in front of his face or an oily pap trying to get an upskirt short of his girlfriend. Only problem is now the *only* person who does the hat-pulling *thing* – whether baseball cap, flat cap, hell, he's even tried quilted jackets and umbrellas – is Leo. Mariya and I clink glasses. From the corner of my eye I notice a man, two tables down, who is taking a picture of us, surreptitiously, with his iPhone. It bothers me.

In 1998, a year after Leo became The Most Famous Man On The Planet (or, in his words at the time, the "Antichrist") thanks to the release of James Cameron's *Titanic*, *New York* magazine published an article entitled "Leo, Prince Of The City". The reporter Nancy Jo Sales went about trying to pin down some of the mythology surrounding the then-23-year-old actor and the swirl of tabloid stories that seemed to ignite like tinder every time Leo and his crew went drinking. Back then, rumours were rife that Leo and his pals called themselves "The Pussy Posse". The posse "was all about seeing the girls," explained a photographer at the time, someone who reportedly once sneaked Leo and his uninvited band of bros into a Victoria's Secret event.

A few of the PP were semi-famous back then – like Leo's lifelong friend and poker partner Tobey Maguire, or creepy magician David Blaine – while others knew Leo from the auditioning circuit back in his home town of Los Angeles. The "posse" were more about fooling around than anything more sinister – throwing grapes from hotel balconies at paps, starting scraps by chatting up hot women in front of their boyfriends, smoking Cuban cigars in various VIP rooms...

What was clear was the pedestal on which the top dog, Leo, was placed. One wingman, it was said, even held his cash. I mean why not? If you were a twentysomething guy eager to climb fame's slippery ladder, why wouldn't you want to hang with one of the most desirable men on the planet, especially considering the female company he was keeping at the time?

Today, however, while most members of the posse have settled down with a family – or at least part-exchanged their Maserati for a Prius – Leo refuses to play safe. The stories surrounding his penchant for dating models, for partying, just won't stop smouldering.

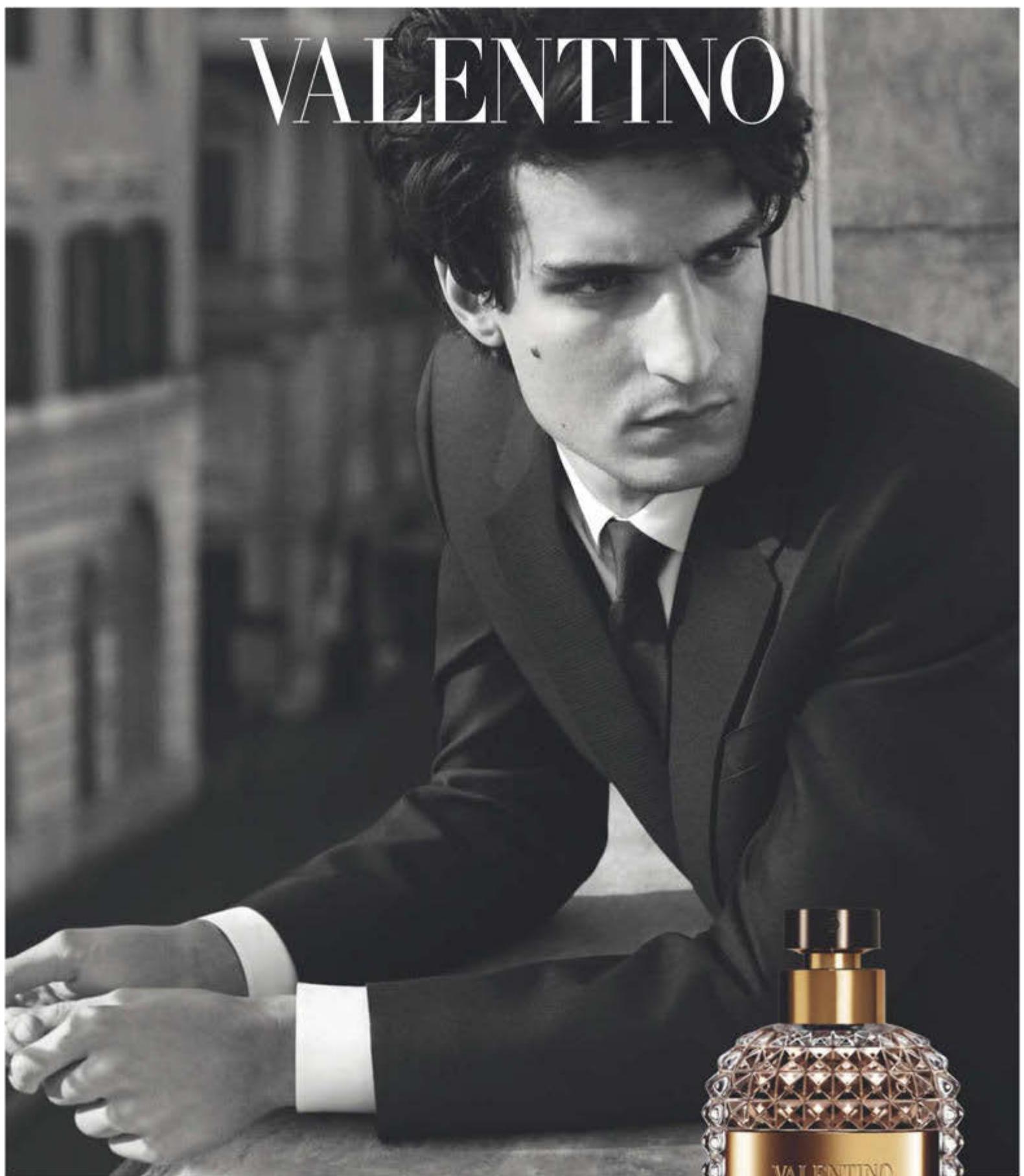
In December last year a story leaked from the annual Art Basel in Miami that Leo had been seen leaving a nightclub with 20 women. An eyewitness spoke to New York's *Daily News*: "[Leo] left with 20 girls. Leo and 20 girls. He is my hero." The source was also quoted as seeing other celebrities in the same club: "The Jonas brother [Joe] looked scared. ☺

I mean, who wouldn't want to live like Leo for 24 hours?



Riding it out:
Despite his status,
DiCaprio, here with
Garrn, often rides
about town (above).
Heaf and Mariya
take to the road
themselves (left)

VALENTINO



VALENTINO
UOMO

THE MASCULINE FRAGRANCE





The stories surrounding Leo's penchant for dating models, for partying, just won't stop smouldering



Like he was going to drown and suffocate in the women. His face was hilarious."

Leo is not one for suffocating. What man didn't sigh respectfully at that image of Leo on New Year's Eve last year, sipping on a beer, on a beach on the island of St Barths while his every whim was tended to by up to eight bikini-clad hotties? As one online commentator suggested, "The vibe is 100 per cent Henry VIII."

4.06pm THE PARKING LOT OF WHOLE FOODS MARKET

Mariya and I chitchat through the rows of organic kale and vitamin supplements. What would Leo buy in Whole Foods? Conversation is a little awkward, mainly as I'm still pretending to be on the phone, still vaping like an impotent chimney and still wearing my cap over my *entire* face like a criminal.

Pap fiction

With great fame comes great responsibility. Oh and lots of paps. At one end of the spectrum you have "Kimye" for whom everything is a photo op, and at the other end you have Leo who would rather step out under a folded umbrella or a quilted jacket than let the cameras snap him out in the real world. Is it any wonder he's turning to Tinder to meet women?

Turns out Mariya has her own Leo story. "It was last year and we ended up being invited to a house party," she tells me, picking up a packet of Kettle Chips and then walking through to the fruit and veg section. "I didn't know whose house it was but it was *big*. Some producer asked us there. It was a weird vibe. I remember there were women in lingerie offering us drinks and snacks. Just wandering around with pretty much no clothes on. There were lots of models there. I went to the bathroom and as I came out Leo is standing there right in front of me. It was his house! He was nice. He asked me if I was going to the club (1OAK) after and said that if I was, I would see him there. He was pleasant." Did she go? "Yeah, I went, but it was just full of models and that's not really my scene. You couldn't get to Leo in the club. Too many girls trying to get famous or a story..."

Mariya and I wander out to the car park to our waiting Tesla Model S – Leo is a staunch environmentalist after all – with our brown bags full of Fiji Water and organic carrots.

From out of the corner of my eye I can see security pointing in our direction, talking into walkie-talkies. Time to go. As we drive out into the LA traffic heading west along Sunset Strip, for the first time all day I take off my Leo "disguise" – the aviators, the cap, the vape. I don't know if it's the nicotine from the e-cigarette or just being Leo but I feel stressed, jittery. Mariya is a little weary also. She's got a date with her boyfriend tonight at Nobu Malibu. I wonder if she's seeing a famous actor. I just hope he doesn't like paddleboarding.

Later that night I meet friends for a party at the Chateau Marmont. Walking through from the bar to the terrace around midnight, a group, mostly women, boulder past me in a noisy scrum. Towards the back of the group is a man with an untamed beard. He's wearing a flannel shirt and his eyes, peaking out from under a flat cap, are narrow and alert. I nudge my friend, "Hey, is that..." And then the melee is gone, out into the warm night. No, I think, it couldn't have been. ☺



THE MECHANICAL REVOLUTION OF SWATCH



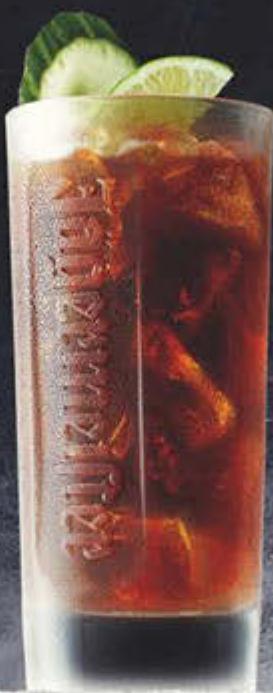
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**IT
RUNS
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TONY PARSONS

THE SKY IS STILL THE LIMIT

We've fallen a long way from the golden glamour of the jet age, but even in these dark days of jihadi terror, cattle class and hysterical security, does some of flying's Sinatra-style magic endure to lift us to freedom and adventure?

Once man took to the skies and the angels cheered. "If you can use some exotic booze, there's a bar in far Bombay," crooned Frank Sinatra on "Come Fly With Me" and for the second half of the 20th century a man knew that his life would be vastly improved simply by grabbing his toothbrush and ascending into the wild blue yonder. The ridiculously jaunty opening bars of "Come Fly With Me" – words by Sammy Cahn, music by Jimmy Van Heusen, arrangement by Billy May – heralded the start of the modern world, an age when air travel represented romance, glamour, freedom, joy and a cockle-warming exclusivity. For when Sinatra recorded the song in October 1957, flying was still the private property of the privileged few.

"Come Fly With Me" was the title track of one of the string of concept albums Sinatra began recording for Capitol in the mid-Fifties, two sides of bittersweet travel songs – "London By Night", "Autumn In New York", "April In Paris" plus hymns to all points east – that made the planet sound like one big playground for men of the world and their hot dates.

On the cover Sinatra stands grinning on a sunbaked runway in front of a sky that is as big and blue as a tropical ocean, jerking his thumb at the white TWA jet waiting in the background while with his other hand he lightly holds the slim fingers of a woman who is out of shot – a woman who you just know looks like Grace Kelly, or Ava Gardner, or perhaps that girl you only ever met in dreams. The cover of *Come Fly With Me* still makes me want to pack a Samsonite.

More than a song, or an album, or even an album cover, *Come Fly With Me* is an attitude – flying sets a man free.

But then Frank Sinatra died. And the 20th century came to an end. And early in the 21st century, flying became as romantic as root-canal surgery.

On 11 September 2001, the planes flew into the World Trade Center and the attitude to air travel changed overnight. In the United States, in the rest of the world, even in the UK, where terrorism was nothing remotely new, where there has always been some bugger trying to blow us up. The drudgery of modern airport security began: all those dreary rituals, endless and mindless and

ineffective. You can't carry a small, light bottle of water through security but you can buy a large, heavy bottle of duty-free alcohol and cart it on to the plane. In western societies far too timid to introduce racial profiling, tiny children and elderly grannies are subjected to exactly the same checks imposed on the men with huge beards and their women in burkas. But even without 9/11 and the constant threat of Islamic terror, our honeymoon with flying was already over – because everyone started doing it. This is what killed man's love of air travel – jihadis and Easyjet.

Where's the romance today? Where's that old-world elegance of flying as you shuffle through Heathrow in the era of mass tourism? Where's the spirit of Frank Sinatra or that *Come Fly With Me* charm at the bleak carousels of Luton, Gatwick and Stansted? Where's the joy in overcrowded cabins, recycled air, no-frills airlines, nowhere to store your bloody hand luggage, and the milling hordes flying off for their two weeks of sunshine on all those cheap flights. Flying was once poised somewhere between cordon bleu and the nectar of the gods. Now it's a Big Mac.

Despite hysterical security measures, flying feels less safe than it ever did. Recent headlines include 298 dead when Malaysia Airlines Flight 17 was shot down over the Ukraine, Malaysia Airlines Flight 370 missing over the Indian Ocean with 239 passengers and crew on board and Germanwings Flight 4U9525 flown deliberately, it appears, into the Alps, killing the 150 men, women and children on board.

Where's that old-world elegance of flying when you shuffle through Heathrow in the era of mass tourism?

The Germanwings disaster was the worst of all because it was not caused by Islamic butchers or by a missile fired from a civil war in some hellhole. Andreas Lubitz was a clinically depressed Lufthansa pilot. And if you can't trust a Lufthansa pilot at 35,000 feet, then who can you trust?

"I remember him well," said Frank Wolton, 48, a pilot who once flew with Lubitz. "He had mastered the plane very well. That's why I left him alone in the cockpit. I am proud to be a pilot. The passengers and the crew trust me with their lives. By the unfathomable act of this man, endless confidence is destroyed that must now be laboriously rebuilt." One Lufthansa pilot flipping out is scarier than all the Allahu Akbar boys put together. ➤

► I have never been a nervous flyer, for I have met people who lost both their parents in a car crash, but never met anyone who lost both parents in a plane crash. But flying has never felt this dangerous in my lifetime. The cockpit door of that Germanwings flight was locked to protect the pilots from rogue passengers, but it could not protect the passengers from a rogue pilot. Increasingly, they take your boarding card and you take your life in your hands.

So why am I still so deeply in love with flying?

"Science, freedom, beauty, adventure," said Charles Lindbergh, explaining his love of flying. "What more could you ask of life?"

Nearly 90 years after Lindbergh flew solo across the Atlantic – and became the first person in human history to be in New York one day and Paris the next – the sentiment is echoed in a new book by Mark Vanhoenacker, a 21st century aviator who flies 747s for British Airways.

Like Lindbergh, this flyboy never lost his sense of wonder. Vanhoenacker's *Skyfaring: A Journey With A Pilot* is alive with the joy of everything from takeoff, the miracle that a 380-ton plane can "lift people and cargo away from the ground and across the sky" to landing, "a return from the possibility of all places to the certainty and perhaps the love of one" to the dream-like quality of flight itself, "the perfect joyfulness of flying close to the clouds."

Vanhoenacker writes of "place-lag" – "the imaginative drag that results from our jet-age displacement over every kind of distance, from the inability of our deep old sense of place to keep up with our airplanes." – and how time and place lose all meaning when you are halfway through a 12-hour flight from Europe to Asia. "On a light-scrambling journey, I need a minute to be sure where it is morning and for whom – whether for me, or the passengers, or the place below us on earth."

But it is not just professional pilots like Vanhoenacker who see the glory that never fades in flying.

It is high-mileage passengers too.

Last year I flew 350,000 miles," says George Clooney's character in *Up In The Air*. "The moon is 250."

Clooney's character in *Up In The Air* has a dream – to rack up ten million air miles. High-mileage men often have that kind of crazy dream. As a gold card member of BA's Executive Club, I am well aware that British Airways awards its members Lifetime Gold status when they reach 35,000 tier points (not air miles). That's a lot of serious flying – BA gives you 40 tier points flying from Munich to Heathrow in Business. That's what I want and in *Up In The Air*, Clooney wants exactly the same sort of thing.

But then it all goes wrong. Clooney's character, Ryan Bingham, realises that his obsession with being a high-mileage man is a way of isolating himself from the rest of the human race. He rushes to the side of the woman he has met on the road only to discover that she already has a husband and children and he is just a bit on the side. Nursing his badly bruised heart, he racks up his ten millionth mile on his way back to his empty apartment.

"Where you from?" the pilot asks him.

"I'm from here," he says.

It's not air miles that matter, the film tells us. It's people. It's commitment. It's love. And yet I can't have

Air travel is one of those things that life will impose on you – so you must learn to enjoy it

been the only high-mileage man in the cinema who watched *Up In The Air* and thought – "350,000 miles in a year. That's not bad."

I didn't fly until I was a 22-year-old journalist sent off to the US to smash up hotels with Thin Lizzy. There was a fault with the plane and we sat on the runway for six hours, waiting for a new crew – and it didn't bother me at all.

I was squeezed into an economy seat – and it did not bother me at all. I didn't even know that there were different cabins on a plane. All I knew was that eventually I would be flying to Philadelphia – who could ask for anything more? And all these thousands of air miles later, I can still feel that tingle. If anything, my love for flying has deepened. But as you make your lifetime's journey from the back row of cattle class to seat 1A in First, you realise that flying – especially in these troubled times – is a skill you need to master. Air travel is one of those things that life will impose on you – like public speaking, or dinner with strangers – so you must learn to enjoy it.

Your seat should always be the best you can afford but you should never resent not being given an upgrade (airlines like bumping up handsome couples). We all serve our time at the back of the plane but remember that flying long haul in economy is like taking drugs and doing gymnastics: leave it to the very young.

Board as early as possible with carry-on luggage that is as light as possible. Don't be the jerk who can't fit his luggage collection into the overhead locker. Don't be a channel-surfing slave to the in-flight entertainment system. Bring your own entertainment. And arrive in good shape. The best cure for jet lag is sunshine. Some insist you have to get on the local time, but this is not always possible. For example, BA's flight to Tokyo arrives early in the morning, and you need to sleep before getting on Tokyo time. Drinking should always be done in moderation and never to the point of dehydration. But alcohol at altitude is one of the most enjoyable experiences known to man, so don't deny yourself when looking down at the moonscape of Mongolia or watching the sun come up in the sky above the Atlantic. For almost all of history, these experiences were unknown to the human race. Be grateful for going.

The romance of air travel never dies. There is still, and will always be, something miraculous about being transported from one side of this little blue planet to the other, time spooling forwards or backwards, as you outpace the rising sun or hurtle towards it at 500 miles per hour. Flying will always be magical – especially when you have your second glass in your hand. Islamic terrorists, suicidal pilots, budget airlines, low-IQ security guards, the tourists with too much hand luggage – they don't even put a dent in my love of flying.

"Tonight most people will be welcomed home by jumping dogs and squealing kids," says Clooney at the end of *Up In The Air*. "Their spouses will ask about their day and at night they'll sleep. The stars will wheel forth from their daytime hiding places. And one of those lights – slightly brighter than the rest – will be my wing tip, passing over."

Flying is still nothing short of a miracle, just as it was when Sinatra beat the birds down to Acapulco bay with his true love by his side, and all the angels cheered. ☺

LUNA ROSSA SPORT

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FROM PRADA

P R A D A



HOW NOT TO... ...decorate

Whether you inherit a tasteless mess or the home of a kindred spirit, decorating is always a disaster. Just say no...

The ugliest place in which I ever lived was a flat decorated at vast and lavish expense in about 1981. This was in about 2002, though, and in the intervening years the place had suffered somewhat from a) a very hairy person dying there and nobody taking away their stuff, b) or hair, c) some manner of mould, which turned the bottom of the front wall green, d) an infestation of giant spiders from the tropical diseases clinic upstairs, e) the extermination of said spiders, apparently with some manner of gas that smelled like the London Zoo gorilla enclosure, f) the subsequent partial dusty decomposition of their giant, tropical, spidery bodies in every corner, nook and ledge, g) something blue and bleach-ish leaking throughout the kitchen cupboards, and h) nobody wanting to live in this skin-crawling horror-zone for at least a decade and a half. Until us.

Look, it was really central and really cheap. We rented it on the condition that we could paint the walls, which were a pink and purple floral theme. Bits of them couldn't actually be painted, however, on account of the way some of the pink and purple flowers weren't just painted on, but were actual protrusions, formed (yes) of fake flowers made out of pink and purple velvet and netting. The true horror, though, was the bathroom.

There was a carpet. No, wait, this isn't the good bit. It was grey and sticky, but this isn't the good bit, either. Parts of it, on either side of the toilet bowl, were worn away, due to somebody's incomprehensible habits. Only this, still, isn't the good bit. No, the good bit was that it wasn't just on the floor. It was also on the walls and



the ceiling and the side of the bath. Which meant that if you took a bath (and you'd want to, living here) and slumped backwards, your wet hair rested upon a sticky, grey, elephant-smelling carpet full of dead man's hair and spider corpses. We stayed longer than you'd have thought.

When we left, it was with a view to buy somewhere. This being a decade ago, London property was relatively reasonable, with a small two-bed flat costing only slightly more than either of us could expect to earn in our entire lives. We knew what we wanted. Light walls, stripped floors, some manner of open-plan kitchen. And lo, this was exactly what everywhere on sale looked like.

That should have set the alarm bells ringing. In fact, it was the bookshelves. I'd visit flats of the sort I wanted to buy, in the places I wanted to live, which were decorated as I'd want to decorate them, and there, on the bookshelves, would be all the books I already owned. In the first flat, it was odd. In the second, it was funny. By the third, though, I

Sucker for punishment:
Like humans,
the octopus
decorates its
home, though it
prefers shells to
stripped floors

could feel my whole sense of self ebbing, ebbing, ebbing away. Never, quite, to return.

I don't like decorating. I don't mean the process; the wielding of a roll brush and the wearing of dungarees, because I'm quite good at that. I mean the conception. I remember, as a kid, going around to a friend's house and seeing that he'd covered the walls in pictures torn from magazines of rock stars and skateboarders. "Should I be doing this?" I wondered. It just seemed like so much work. So I didn't. When I went to university, my walls were largely bare. "You should put something up," people used to say. "But what?" I'd ask.

Thank God I have a wife to handle this stuff these days. Decorating a house is like getting dressed, only the clothes cost all of your money and you need to wear them for a decade. No wonder men find it stressful. And the men who don't, really should. Few things are more depressing than the house of a man with money, who has been allowed to decorate it himself. They did a *Through The Keyhole*-thing with John Prescott last year, and his dining room looked like a civil service boardroom. I mean, the table even had plug sockets on it. Bleak as anything. Occasionally, I've been into homes owned by the very, very rich. Almost without exception, they look like hotels. You can feel the panic. "What's nice?" they're thinking. "Oh God, WHAT'S NICE?"

Octopuses, I read recently, are the only other creature to decorate their homes. Or lairs? Nests? Whatever. They use shells, mainly. And it made me wonder just how a human, devoid of all external influence, would do the same. I doubt there's any way to find out; you'd have to raise a child in a cellar for 18 years and then unleash him on Homebase; it wouldn't be OK. Still, you want to know what they'd do, right? And specifically, whether they'd carpet the bath. ☺

● Hugo Rifkind is a writer for the *Times*.

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THE NEW FRAGRANCE





GQ AGONY AUNT

From daddy issues to the trials of the 'spornosexual', GQ's matter-of-fact mentor **Victoria Coren Mitchell** speaks her mind

I'm worried my much younger Russian girlfriend wants me to become a "spornosexual", all hairless, smooth and toned. I'm less Justin Bieber and more Ted Danson, however. Should I be worried?

VCM: Interesting. Is Ted Danson the hairiest person you can think of? You should get out more. He wasn't even the hairiest person in *Cheers*. (From my memory, that would be Carla.)

Obviously Ted Danson is a lot sexier than Justin Bieber. He's confident, alpha and funny. Ted Danson is very hot. I'm getting restless just thinking about him.

But he isn't hot in a *hairy* way. Ted Danson is a silver fox, a groomed gent, a dandy. I can see Ted Danson drinking wheatgerm shots. I bet Ted Danson goes swimming. Ted Danson definitely has more than one cashmere scarf.

If you think Ted Danson is at the far end of hairy, sweaty, rough-and-ready maleness, then you are a pretty rarefied fellow. If your girlfriend *still* finds you oafishly flabby and hirsute, it may not be Justin Bieber she wants but Jessica Biel.

Then again, you refer vaguely to her being "much younger". I assume she's over 20 – if you even know who Ted Danson *is* you're too old for a girlfriend who's younger than 20. But if she's under 25, that could be your problem right there. The younger the woman, the more revolting she finds body hair (on herself or you). And the older the man, the larger the number of surprise "hair crevices" on his person.

It's possible you might both be happier with someone else.

My mate has been really annoying since he became a father. Everything revolves around the "needs" of this child – mainly when it sleeps, which seems to be five times a day. He can only meet for lunch between sleeps two and three, ie. at 4pm. (Don't

get me started on the evening timetable.) He doesn't talk about anything except what the child can do, which isn't much, and how tired he is. Is he becoming a woman?

VCM: Hmm. This isn't about your friend, is it? It's about your

father. I'll bet he wasn't there when you were born, always missed sports day, and still takes the mickey in a way that makes you want to run sobbing to the cupboard under the stairs.

I mean, look at what's going on here. Why are you so disapproving of the way your friend does things? In that sense, *you're* becoming a woman. Staring at a beloved old chum, caring deeply about their approach to life and then bitching about it, is not the male way. It's unusual that you've even noticed what he does when you're not in the room. Clearly, you're jealous. You're threatened that any father could make such sacrifices for a child. God knows yours didn't!

I mean, yes: clearly the guy is one of those sappy modern parents who give their kids the upper hand from the beginning. Today it's the sleeps. Next year he'll be serving it chicken nuggets for every meal because it "doesn't like anything else", then it'll be an iPhone at the dinner table, and soon enough he'll have a kid who screams round the clock, can't be babysat and won't say a nice hello to grandma. And that's bad news for him, because he has to keep grandma sweet so she'll pay the school fees.

But why is any of this your problem? It isn't. Hence, this is not about your friend or

his parenting methods. Get over it; 4pm is a classy time to have lunch. If you can't see that, it's *you* who's hidebound by routine. (You'll find a preprandial Martini improves matters tremendously.)

And then, on a calm day with a clear head, ask your dad why he never came to sports day.

My girlfriend doesn't understand the apostrophe. So far, I haven't set her straight. Am I being irresponsible?

VCM: Responsibility takes many forms. For example: as a form of contraception, correcting her grammar would be ideal.

I lose a lot of money at poker. And I mean a lot. I make seven-figure sums in the City, but lose five- and six-figure sums at the card table. Can you help?

VCM: Yes. But it's best that we play a few games first. Bring your wallet. ☺

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MySTYLE

Architect by day, music producer by night, **Aman Singh** tells us about his wardrobe staples and most-wanted items

Jacket

"This jacket is really fun to wear on a night out, it's got a sheen and luminosity to it and produces some interesting shades." £420. acnestudios.com



WISHLIST

Sunglasses

"Mykita does quite a lot of cool collaborations, and these glasses look really great. They're lightweight, with fine frames and look slightly utilitarian." £270. maisonmargiela.com



WISHLIST

Aftershave

"I get my hair cut at Huckle The Barber in Shoreditch. They spray on the citrusy Agua de Colonia Concentrada by Alvarez Gomez." £28. At roullierwhite.com

Trousers

"I wear these trousers all the time. They're so easy to dress up, but I can also wear them with trainers." £375. christopherkane.com



WISHLIST

Bike

"I'm a big fan of Albam. I love its workwear and its attitude to making products in the UK. This single-speed bike is a great buy." £1,250. albamclothing.com



WISHLIST

Camera

"Leica makes some pretty special cameras. I've never owned one myself, but my friend has one and now I'm desperate to get one." £12,000. leica-camera.com

Watch

"It's a limited edition; Bulgari did a series of 500 pieces named after cities. It's definitely the one I save for special occasions." £3,000. bulgari.com

T-Shirt

"I picked this up in a thrift shop in the US. It came in one of those bulk bags of clothes where you get two kilos for \$5. This was a hidden gem."



WISHLIST

Jacket

"I'm a big fan of the workwear look, and Visvim is top of the game. It is quite hard to get hold of over here, but it's worth it." £995. visvim.tv

Trainers

"The sole glows in the dark, so these are great when you go on a night out. It's nice to have some funky trainers in your wardrobe." £145. At size.co.uk



SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF

The Cayman GT4 comes with two active damper settings: "Normal", which is based on the ideal performance for the Nürburgring. And "Sport", designed for every other modern race track in the world. There is no "Easy Like Sunday Morning" setting.



'I love speed. I love the adrenaline rush'

GQ Cars

ADVANTAGE, PORSCHE

Tennis superstar and fast-car lover
Maria Sharapova joined GQ to serve
up real pace with the German giant's
new compact racer, the Cayman GT4

STORY BY
JASON BARLOW

Aces in their field: Maria Sharapova with the new longer, lower and wider Porsche Cayman GT4



For a woman with a weaponised right arm and off-the-chart degrees of hand-to-eye co-ordination, Maria Sharapova is endearingly self-effacing about how translatable those talents are. Take the time she appeared on Jimmy Fallon's US chat show, for example, and found herself co-opted into a game of beer pong.

"I get really embarrassed in those sorts of situations because I'm always so terrible at everything else I do," she giggles. "Everyone assumes you'll automatically be good at something because you're an athlete. I'm like, 'No, it doesn't work that way!' I was so nervous about beer pong, and Jimmy really wanted to win."

Fallon did beat her, but Maria sank the beer like a pro. Advantage, Sharapova.

Eleven years after her precocious victory at Wimbledon, Sharapova is the world's highest-paid female athlete – though she claims not to know exactly how much that amounts to each year – with a string of blue-chip sponsorship deals and endorsements to her name. Her personal brand and, let's not be coy, Amazonian beauty might be potent enough to land her regular appearances on the US TV chat-show circuit but, even at the venerable age of 28, five-time Grand Slam champion Sharapova still has a formidable presence on the tennis tour, too. She heads into this month's Wimbledon ranked third in the world, trailing her fourth Australian Open final appearance.

GQ meets her during the Porsche Tennis Grand Prix in Stuttgart, a WTA championship that Sharapova won last year, earning herself a Porsche 911 Targa in the process (not this year, though: Sharapova's eleven-match unbeaten run at the tournament was ended in the second round by the German Angelique Kerber). A Cayenne GTS is on order, but while she admits to being a fully paid-up adrenaline junkie, and has recently forged a friendship with ex-Formula One driver and current Porsche endurance racer Mark Webber, Maria looks aghast when I even hint at the possibility of her putting pedal to the metal.

"I'm a pretty safe driver, I guess," she says, a little regretfully. "I know that sounds boring. I've had plenty of parking tickets, but no speeding violations."

Which is impressive, especially given the fact that Maria has just driven Porsche's new Cayman GT4. I forget to ask her if she's heard of Andreas Preuninger, who runs Porsche's GT division and is therefore a deity in the world of fast cars. Think McEnroe or Borg, with engines rather than a tennis racket. Anyway, the rumour alone of a Preuninger-fettled Cayman was enough to turn the car into a sellout among Porsche's fanatical fanbase. The smaller of the company's coupés, the Cayman has long suffered from something of an identity crisis, unsurprising given its overachieving family background; the rear-engined 911 in particular is deemed pretty much the archetypal sports car.

NEED TO KNOW

If you want to take your Cayman seriously, a Sport Chrono Package is available that features a dashboard-mounted stopwatch, accurate to one-hundredth of a second.

ENGINE

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PERFORMANCE

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PRICE

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CONTACT

porsche.com/uk

Although the GT4 doesn't get any purebred competition upgrades, it uses the 3.8-litre, 380bhp power unit from its big brother. It's also longer, lower and wider, has a re-profiled nose, more cooling and, as the adjustable rear spoiler indicates, is also the first Cayman to summon up significant aerodynamic downforce. It borrows its front suspension from the epic 911 GT3, while the presence of chunky Michelin Pilot Sport Cup 2 rubber underlines the GT4's overt race-track mien.

Porsche has even developed two settings for the car's adaptive dampers, depending on which circuit you find yourself. And owners can also graze their knuckles tweaking the anti-roll bar setup. Not that I'd remotely trust myself to spanner my own £65,000 car.

Porsche simply is not in the habit of screwing things up, so the GT4's steering, chassis responsiveness and overall feel are not merely good, they're textbook. So good, in fact, that you're left wondering why virtually every other car company trips up, like they've somehow coated all the important control weights and touchpoints with Valium.

Porsche, of course, is also the de facto king of notorious German racing circuit the Nürburgring, a 15-odd-mile, 73-corner concrete rollercoaster through the Eifel mountains. Has Maria done any track driving? "Not yet, but we keep talking about it," she says. "Mark's good friends with my coach [Sven Groeneveld], and we need to do it with someone who knows what they're doing."

You should go to the Nürburgring. It's terrifying... "[quietly] Oh, don't tell me that."

She laughs, then continues. "I love speed. I'm not sure I'd be naturally good at it, and you'd want some sort of direction or tutoring in the turns. But I love the adrenaline rush. I'll definitely do it. When I have another life."

For the time being, though, and despite the best intentions of the GT4, Sharapova is in no rush to start her new life. The speeding violations will just have to wait... ☺

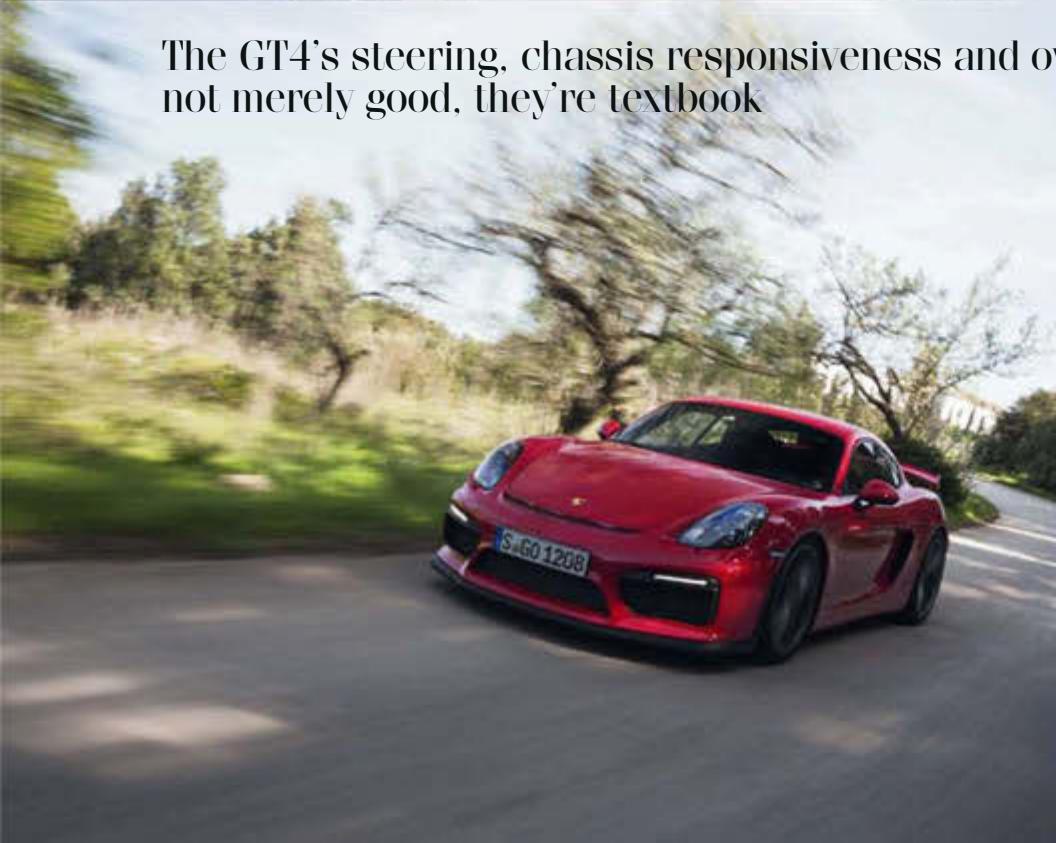
I'm not sure I'd be naturally good at it but I'll definitely [go to the Nürburgring]. When I have another life.



Red hot: Serving up a top speed of 183mph and with a 3.8-litre engine, the Cayman GT4 uses the same power unit as the 911



The GT4's steering, chassis responsiveness and overall feel are not merely good, they're textbook



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GQ TRAVEL

EDITED BY BILL PRINCE



Hit and Swiss: The Chedi Andermatt's Japanese-serving The Restaurant and its indoor pool (middle); (far left) the gardens of Phum Baitang, Cambodia; (top right) Salt House Inn, Provincetown

HERE'S TO YOUR ALTERNATIVE SUMMER HOLIDAY

Tired of bumming between pool and bar? Time to instil a little inspiration in the **annual getaway**

HERE'S a beguiling concept: "big box" practitioners get excited about "small box" hospitality and forego the playthings of bigger brands – spas, destination restaurants, "signature" bars etcetera – to concentrate instead on the fundamentals of good lodging: cool surroundings, a focus on great design, and that familiar, "home from home" vibe that doesn't feel forced...

Welcome to **Salt Hotels**' "boutique inns" – the idea of former André Balazs and Ian Schrager confrère David Bowd, and his design partner, Kevin O'Shea, who decided to ramp up the traditional American B&B – a tonier version of our own, oft-belittled accommodations – with style nous and a few site-specific novelties.

The first opened in Provincetown, **MASSACHUSETTS** ➤

in 2013, a former guesthouse renovated to take account of modern travellers' tastes, yet mindful of the need for uncomplicated, relaxing surroundings. With 15 bedrooms and an opening rate of \$160 (£104), Bowd and O'Shea have given their opening gambit a breezy, Cape Cod feel, highlighted with in-room antiques and a communal table around which guests can enjoy a healthy breakfast.

This summer, Bowd and O'Shea have added a second Provincetown property, Eben House, one of only three surviving brick-built "Federals" and the former home of New England seafarer Captain Eben Snow. His memory permeates its 14 spacious guest rooms (from \$195 (£127) – some of which are housed in a series of outbuildings surrounding a manicured courtyard) down to contemporary "family portraits" of the Snow clan.

And for its latest acquisition, Salt Hotels have stepped off the mainland and rediscovered a historic hotel at the heart of Shelter Island's social scene. The Chequit has been a Long Island institution since 1872 when it was built as the planned hub for a community of Methodists on religious retreat. As their zeal faded, so cottages sprang up on the land and The Chequit evolved into a hotel.

Now extensively renovated – and returned to its leading role in Shelter Island summer society – its 37 rooms (which start at \$195 (£195)) are spread between the main house, an eleven-double-roomed cottage and a six-room summer house suitable for exclusive use. It also becomes the first Salt Hotel to offer on-site dining at its bar and restaurant, Red Maple, besides which, the White Hill Café promises healthy, homemade fare to go. **BP**
salthotels.com



Hit the roof:
The spacious and
secluded Loft suite
of Provincetown's
Salt House Inn



British Airways flies from Heathrow to Boston four times a day. Return fares start from £762 return including taxes and charges. For further information or to book, visit ba.com.

STRETCH AND BURN

If high summer means serenity rather than sunbathing, then head to **The Chedi Andermatt**, which has launched a season of yoga retreats led by Tibetan spiritual advisor Loten Dahortsang. The four-night stays in the Swiss Alps are designed to restore guests' physical and mental wellbeing, making use of both the Chedi's award-winning spa (2,400 sq m of Finnish saunas, steam baths and hot- and cold-running outdoor plunge pools) and the surrounding vistas. **BP**

Starting from £2,030 for four nights in a Deluxe Room. The retreats take place between 15-19 June, 20-24 July, 24-28 August and 21-25 September 2015. thechedi-andermatt.com

Holy smokes: The Chedi Andermatt 'Cigar Library'; (left) chefs prepare service at the hotel's dining room



REAP THE REWARDS

Phum Baitang is the second opening from **Zannier Hotels**, a new name to the niche-luxury sector. A Cambodian resort it calls "Green Village", it offers 45 private villas designed to resemble the local housing, just a ten-minute drive from Siem Reap, gateway to the Angkor World Heritage Site. Phum Baitang has a 50-metre infinity pool, two dining rooms and a seven-treatment-room spa.

Granted, rainfall in Cambodia is a daily occurrence in July and August, but, then, what price Angkor Wat all to yourself? **BP** Terrace villas from £190. Pool villas from £270, including taxes, service charge and breakfast for two. zannier.com

Sleeping beauty:
The New York Palace's
Towers suites are
among the city's
most luxurious, with
panoramic views across
the Manhattan skyline



British Airways flies daily between London Heathrow and **New York JFK** from £499 return. ba.com

HOTEL OF THE MONTH



WHERE New York hotels are concerned, it's all about the view. And we should know because we've stayed at The Towers at The New York Palace. As part of the hotel's recent \$140 million (£92m) renovation, the Towers accommodations had a \$25m (£16m) makeover, turning the suites into some of the most sumptuous in Manhattan. This separate part of The New York Palace occupies the hotel's top 14 floors, containing 176 guest rooms and suites. And they have some of the best views in the city. Situated on the east side of town, at the corner of Madison Avenue and 50th Street, the hotel is just a spit from some of the best bars on the island. But it's the views you'll be coming for, and the views you'll be staying for. We arrived at the Palace late as our flight was delayed, and the views were so spectacular that we sat staring at night-time Manhattan while making our way through a bottle of ridiculously good (and complimentary) Sauvignon Blanc. And if the bottle had been bigger, we would have stared a little longer. The Towers is so good that earlier this year they were recognised with a TripAdvisor Certificate of Excellence. The Towers was also ranked #10 on TripAdvisor's Top 25 Luxury Hotels in the United States. Rooms at The New York Palace start at £256 a night. 455 Madison Avenue, New York 10022. +1 212 888 7000, newyorkpalace.com



Rediscovering fire:
The Major Chilli was
the best-looking
– and safest with
coals – on test



HOT NEW THINGS

Flame grilling might be the oldest cooking method in the world, but these barbecues bring new ideas to the (kick-ass, summer's day) party...

Plus Meet the super-HD 'ultrabooks'

EDITED BY CHARLIE BURTON & STUART McGURK

The Lab



1 Major Chili by Barbecook

Who knew a coal-burning furnace could look so good? And it's got smarts as well as style. Before cooking, fill the base with water and the column above with newspaper. To light it, you put a match to the paper to create a torrent of fire below the coals. Or so they said. Unfortunately, for us this produced billows of white smoke, forcing us to resort to firelighters. But the column's second function was a winner: after cooking, remove the drain in the coal tray and push all the embers down the middle for safe disposal from the detachable base. No trowel, no problem! £128. At Amazon. amazon.co.uk

Win: Wind protection; heat-reflective hood for even grilling; low price
Fail: Ignition system didn't deliver

★★★★★☆☆☆☆

2 Daniel Boone Pellet Grill by Green Mountain Grills

The Daniel Boone is all about taking it easy. Not only does it use electronically fed flavoured wooden pellets rather than hot coals or gas (ensuring all your food has that smoky Americana taste), but cooking is as easy as plugging it into a mains outlet. The barbecue also has a built-in wireless receiver, meat probe and smartphone app so you can throw your food on to the grill, shut the lid and check the temperature remotely while you kick back in the sun.

£699. At The American BBQ Company. americanbbq.co.uk

Win: Great for slow cooking
Fail: You'll need to have a mains socket nearby

★★★★★☆☆☆☆

3 Big Green Egg (Medium)

These kamado-style cookers have been popular in China for thousands of years; now they're winning fans further afield. The idea is that the ceramic "inner", the draft door and dual-function metal top combine to offer a cook wherein the heat is not only greater - capable of reaching a near volcanic 600C - but also more easily controlled for slow-cooking. The BGE is quick to assemble, plus a cinch to light, although we did notice (as did our shivering guests) that it took nearly an hour to reach the optimum sausage-searing 200 degrees. Also, with a surface diameter of only 38cm, it meant that catering for a party of ten meant the grill was pretty snug.

£700. shop.biggreenegg.co.uk

Win: Temperature control
Fail: Small cooking area

★★★★★☆☆☆☆

4 Performance T-36G5 by Char-Broil

Is gas grilling cheating? Hardcore charcoal barbecue would probably say yes. But on the basis of this badass three-burner we say: "If cooking with gas is wrong, we don't want to be right." What it lacks in flames it makes up for in being simple to fire up, taking your grill from 0C to higher than 400C in minutes. But it is the TRU-Infrared tech (three sheets of perforated steel giving the grill a consistent temperature) that impressed us most. We were less taken with the flimsy body, but loved the smoker box that delivers a heavenly hickory aroma.

£540. charbroil.eu

Win: Quick heating; easy temperature adjustment; consistent cooking
Fail: Light stainless-steel construction; no flames

★★★★★☆☆☆☆

The BREAKDOWN

	Barbecook	Green Mountain Grills	Big Green Egg	Char-Broil
Dimensions (w x h x d)	> 97 x 65 x 55cm	> 129.5 x 142.24 x 61cm	> 74 x 46cm	> 143.5 x 123 x 63cm
Weight	> 10kg	> 70kg	> 51kg	> 98kg
Fuel	> Charcoal	> Wood pellets	> Charcoal	> Gas
Cooking surface area	> 1,963.5 sq cm	> 2,954.8 sq cm	> 1,140 sq cm	> 3,249 sq cm

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E-M5 Mark II



CIPA Standards as of 12/2014

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SMALL WONDERS

There's a new laptop in town: the better-than-HD 'ultrabook'. It's super-slim, hyper-powered and sharper than your TV

1 Kira by Toshiba

The Kira is a funny looking beast – its chassis is curved at the back, but ends in harsh right angles at the front: not appealing. Still, it's light (1.32kg), and the screen (which is also a touchscreen) is a beaut – at 2560 x 1440, it's not up to the Dell, but the battery life (more than 10 hours, compared to the Dell's eight) makes up for it. Still, the USP here is the connections: with three USB 3.0 ports, a HDMI port and a SD card slot, it's the most adaptable ultrabook on the market.

£1,300. toshiba.co.uk

Win: Great connections; good (Harman Kardon) speakers; excellent battery

Fail: Not a looker; Windows scaling an issue

★★★★★☆☆☆☆

2 ZenBook UX305 by Asus

At first glance, there's a lot to like about the Asus ZenBook: the price (just £649), the generous keyboard, the multiple connections, the neat, if not spectacular, looks; yet the main problem is apparent the second you pop the top. Move the screen to a regular viewing angle, and the back of the Asus is propped up by the base of the lid, back rubber feet in the air, and slips around your desk as a result. Baffling that Asus designed it this way, making what would have been a decent seven-star laptop into a maddening three-star one.

<£649. asus.com/uk>

Win: Looks sharp; good price

Fail: Doesn't sit on its rubber feet in work mode

★★★★☆☆☆☆☆

3 XPS 13 by Dell

At 3200 x 1800 resolution, the Dell doesn't so much have a decent screen as a mirror-world into the matrix – called "quad HD+", it's crystal-clear and blows Apple's Retina display on the new MacBook (at 2304 x 1440) out of the water. Add to that a super-sharp bezel (just a few millimetres), the thinnest on test, and a powerful chipset (Broadwell) that easily handles all your main apps at once, the only downside is battery life, which clocked in at just over eight hours.

<£879. dell.co.uk>

Win: Thin bezel; no glare; just 1.18kg in weight; incredible screen

Fail: So-so battery life

★★★★★☆☆☆☆

The BREAKDOWN

	Toshiba	Asus	Dell
Size (w x d)	316 x 207mm	324 x 226mm	304 x 200mm
Screen resolution	2560 x 1440	1920 x 1080	3200 x 1800
Weight	1.32kg	1.2kg	1.18kg
Hard drive	256GB	128GB	256GB
Battery	10.45 hours	10 hours	8 hours

Perfect for people who like
their wheels more round

BOCA



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Fusspots, nitpickers and the down right choosy, thank you. If it wasn't for your high standards we wouldn't have made a car as award winning as The All-New Kia Sorento. With great driving dynamics, leather upholstery, 360° around view monitor, smart power tailgate and smart park assist, it's enough to bring a smile to the face of even the hardest to please. Visit kia.co.uk to find out more. **You make us make better cars.**



Fuel consumption figures in mpg (l/100km) for The All-New Kia Sorento range are: Urban 36.7 (7.7) – 40.9 (6.9), Extra Urban 46.3 (6.1) – 57.6 (4.9), Combined 42.2 (6.7) – 49.6 (5.7) CO₂ emissions are 177 – 149 g/km.

GQ Taste

The RESTAURANT ▶ The BAR ▶ The HOTEL ▶ The CLUB ▶ The PUB ▶ The NEIGHBOURHOOD ▶ The DRINK ▶ The BOOK ▶ The BOTTLE

DREAM TOPPING

The chilli'n'cheddar dog has chilli, sour cream, onion, cheese, chives and pickled cabbage.



MIGHTY MEAT

All of the hotdogs are free-range, grass-fed and from butcher Cobble Lane Cured in nearby Islington.

GREAT BUNS

The buns are handmade with English flour from Marriages millers in Essex, free-range eggs, no artificial preservatives and baked in stone ovens. (Gluten-free buns are also available.)



Bangers with bite



This summer, the all-American hotdog is coming to the capital. **Top Dog**, launched by a Californian TV star (Marissa Hermer), backed by a nightclub and restaurant impresario (Matt Hermer) and supported by Fortnum & Mason's CEO (Ewan Venters), will bring a spicy dollop of Fifties' Americana – plus fries and an organic shake – to London's Soho. Where do we queue? PH Top Dog, 48 Frith Street, London W1. top-dog.com



Full and frank:
Fifties diner dogs
(like this one with
pulled pork, apple
slaw and chives)
come to Soho;
Top Dog's Marissa
Hermer (inset)

THE RESTAURANT

Top Dog

Top Dog, 48 Frith Street,
London W1. top-dog.com

 Despite almost daily predictions about the imminent death of the burger, nothing it seems can cure our insatiable appetite for baps and beef. Or burritos. Or pork buns. Or lobster rolls. Little wonder then, that restaurateurs in search of the "next big sure-thing" are putting their money where our fast-food mouths are.

The latest addition to the menu is Marissa Hermer's Top Dog. Staying true to her California roots, she is bringing authentic Fifties American diner dogs to London's Soho, promising premium wieners, organic ice-cream shakes and handmade relishes. In the interests of research, *GQ* put a few of Marissa's fully loaded favourites to the test and... er, we couldn't quite make up our minds. Do you know what? We think we might need to go back and try them again...



GARDEN DOG

This stars a beef frankfurter with green chillies, house sauce, sliced tomato and plenty of diced onion.



SLOPPY DOG

Another beef frankfurter, this time topped with homemade baked beans, crispy shallots, chives and a secret-recipe special house sauce.



THE HOTEL

Endsleigh



YOU won't like the **Endsleigh Hotel**.

Honestly, you won't. To get to this grade-I listed country house on the border of Devon and Cornwall, set as it is within 108 acres of parkland between **Dartmoor** and **Bodmin moor**, you have to drive down a winding lane for several miles and there are hardly any passing places. Seriously... nightmare.

Once you arrive you'll definitely find the staff a little too **relaxed** and friendly. Yes, they are helpful, but for a place this grand you want a bit more stiffness, really. There are only 16 individually designed rooms to choose from, so that's a bit restrictive. They are all beautifully restored and furnished by owner **Olga Polizzi** and her daughter Alex, and most of them do have views of the gardens, but they could arguably do with more plug sockets here and there. Just saying.

More annoying is the sheer lack of things to do at Endsleigh. If you don't want to relax, explore the landscaped gardens and wild woodlands, try your hand at **shooting and fishing**, go 4x4 driving, take afternoon tea, or play croquet, what is there?

And as for dining options, just because new chef

Melanie Mountfield – formerly of Jamie Oliver's Fifteen and Fergus Henderson's St John – is overseeing a menu packed with **local venison**, duck, pigeon, and cheeses, doesn't mean you'll be satisfied. You might want a pizza. Or a kebab.

And if you don't want a relaxing **romantic weekend**, a family-focused retreat, a dog-friendly holiday, or an old-school escapist experience, the Hotel Endsleigh really isn't for you. And tell your friends they won't like it either.

We hated it so much, we can't wait to go back. PH

- Rooms from £240 a night.
Milton Abbot, Devon PL19.
01822 870000,
hotelendsleigh.com



THE BOTTLE

Liqueur de 72 Tomates

PEAKING the executive group sommelier of the Jason Atherton Restaurant Group definitely keeps Laure Patry busy, but obviously she isn't busy enough. This month, alongside Atherton's wife, Irha, she will be launching Social Wine & Tapas, a wine shop and tapas bar spread over two floors. Patry – who made the Sommelier Of The Year shortlist at the recent GQ Food & Drink Awards – is aiming to make wine not just more accessible, but also to introduce visitors to smaller, less well-known producers. One of her recommendations is a fino sherry, perfect for summer, and for serving with light dishes and charcuterie. "Liqueur de 72 Tomates was created by Laurent Cazottes using 72 different types of tomatoes," she says. "It has the green-tomato aromas on the nose, a light sweetness on the palate with an aromatic and salty finish. It can be an aperitif or a great match with a variety of cheeses."

£47 for 500ml. At Social Wine & Tapas, 39 James Street, London W1. socialwineandtapas.com

THE CLUB

Toy Room



It might be hidden away in the bowels of Mayfair, but Toy Room is wildly popular with Victoria's Secret models and A-list musicians. Teddy-bear mascots notwithstanding...



Why all the hype? This is Luca Maggiore's third club. You may know him as the man behind Project, which has packed out dance floors from London to Dubai. The Toy Room, however, is a more intimate venture, with a capacity of 180.

Who are the regulars? Besides the Victoria's Secret models (natch), the Toy Room is also a go-to for the likes of Nicole Scherzinger and Jourdan Dunn.

Door notes: The Toy Room shuns membership schemes and dress codes. Their only request is that you look "cool". In other words, polish up your best shoes or you'll be waiting out in the cold all evening.

On the PA: Hip-hop bangers peppered with a little rock'n'roll.

Arrive: The club starts filling up at around 1am, but if you have a table booked then try to arrive a bit earlier (or that 3am closing time will come all too soon).

What's involved in securing a table? You'll need to spend a minimum of £1,500. Given the prices on the champagne list, that shouldn't be a problem.

Look out for: Frank, the Toy Room bear mascot. You'll spot him drinking vodka straight from the bottle, dancing on the tables and being a certified girl-magnet. Now *that's* job satisfaction. Will Grice

● £20 entry. 9 Swallow Street, London W1. 020 7434 2107, toy-room.com. Monday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, 11pm-3am.



THE ROUNDUP

Three gins to toast World Gin Day on 13 June



Pinkster
£36
hedonism.co.uk

Key botanicals: Juniper and raspberries.

Not to be confused with: Pink gin, otherwise known as a gin and bitters (Angostura adding the tell-tale hue), Pinkster is created by steeping raspberries in the triple-distilled base gin.

Notes: Sweet but not too sickly, with a smooth, slightly spicy finish.

Serve: With raspberries over ice, or with Fever Tree and a sprig of mint in a G&T.



Berry Bros & Rudd No3
£36.50
bbr.com

Key botanicals: Juniper, orange and grapefruit.

A true London gin: Defined as being juniper-led, free of artificial flavourings and with a minimum strength of 37.5 per cent ABV, Berry Bros' trademark spirit is Dutch-distilled in traditional copper pot stills.

Notes: Juniper to the fore (what else?), citrusy, with a gingery spiciness.

Serve: In a classic Martini.



St George Botanivore
£45
masterofmalt.com

Key botanicals: Including juniper, 19 in total – kicking off with angelica, laurel, bergamot – the list goes on...

The pick of three: Craft gins from Californian master distiller (and former nuclear engineer) Lance Winters – the other two are the earthy Terroir and the "gin-impure" Dry Rye.

Notes: Hints of the hedgerow with light citrus and floral flavours.

Serve: In a traditional Vesper, with St George's All-Purpose Vodka, and Lillet Blanc. BP

• SMALL BITES •

Where



**has been eating
this month...**



PERCY & FOUNDERS

A vast (200 covers) British all-day dining addition to Fitzrovia, with ex-Murano head chef Diego Cardoso in the kitchen.

STANDOUT DISH

Lobster and prawn Scotch egg

1 Pearson Square, London W1.
020 3761 0200,
percyandfounders.co.uk



KITTY FISHER'S

Mayfair's cramped grill restaurant is small, impossibly fashionable and overly hyped. Shame it is so bloody good.

STANDOUT DISH

Galician beef (for two) with purple-sprouting broccoli.

10 Shepherd Market, London W1.
020 3302 1661,
kittifishers.com



L'ANIMA CAFÉ

Around the corner from its sibling, L'Anima, this live/work refuge gets its groove on in the evenings with live music to match the southern Italian menu.

STANDOUT DISH

You can't go wrong with their Calzone.

10 Appold Street, London EC2.
020 7422 7080, lanimacafe.co.uk

Happy mess: The unexpectedly tidy Joyeux Bordel bar and its Saint Germain de Prés cocktail (inset)



THE BAR

Joyeux Bordel

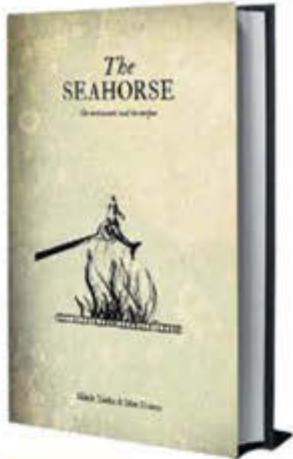


THE underground cocktail bar: formerly a novelty, now standard fare in the London arms race for space, from the conversion of former public conveniences (Kentish Town's Ladies & Gentlemen) to converted shop cellars (Soho whisky shop-turned-cool cocktail cavern Milroy's). The latest is Joyeux Bordel in Shoreditch, from the Experimental Cocktail Group, responsible for Chinatown's Experimental Cocktail Club and Covent Garden restaurant and wine bar Compagnie des Vins Surnaturels.

The name means "happy mess" in French, but shabby-chic it ain't: the bar is solid marble, the 15 bar stools and assorted low-slung chairs around lower-slung tables are black and plush, the walls dark green, and it has the distinct feel of somewhere that's a few fittings away from doubling as a (very high-end) sex dungeon (in a good way).

The drinks are similarly refined: GQ would recommend the Black Beard (£11), made with Cross rum and homemade Falernum (a sweet liqueur), but the strong suit here is champagne – both in their cocktails (try the £12 Old Cuban), and their extensive bottle list, with the most popular sitting on the bar in ice buckets. Just try not to tip them over, or you'll learn the French for "Sir's entire bank account, please." Stuart McGurk

● 147 Curtain Road, London EC2. joyeuxbordel.com



THE BOOK

The Seahorse

by Mitch Tonks and Mat Prowse



GIVE a man a fish and you'll feed him for a day. Teach a man to fish and you feed him for a lifetime. Find a man obsessed with fish, encourage him to open a fishmongers and then educate himself on how to cook fantastic seafood, and you have **Mitch Tonks**. The award-winning chef, restaurateur and food writer now has **six restaurants** to his name and this summer will see the release of his sixth recipe book.

His latest, written alongside chef **Mat Prowse** and named after the restaurant they co-own on the mouth of the River Dart in Devon, is a collection of dishes inspired by **local seafood**, simple cooking techniques and classic **Mediterranean recipes** that have shaped the menu at **The Seahorse**. Fresh, flavoursome and informative, this is a book so evocative of summers spent by the sea that even Rick Stein would be bowled over.



● *The Seahorse* by Mitch Tonks & Mat Prowse (£25, Absolute Press) is out on 18 June.

THE RECIPE

The Typing Room

Town Hall Hotel, Patriot Square, London E2.
020 7871 0461, typingroom.com



It is tempting to ask the question: is **Lee Westcott** the "next big thing" in British cooking? So far the talented 27-year-old has worked alongside Tom Aikens, Jason Atherton and Gordon Ramsay, and completed stints at Noma, Per Se and Galvin's. However, once you taste his imaginative modern European cuisine at The Typing Room in east London, where he runs the whole show, you'll know he isn't the next anything. The question should be: just how big can he become? Watch this space...

Cumin roasted cauliflower with yoghurt, raisins & mint

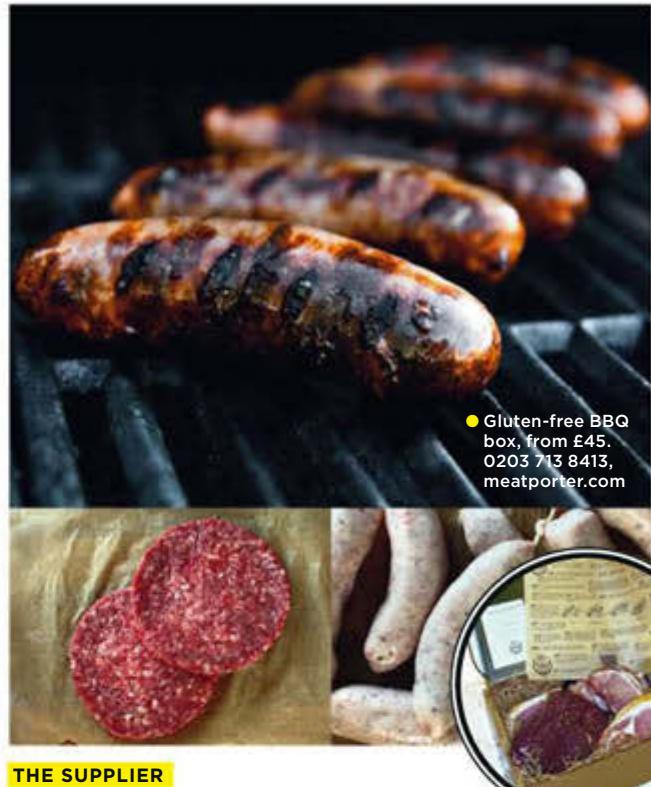
Ingredients (serves 4)

- 150g natural Greek yoghurt
- 40ml fresh lemon juice
- Maldon salt
- Black pepper
- 1 large cauliflower (use baby leaves for garnish)
- Extra virgin olive oil
- 30g sugar
- 125ml water
- 40ml olive oil
- Star anise
- 40ml Pernod
- Few sprigs of thyme
- 1 bunch whole red seedless grapes
- 2 tbsp cumin seeds
- 100g unsalted butter
- ½ bunch red seedless grapes, halved
- 1 small handful of picked mint leaves

Method

- Place the yoghurt into a bowl. Season with lemon juice, salt and cracked black pepper.
- Remove the outer leaves from the cauliflower, and **break down into large florets**. Cut eight florets

- into half through the stalk. These are for roasting later. Thinly slice florets, allowing for approximately six slices per person. Roughly chop the remaining cauliflower and place into a blender until you have a coarse crumb. Season with extra virgin olive oil, lemon juice and salt.
- Preheat the oven to 70C. Place the sugar, lemon juice, water, olive oil, star anise, Pernod and thyme into a saucepan. Bring to the boil. Add the whole red seedless grapes and reduce to a simmer. Once cool, drain off all the liquid (set aside) and place the grapes onto a tray with parchment paper and into the oven. These will take around two hours to shrivel up into sweet little raisins. Remove and cool at room temperature.
- **Place a large nonstick frying pan onto a medium heat. Once hot, add the cumin seeds. Toast for one minute, tossing them in the pan to toast evenly, and then add butter. Once the butter is golden brown, add the cut cauliflower florets flat side down into the pan. Cook until golden brown, turning them over frequently. Season with salt and black pepper. Remove the frying pan from the heat and drain.**
- To serve, warm the raisins and halved red grapes in a saucepan, with a little of the pickling liquor. Spoon the yoghurt onto a plate, adding cauliflower crumbs, roasted cauliflower florets, raisins, red grapes and picked mint leaves. Lastly, pour some of the warm pickling liquor in between all of the above.



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LET'S face it, hunting, gathering and foraging is all very well if you live in a reclaimed mud hut on the edge of a Nordic fjord, but for the rest of us, isn't life a little too short to be pickling dandelion flowers in fermented tree sap? Meat Porter definitely thinks so. That's why it supplies restaurant-quality, free-range meat to discerning carnivores all over the UK, providing everything from steaks and sausages to burgers and chicken breasts straight to your door. It's an invaluable service in barbecue season, allowing you the precious 14-hour window you'll need to get the coals heated up. meatporter.com

THE PUB

The Duke of Cumberland, Henley



FOR fans of **Tolkien**, a trip to The Duke of Cumberland Arms (shortlisted in the 2015 **GQ Food & Drink Awards**) might be the closest you can get to visiting the author's rural paradise, the Shire. Tucked away on a hillside in the hamlet of Henley, the **16th-century pub** neighbours several similarly dinky cottages and offers picturesque views of the rolling Sussex Downs.

Walk up the cobbled path, past the pretty English garden with its running stream, mishmash of flora and wooden gazebos, and you enter the **hobbit-hole of a tavern**. The low wooden ceiling and open fireplace make for a pleasing old-timey interior, while those in search of bona fide brews will be soothed by the bar's **award-winning** ales.



In contrast, the dining room at the back is a lighter, spacious affair. The menu offers the kind of dishes that pair well with pints – **roasted quail**, pork belly and oven-baked goat's cheese – while the pre-booked roasts for groups of four or more are **meat extravaganzas** worthy of any fictional medieval feast. Halflings – of the child, rather than hobbit variety – are also welcome. **Stephanie Soh**

- The Duke Of Cumberland Arms, Henley, West Sussex GU27. 01428 652280, dukeofcumberland.com



The 24-room Hotel du Vin Winchester, the chain's original opening (above)



Winchester's The Wykeham Arms pub and its Victoria & Albert room (above)



Kyoto Kitchen's scallop and asparagus kaori yaki; chef Varadon Meethong (above)

The Michelin-starred Black Rat (below)



THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

Winchester, Hampshire

Train:
London Waterloo
to Winchester,
£36 return.

Time:
One hour.

Drive:
London to Winchester,
from one hour and 30
minutes, via the M3.

The **well-heeled** inhabitants of this Hampshire city have high expectations when it comes to dining out – demands which are happily met. Just like Winchester's bars and restaurants, the city's **historic attractions** are within walking distance of one another, and a stroll down the River Itchen makes for a scenic **prelude** to any meal.



FOUNDED in 1994,
(1) Hotel du Vin
Winchester

(Southgate Street. 0844 748 9267, hotelduvin.com) has the honour of being the first of the now 16-strong luxury boutique hotel chain. Set in an elegant Georgian townhouse, the ground floor bistro is a-buzz with the comings and goings of diners, while the 24 rooms and suites upstairs serve very well as handsomely furnished bolt holes.

As can be expected from this quintessential English city, Winchester has an ample supply of great pubs. Best of all is **(2) The Wykeham Arms** (75 Kingsgate Street. 01962 853834, wykehamarmswinchester.co.uk), one of those rare establishments that strikes a perfect balance between having an ambitious menu, charming surroundings and a supremely comfortable atmosphere. Encouragingly, it is also a big hit with the locals.

An unexpected presence, however, is sushi restaurant **(3) Kyoto Kitchen** (70 Parchment Street. 01962 890895, kyotokitchen.co.uk). Head chef Varadon Meethong isn't scared of a little experimentation and has concocted his very own "Winchester Roll", substituting the seaweed traditionally found in maki for wasabi leaves. The restaurant sources its freshly grown wasabi from rural Hampshire, home to Europe's first wasabi farm.

The big cheese of the Winchester dining scene is **(4) The Black Rat** (88 Chesil Street. 01962 844465, theblackrat.co.uk), which holds a Michelin star. Its decor of low wooden beams, oil paintings and ornamental flagons channel ye

olde tavern vibes yet remain on the right side of tasteful. The menu is no gimmick either, and features hearty meat and fish mains with an *haute cuisine* twist.

David Nicholson, The Black Rat's owner, is also the proprietor of **(5) The Black Boy** pub (1 Wharf Hill. 01962 861754, theblackboypub.com), **(6) The Black Hole** B&B (Wharf Hill. 01962 807010, theblackholebb.co.uk) and **(7) The Black Bottle**

(4 Bridge Street. 01962 621563, theblackbottle.co.uk) wine bar. Whether taxidermy-strewn, prison-themed or offering a vending machine-dispensed wine-tasting experience – respectively – the theme to be found in each of Nicholson's establishments is quirkiness.

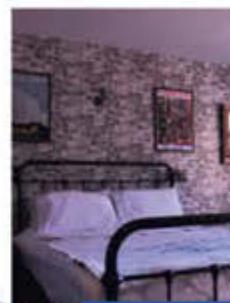
Next door to The Black Bottle is **(8) No5 Bridge Street** (5 Bridge Street. 01962 863838, idealcollection.co.uk/no5bridgestreet), which does breakfast, brunch and crowd-pleasing sharing plates by day, and turns into a lively bar at night. Simple, chic bedrooms are also available.

And looking like it's been plucked straight out of a fairy tale is **(9) The Chesil Rectory** (1 Chesil Street. 01962 851555, chesilrectory.co.uk), a romantic

medieval building which dates back to the 15th century. Settling down in front of its hearth and working your way through a roast shoulder of pork is a fine way to spend a Sunday afternoon. ss



Enjoy a pint overlooked by taxidermy wildlife (obviously) at The Black Boy pub

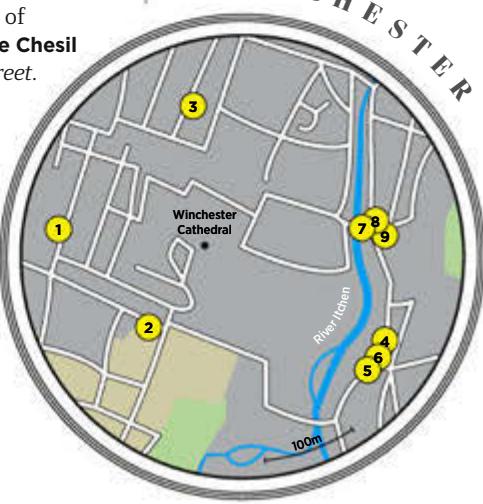


The Black Hole hotel's cell room and roof terrace view (above)



Restaurant, bar and hotel No5 Bridge Street

WINCHESTER



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The Alastair Campbell interview

The sensational tabloid exposé. An S&M orgy. A High Court victory in pursuit of personal freedom. All just chapters in Max Mosley's extraordinary life. Here, he talks about high rolling amid the glamour and treachery of Formula One, confronting the morality of Middle England and living with the legacy of his notorious parents

Max Mosley



Mosley. In Britain it is just one of those names. You hear it and you think of one of two men: Oswald Mosley, Britain's best known fascist, and his supporters, the Blackshirts, who made up the British Union of Fascists from 1932 to 1940. And Max Mosley, Oswald's youngest son, who is best known for being caught up in an S&M scandal seven years ago. In 2008 the *News Of The World* ran a lurid story with graphic images of Max Mosley engaged in an orgy with five women paid for the pleasure. Unfortunately, in this usually closed world of high-society S&M, one of the women, the wife of an MI5 officer, had a camera concealed in her bra and filmed the whole thing for Rupert Murdoch's now-defunct rag. Perhaps because his name had taught him how to deal with shame and opprobrium, Mosley felt none. He felt only anger at the intrusion and especially at the paper's invented claims that there had been a Nazi theme to the orgy, a titillation designed to give it "public interest" justification. He went after the paper and won.

Mosley spent his childhood visiting his parents, Oswald and Diana Mitford (one of six sisters from the controversial dynasty endlessly associated with scandal), in prison, the pair having been interned in Holloway by Winston Churchill during the Second World War. A home tutor schooling led to Oxford University and a degree in physics, although he changed to law and was called to the Bar in 1964. On his first trip to a race track as a student, however, he fell in love with motorsport and started racing himself. He rose up the ranks swiftly. From driver to F1 team principal, then on

to becoming the sport's top administrator (representing both the Formula One Constructors' Association and as a former president of the FIA), he has seen – during his long relationship with Bernie Ecclestone – F1 develop into a global behemoth. Mosley's success enabled him to (almost) escape the long shadow of his father.

Since the scandal, Mosley has become a champion of freedom of the individual against the excesses of the press. He chases down Google and other media giants daily over continued publication of images of the orgy. He is a supporter of the Hacked Off campaign for better press standards and regulation. And now he has written it all down in a book, *Formula One And Beyond* (out on 18 June, Simon & Schuster). I met him in his Knightsbridge mews house to discuss it all, and started with the obvious, his name... ➤

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDRÉ CARRILHO

Taking a stand:
Max Mosley has
championed the
rights of the
individual against
press intrusion
since his victory over
the News Of The
World in 2008



'What my father did at the time was not that mad. He had a classic political career'

AC: So you had a Mosley as a dad, a Mitford as a mum. Help or hindrance?

MM: [Long pause.] Hindrance. Because what I would really have liked to have done was politics and the Mosley name made that impossible. The Mitford name was interesting but it made no difference really. The real hindrance was Mosley.

AC: Yet though your dad was a fascist, it was your mum who really, really liked Hitler.

MM: Yes. My father met him twice and didn't like him. My mother liked him, and her sister [Unity] liked him even more.

AC: Any shenanigans between them?

MM: I don't think so. When I was born some of the press thought I was Unity's child...

AC: By Hitler?

MM: Yes.

AC: Christ, so your parents got married in Joseph Goebbels' house, the Nazi Minister of Propaganda, and you were Hitler's son!

MM: It was Fleet Street at its worst, but it died away. I think they were groupies. I asked my mother why. She said Hitler had the ability to make tough, aggressive men really like him.

AC: But they seemed to have a sexual attraction to him, going on about his eyes, the way he walked.

MM: I don't know. I never heard it suggested. Sex was not a big thing.

AC: But your dad, he was...

MM: Sexually active, yes.

AC: How early did you get a sense of having very unusual parents?

MM: Seven or eight.

AC: So you didn't find it unusual visiting them in prison when you were younger?

MM: I took it for granted.

AC: But there were not many school kids going to see their parents in jail like you did.

MM: I never went to school, not until I was 13. We had nannies and a tutor at home. Then I had two years in Ireland, did nothing, hunted and shot and played hurling.

AC: When you were thinking of a career in politics, which party?

MM: The obvious way in was Conservative because I had connections like Harold Macmillan [former British prime minister]. But I am slightly left liberal, so I would be comfortable on the left of the Tory party or the right of the Labour party. Then when David Ward [former aide to former Labour leader John Smith and a long-term



Helping Hans:
German driver
Hans-Joachim
Stuck and his then
March team boss
Max Mosley at
Circuit Park
Zandvoort,
Netherlands,
23 June 1974

colleague] came into my life I linked in fully to Labour.

AC: How do you vote?

MM: Labour.

AC: Did you ever feel you had fascist views in you?

MM: I completely agreed with my father when I was young, into my twenties. He would deny after the war he was a fascist. He wanted a united Europe. He was an ultra federalist. His slogan was "Europe, A Nation". I went along with that.

AC: Did he prefer Mussolini to Hitler?

MM: Yes. He got on quite well with Mussolini. He saw a funny side to him, the way you had to walk across a huge room to get to him.

AC: What would he think of a Nigel Farage type today?

MM: He would be at the opposite end. He thought Europe should be one country. First get a European government, then the Common Market. He saw the Common Market as the cart before the horse.

AC: Was he anti-Semitic?

MM: No.

AC: The Mitfords?

MM: I don't think so. Well, my mother, she had the attitude that people from her background had. My father absolutely not.

AC: When they died how did you assess your relationship with them?

MM: My relationship with my father was always excellent.

AC: You didn't resent the name?

MM: Not in the least. What he did at the time was not that mad. He

had a classic political career. Tory, then ended up a minister in a Labour government and there were all these unemployed people and the answer to the problem was known. [John Maynard] Keynes was friendly with my father. He put views forward and he couldn't get them accepted and he moved on. I said, "Why didn't you stay in the Labour Party and fight and you could have become leader?" And he said there were kids in the street with no shoes or food. He was 34. If he had been 54 he would have been more patient but he wasn't. Everything followed from that.

AC: What is your view of Cameron?

MM: Totally coloured by the fact that he took [Andy] Coulson to Downing Street [to work as director of communications for the Conservative Party]. To know all he knew about him and do that, I regard it as utterly wrong.

AC: Are you a moral person?

MM: People will laugh because of the scandal but I am, yes. I care about that sort of thing. I think that to deliberately make yourself beholden to someone like Murdoch is utterly wrong. You are elected to run the country not be a gofer for Murdoch.

AC: On the "scandal" what did you learn about other people?

MM: It was very interesting about who was loyal and who wasn't.

AC: Who surprised you?

MM: Bernie [Ecclestone].

AC: By being disloyal.

MM: Yes. Jean Todt [successor as president of the governing body Federation Internationale de l'Automobile] surprised me by being totally loyal. People tried to get him to come out against me and they thought as he was Jewish he would, because of the Nazi angle, and he wouldn't.

AC: What was Bernie's motive?

MM: I don't know. He said he was under pressure from the board, but he could easily have said, "Max is taking them to court and says he will disprove the Nazi angle."

AC: How is your relationship now?

MM: Fine. He did an interview saying he should not have said what he did.

AC: Your new book, *Formula One And Beyond* makes clear Bernie is all tactics not strategy. Yet he is a winner.

MM: Yes. He thinks so quickly he has never needed to be strategic. He turns everything to his advantage.

AC: So you were the politics and he was the business?

'I assume all my emails are read and phones tapped'

MM: Yes. Fundamentally, the business belonged to him. He took the financial risk. The FIA mistake was in the Seventies. They should have said, "You run Formula One as a business and you have 30 per cent." He would have taken their arm off. But they didn't, he fought and he ended up with the whole thing.

AC: Who else disappointed you?

MM: The team principals at BMW and Mercedes. They put out a press release saying I should resign because of the Nazi thing, without asking me if it was true. I said sod you then, and put out a press release saying both their firms had been more involved with the Nazi regime. I was in nursery.

AC: When you got the call about the *News Of The World* and went to get the paper, saw it, how hard was it to go home and tell your wife?

MM: Very difficult.

AC: Did Jean not think of kicking you out?

MM: I don't think she did. She had no idea that I was into that sort of thing. Also it was a genuinely small part of my life. It was just pure bad luck...

AC: ...That the wife of the MI5 man set you up? Did he get the boot?

MM: We worked out who was responsible, and that she was married to this man, so I told [former Scotland Yard police chief] John Stevens, who told MI5. I had the man followed.

AC: You are quite into surveillance.

MM: I assume all my emails are read and my phones tapped. It costs a fortune.

AC: When you say the sex thing was a small part of your life... you have been married a long time and Jean didn't know. Did you manage to separate it out from the marriage?

MM: Totally.

AC: Was part of the excitement the fear you might be exposed?

MM: No, because in that world everything is assumed to be secret. I don't know who they are, but all sorts of prominent people do it.

AC: You know the people you do it with?

MM: But they are pros. Either professionals or full-on enthusiasts. Some were amateurs in that they would not take money, they are just into that, but it was a closed world.

AC: Though a small part of your life forever?

MM: Since I was 20.

AC: Are you still at it?

MM: No.

AC: Have you talked about it to your wife?

'It is a mystery to me why Formula One is so popular'

MM: Yes, but it is better not to.

AC: Is it a good marriage?

MM: Absolutely. We have been together since teenagers.

AC: But she never said, "This stops or you are out"?

MM: She certainly said, "This stops", but never "or you are out". The thing is neither of us had anyone else. I have never thought of moving out.

AC: When you came back with the *News Of The World* under your arm, what did you feel? Fear? Shame?

MM: I felt anger.

AC: At the paper, not yourself?

MM: No, not myself. That is the tabloid thing – "if you hadn't done it, it wouldn't be in the paper", but why should it be?

AC: How much has it cost you, the legal bills, the chasing after Google [to remove the images from its search listings]?

MM: Millions. But the biggest part has been the Inland Revenue because I moved back to England and paid tax.

AC: How wealthy are you?

MM: Quite wealthy.

AC: Not in Bernie's league though.

MM: No, he is in the billions. But I can afford to cause trouble. My parents were both married to wealthy people before they married. My father was married to Cynthia Curzon [daughter of the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston and Mary Victoria Leiter, an American department store heiress].

AC: And having an affair with your mother?

MM: Indeed, so they say... my mother was married to a Guinness. When my father left England all the money was in Lichtenstein and for various reasons it all came to me.

AC: I had two sessions at Leveson and enjoyed them both. Did you enjoy giving evidence?

MM: I did. It was a wonderful opportunity to say things I felt needed to be said, about access to justice. It is all right for someone like me. An ordinary person has no redress. I said to Leveson it is outrageous that one per cent of the population can afford to take action through the courts, and he said it is less than that even.

AC: Which media figure do you despise the most?

MM: [Pause.] Paul Dacre.

AC: Snap. I loved your line in the book about him doing his dirty work through "second-rate hacks and ageing harpies".

MM: I don't mind Dacre's sex life, and if he thinks sex is lights out, curtains drawn, missionary position, very brief, fine, but I do not want him using his paper [*the Daily Mail*] to attack people who think sex can be more adventurous. He said what I did was "unimaginable depravity". He is in a tiny minority. Witness the success of *Fifty Shades*. I find it disagreeable to have the Kensington Taliban telling others how to live.

AC: Murdoch... a force of evil?

MM: He is a typical extreme capitalist, and his subversion of democracy is just to make money. It is not his fault but society's for allowing him to do it.

AC: I love most sports. But I don't really get F1. What am I missing?

MM: Formula One takes a lot to get into it because the skill of the driver is not obvious, not like Moto GP where you see them sliding those bikes around a bend. Also the engineering is mostly secret, which is completely stupid but it is so clever.

AC: But you can't see that when you watch it.

MM: I agree. It is something of a mystery to me too, why it is so popular. I can see why I might be into it. I know a lot. I was a driver.

AC: Has the sport lost something by being less dangerous?

MM: The conventional wisdom was if you made it safe fewer people would watch. The opposite has happened. The reason I care about the safety is because I have seen the consequences. A terrorist incident that kills ten people is a massive story. Until recently, ten people were killed on roads every day. America turned the world upside down after 9/11, but more are killed on the road.

AC: Why are McLaren struggling?

MM: Because they have gone downhill in management and failed to get the money in. That was my weakness when I ran the March team; I didn't get the money in.

AC: When you fined McLaren \$100m, [the scandal in 2007, known as "Spygate", involved allegations that the McLaren team was passed confidential technical information from the Ferrari team] was it really justified?

MM: Oh yes. If they had been ➤

Holding court:
Mosley addresses
reporters after
winning £60,000
in his privacy
action at the High
Court, London,
24 July 2008



➤ excluded for two years, which they should have been in my view, it would have been much worse.

AC: Is it the biggest fine in sporting history?

MM: I think so. But remember it cost Ferrari a lot more than \$100m. Formula One is about "research and development", and they lost their entire R&D programme.

AC: Was Ron Dennis [then owner and CEO of McLaren] in charge of that?

MM: Ron always said he didn't know.

AC: How is your relationship with Ron now?

MM: Quite friendly. The thing is Mercedes made us shake hands in the paddock. I thought it was funny. Ron was acutely uncomfortable.

AC: What comes through the book, with all these characters like Bernie and Flavio Briatore and what-have-you, it feels very big willy-ish.

MM: Very what?

AC: Willy-waving. Lots of "my willy is bigger than your willy".

MM: Absolutely. Get it out and wave it about.

AC: And Bernie is the biggest willy of all?

MM: Yes and rightly. He is quicker and smarter than the rest of them.

AC: Given the success of F1, and his role, is he bitter he is not Sir Bernie?

MM: I don't know about bitter but he thinks it is wrong and I do too, and it is my fault because of the (£1m) donation to Labour before the 1997 election.

AC: You did that for what reason?

MM: I wanted access to Downing Street.

AC: Is that not wrong?

MM: No, it is how the system works.

AC: Was it wrong for us to take it? Should we have suspected the motive?

MM: No, because everyone has a motive. If I want to be friends with the prime minister and I give a million pounds, I will get access and invitations. It may be wrong but it is not illegal.

AC: But the controversy is why Bernie has no knighthood.

MM: He has made all of Formula One rich. He has made himself rich. He pays a huge amount of tax. He probably doesn't pay more than he has to, but he earns a lot and pays a lot, and the industry is very much a British thing. Most of the teams are here, 50,000 jobs or so in motorsport.

AC: Which driver most impressed you?



Partners in their prime:
CEO of Formula One Bernie Ecclestone (left) and Mosley at Brands Hatch, 16 July 1978

MM: The one I liked most was Ronnie Peterson. The most impressive was Niki Lauda. He pitched up in London at 22 doing Formula Two, drove for us at March and within five or six years he was a first-class operator. Also the way he handled himself after his accident was remarkable.

AC: I had forgotten that you sacked James Hunt.

MM: He rubbished our car. Your works driver can't rubbish the car. James was a lot of fun though.

AC: What about Michael Schumacher?

MM: I knew him well. We had quiet dinners together and on anything to do with Formula One he was interesting, clever, a postgrad type of person. Get him away from Formula One and there was nothing much else.

AC: Do you look at the drivers now and think it is absurd that Lewis Hamilton earns millions and millions for driving a machine very well?

MM: Yes it is absurd. If I was a dictator in the sport, each team would have the same money and you could spend more on the driver or less on the car or vice versa. All the driver worries about is what he earns compared with the other guy.

AC: What is your role in the sport now?

MM: None. Not been to a meeting since 2009. I watch it on TV if it is convenient but I don't feel I have to.

AC: So how do you spend time now?

MM: The blessed book took a lot. But mainly the pursuit of various bits of litigation. And then the work with Global NCAP, promoting car safety around the world. That is saving lives.

AC: Not long after the scandal, your son Alexander died from a suspected heroin overdose having been a drug addict for many years. How tough was that?

MM: Very.

AC: Still is?

MM: Yes. You never get over it. Apart from being my son he was very clever and I enjoyed talking to him.

AC: Was there any sense that the Mosley name was a problem for him?

MM: It was definitely a problem for him. He went to Westminster [school] and the other kids would have a go

about his grandfather. That was the great attraction to me when I met John Smith [British Labour party politician who died from a heart attack in 1994]. He was the first person in politics who immediately understood the unfairness of having your name held against you. If you are rejected from something, I think it is like being black, you just don't know if that is why. Is it the name and not your ability?

AC: That being said, is there something to be said for people knowing who you are?

MM: Funny you say that. At Oxford I was into science and not politics but I went to the Union and the first time I got up to say something I was interrupted by Peter Jay [once British Ambassador to the United States]. He said my name, and everyone instantly looked and they were interested, and to begin with as a means of getting noticed, it is magic, but once you have been noticed it is harder.

AC: How do you feel your reputation is now?

MM: I feel the overwhelming majority of people think I was entitled to do what I did and the *News Of The World* were not entitled to write about that.

AC: So you feel you are defined by that now, that you have gone from being a Mosley, to being Formula One, to being...

MM: A pervert. [Laughs.]

AC: ...A pervert champion of the individual against press intrusion.

MM: We have definitely made progress. People come up to me on the street – I mean you are the expert on this – and they say they read these papers but they are not that influenced by them.

AC: Are you disappointed Leveson has not been fully followed through?

MM: It will be a pity if it isn't but I think it will be. There is a group of people determined to get a Leveson-compliant regulator and I will be disappointed if we don't get that.

AC: Are you doing much media for the book?

MM: Not much. I am not having a launch party. Just literatis drinking nasty wine. I suppose people will buy it for different reasons, though I can't see why anyone would want to read it other than acquaintances.

AC: I enjoyed it. Interesting life, good stories.

MM: I always ask, "Could I have done better?" ☺

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'I feel the majority think I was entitled to do what I did'



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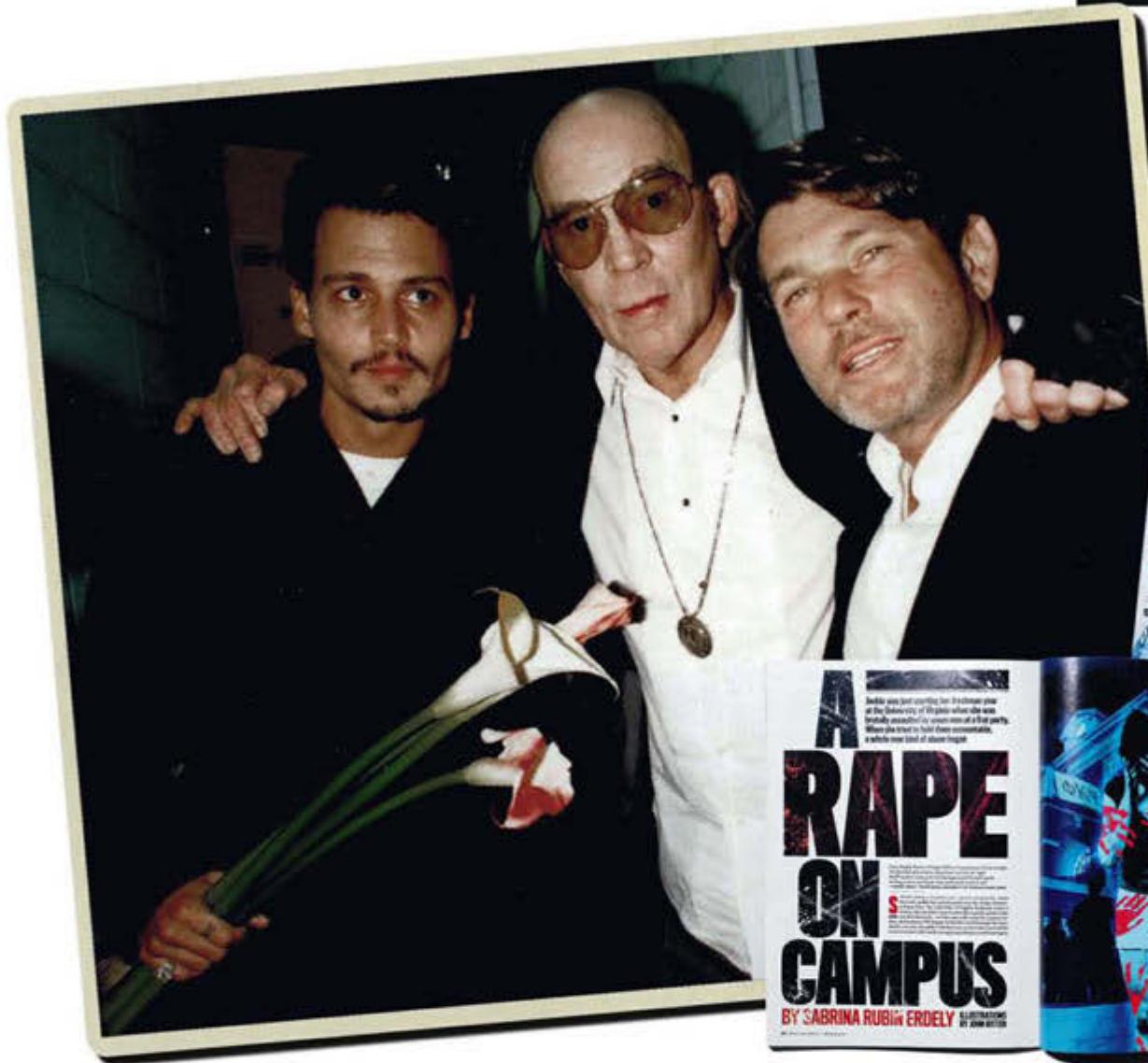


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Fear and loathing (clockwise from left): Rolling Stone editor-in-chief Jann Wenner (right) with Johnny Depp and Hunter S. Thompson in 2005; the 4 December 2014 issue, which featured the discredited rape story; the University of Virginia, where the assault was alleged to have taken place; the story's author, Sabrina Rubin Erdely, in an MSNBC TV interview

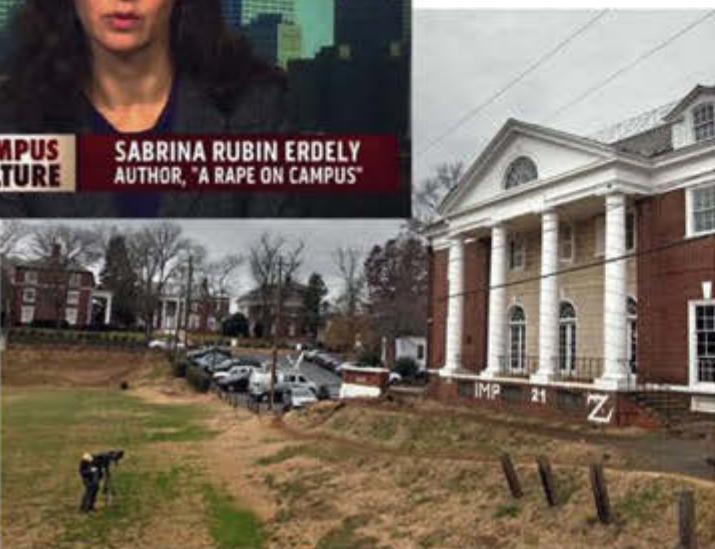
SINKING LIKE A ROLLING STONE

A rape scandal threatens his magazine and an industry in turmoil is making his 48-year-old empire irrelevant – are Jann Wenner and **Rolling Stone** losing the battle for the soul of pop culture?

STORY BY MICHAEL WOLFF

Long ago, when I was young, a glamorous Hollywood producer with a supermodel wife agreed to buy my first book's film rights and invited me to his East Hampton mansion for the weekend. The centrepiece of the visit was to be an intimate dinner party for various other glamorous people and the guest of honour, Jann Wenner, the editor-in-chief and owner of *Rolling Stone*.

It is now almost impossible to express how meaningful and central Jann Wenner was then – that summer of 1979. The Seventies were Wenner's decade; he was as large as any of the rock stars he helped make. Let me go out on a limb to say that, as an equivalency, at that



moment, Wenner, as innovator, impresario, cultural arbiter and difficult personality, was Steve Jobs-like. So great was his stature that, having done hardly anything very notable in the three-and-a-half decades since, he still remains an important media and social fixture in New York.

Anyway, the dinner party unfolded, the caterers set up, the other guests arrived, drugs and alcohol were consumed, hours passed and no Jann Wenner. Waiting. You could almost literally see sobriety return, and mellowness and eager expectation, that mood of the socially entitled, turn into anxiety, even fear. And yet no Jann. A call earlier in the evening – he was on his way – and then nothing.

Finally, at about one o'clock in the morning, the glamorous producer, face ever redder, just burst into tears. A total social breakdown. Mortification of the cultural soul. The zeitgeist which had promised to stop and embrace him had instead had second thoughts. Everything lost. Including, a few days later, a victim of an embarrassment never to be spoken of again, my movie deal. Alas.

But in some sense the incident itself was like a movie deal – a Jann moment. That mix of ego and attention deficit and unregulated behaviour invariably resulting in disappointment, if not outrage and incomprehension, has long been a media rite of passage.

Wenner is one of the earliest examples of media owners becoming as culturally significant, and as temperamental, as stars or newsmakers. Wenner himself – certainly not a star, and not really an editor or writer – has been as much a figure and beneficiary of the promotional ecosystem as he was a facilitator of it. The media as a self-promotional power, as a way to turn cultural ambitions into cultural standing, was in part a Wenner invention (he certainly took full advantage of this development). *Rolling Stone* existed not just as a way to make money from the exploding music culture, but to join Wenner to the culture.

That is also the impulse that, late last year, in an article about rape on college campuses, would embroil *Rolling Stone* in what some people believe, 48 years after its founding, is its death-knell controversy. The writer Sabrina Rubin Erdely, a freelancer specialising in stories about rape victims, sought to illustrate the popular media idea of a “rape culture” on American campuses. To do this she identified a woman, code-named “Jackie”, who claimed to have been raped amid a drunken fraternity party, and, in the you-were-there New Journalism style pioneered in part by many *Rolling Stone* writers in the Seventies – Hunter S Thompson, Joe Eszterhas, Lester Bangs – told in the greatest detail Jackie’s story. Almost all of which turned out to be utterly false.

There are many aspects of this journalistic episode that helped give it an outsized



Publish and be damned (from top): Steve Coll, dean of Columbia Journalism School, asked by *Rolling Stone* to investigate the rape controversy, found serious errors in the magazine's reporting; two of the accused students speak to Fox News reporter Megyn Kelly after the article is retracted, April 2015

Why was anyone taking *Rolling Stone* seriously in the first place? How in hell was it still thought of as authoritative?

moment. The idea of “rape culture” on university campuses, which had become a standard media given, with few people questioning it, suddenly was open to scrutiny. (The accepted figure was that one in five women are raped on campus – meaning American colleges are more dangerous than the most crime-ridden neighbourhood or most lawless war zone.) What’s more, on any second reading – and it ought to have been on any first reading – the Erdely story seemed almost comically made up, all clichés and stilted language. And then there was the detailed pathology of the story: the Columbia Journalism School issued a formal postmortem five months after the story appeared, finding, on *Rolling Stone*’s part, a collapse of virtually every journalistic standard and norm.

But in a sense the most curious element of the affair was never examined: why was anyone taking *Rolling Stone* seriously in the first place? How in hell was it still thought of as consequential and authoritative? In a way, in fact, the story was not a testament to *Rolling Stone*’s failure, but to its extraordinary and truly weird success.

Whatever it once might have been – and we will get to that – it wasn’t that any more. Not only had it lost its importance and power in the music industry, but the music industry itself, from where *Rolling Stone*’s influence sprung, had declined to a mere shadow of its cultural relevance. As celebrity and fan media, *Rolling Stone* had been eclipsed by a large number of other titles and outlets. As an alternative voice, well, the internet had happened. And as a rich and profitable independent media company, *Rolling Stone* had declined to a fraction of its once-vaunted value. Who cared about it any more?

And here’s something else that failed to come up in the endless, deep examination and ontological questioning of its journalistic methods: *Rolling Stone* has always been filled with tosh. You might even go so far as to say that one of its main accomplishments, its publishing genius, was that it made up its own world.

Certainly, I don’t think it would be too controversial to say that almost everything it ever wrote about the music and entertainment business was written to a purpose and effect that had almost nothing to do with reality. In part it had to do with Wenner’s own relationship with an industry he wanted leverage in. And in part it had to do with the kind of reality, more coherent, more attractive, more romantic, that Wenner wanted to project.

The socially ambitious Wenner extended this reality distortion to a wider cultural reach, and, most ambitiously, to politics: Hunter S Thompson covered the 1972 presidential campaign and, in a 1976 anointment in *Rolling Stone*’s pages, gave Jimmy Carter (Jimmy Carter!), many people believe, the liberal credibility to win the nomination and presidency – turning Wenner into a kingmaker. ➤



High roller: 1. Jann Wenner (right) with Calvin Klein, Fran Lebowitz and Kelly Klein in 1989. 2. Pop star Taylor Swift's third Rolling Stone cover, 25 September 2014. 3. Wenner with Bruce Springsteen and Chuck Berry in 1987. 4. With Senator John Kerry in 2010. 5. The Boston bomber controversially made the 1 August 2014 cover. 6. Wenner with Tom Wolfe in 2010. 7. Jane Birkin, Wenner, Judy Jacklin and John Belushi in 1978. 8. Wenner with Bob Dylan in 1995. 9. Pope Francis became the first religious figurehead to grace the magazine's cover, 13 February 2014. 10. The Rolling Stone owner at the For No Good Reason screening afterparty, 22 April 2014





LG

Life's Good



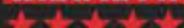
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WHAT HI-FI?



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➤ *Rolling Stone's* journalism was reality distortion. That's what its self-description, "gonzo", actually meant and, for many years, it was quite a singular virtue. Wenner's contribution to journalism was never to uncover truth, or to establish the record, but to allow a particular cadre of oddballs, some inspired, some demented, many just screwing around, to create a kind of narrative that wasn't much available in other venues and whose originality and lack of journalistic constraints helped define the magazine.

Putting aside journalistic responsibility – not an issue that raised its head very often in *Rolling Stone's* first 20 years – Wenner is, for better or worse, one of the last people to believe in the act of publishing as an effective world of make-believe. The *Rolling Stone* world, its rock and gonzo ethos, did not exist, except in *Rolling Stone's* pages.

Inevitably, perhaps, Wenner came to take this world very seriously. Well, it is unlikely he took his music journalism very seriously, and it is unlikely he took many of his journalists, most of whom he fell out with, too seriously, but he did take himself very seriously.

Indeed, he created a fantasy world not just for his ever-younger readers, but also to accommodate his own dreams: he was a media personage, a mogul, a sybarite, a contender to be – before much richer people made him look ever more small-time – the most free-wheelin', I-can-have-everything, I'm-a-star glamour puss on earth.

He was a feudal baron, media nobility, running *Rolling Stone* as a kind of 18th-century kingdom over which he had absolute control. Indeed, as *Rolling Stone*, once a singular power in the music business, managed to misread and miss out on every important trend in music's changing universe over the past generation, its own internecine conflicts and Wenner's authoritarian management style continued to make big media news.

Nothing about *Rolling Stone* was as important as this fact: it was his.

This produced not only a bizarre journalism result – page after page of inconsequential celebrity and fan news, broken by a long-form report on a weighty social issue – but an eccentric business outcome. During the Eighties and Nineties, virtually every independent magazine in New York (in the Seventies there may have been as many as 25 important independent titles) was merged with or acquired by a handful of big publishers. Except *Rolling Stone*. Indeed, no period had seen as much turmoil and transformation in the publishing business as this one. It affected every enterprise in the industry. Except, somehow, *Rolling Stone*.

In a way, this is sort of heroic. Much of the consolidation in the business was damaging to the unique identities of the magazines that lost their independence. On the other hand, you start to look mighty foolish if you think

Rolling Stone managed to misread and miss out on every important trend in music over the past generation



Stone crazy (from top): The magazine interviewed Charles Manson in jail for the 15 June 1970 issue; Miley Cyrus stripped off and got a tattoo while shooting her 10 October 2013 cover

you can wholly ignore radical and tectonic shifts in your business.

Rolling Stone was ever-courted. Everybody tried to buy it. At various points the business might have been worth as much as a billion dollars, and, in Eighties dollars, on an inflation-adjusted basis, much more. But Wenner, who was as money hungry as anybody, held out, even as it was clear the industry was changing in a way that would make it vastly harder for *Rolling Stone* to make big money, and as the magazine itself became less relevant. Why?

In 2005, a lifetime since he failed to show up at that East Hampton dinner party, he called me in to discuss moving my column to *Rolling Stone*. He could not have been more courtly in his manner or generous in his offer, but he did say that I should understand that *Rolling Stone* had a point of view – "an agenda", he actually called it – and that writers at the magazine had to follow it: that is, although he didn't quite put it as such, a mishmash lefty tilt and a careful bow to friends of Jann. Now, in the scheme of things, *Rolling Stone's* agenda hardly amounts to a hill of beans and I do not mean to make this a journalistic issue or to be shocked at all. But what I think is notable, even quaint, is that, in some screwball way, Wenner probably turned down vast riches for his agenda – not even so much a political agenda, but an agenda that gave him the right to set his own agenda.

Curiously, Wenner – who last year agreed to co-operate with the writer Joe Hagan on his biography – is trying now to transition what is left of *Rolling Stone* from his own day-to-day management to that of his 25-year-old son, Gus. Perhaps that is another reason Wenner has held out and held on. You aren't really a king if you can't pass on your kingdom.

Indeed, various inside reports credit Gus with responsibility for the rape article – a like-father-like-son approach to journalism and agendas and an effort, however much a lazy one, to stay on the side of the liberal angels, however unexamined, of the moment. And many believe that the reason nobody in the chain of command, neither writer nor editors, was fired in the aftermath of the discredited rape story is that true responsibility would have then quickly found its way to the heir and, hence, to his father.

That's not the way you want it to end. Even if end it eventually must. 
Television Is The New Television by Michael Wolff (Portfolio, £17.99) is out on 23 June.



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A large, stylized red signature 'E.R.' is centered at the bottom of the page, with a long, sweeping line extending from the bottom right towards the left.

Two commemorative Eddie Redmayne covers. Photographed exclusively for GQ Style by Daniel Jackson

GQ DRESSER

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A love game

How Ralph Lauren won over Wimbledon

HE might be the most archetypically American of designers, but like Gatsby, Ralph Lauren has always been an unabashed Anglophile. He has always been a material supporter of events and charities in this country, too. Most notably, perhaps, this is the tenth year that Ralph Lauren has been the official Wimbledon outfitter (the first outside designer to have the honour), providing uniforms for all on-court officials, including chair and line umpires and ball girls and boys.

While white is the colour most often associated with Wimbledon, that is only on court. The official colours have been purple and green since 1909 – previously they were blue, yellow, red and green, until someone pointed out that these were almost identical to those of the Royal Marines. There is nothing in the club's records to explain why purple and green were chosen. Lauren has also introduced a blue uniform with a white trim.

You don't have to be a BBG (as they are known in the trade) lurking at the net on Centre Court to wear the latest Wimbledon collection. The full range is available online and in selected Ralph Lauren stores. And, unlike the BBGs, whose brief demands they "should blend into the background and get on with their jobs quietly", you will certainly be allowed to stand out from the crowd. RJ

Photograph PIP Styling Grace Gilfeather Grooming Annaeael McCrory using Bobbi Brown and Paul Mitchell Model Jamie and Adam at FM London. Special thanks to the team at Wimbledon



Adam wears jacket by **Polo Ralph Lauren**, £195. Shorts by **RLX Ralph Lauren**, £85. Jamie wears sweater, £125. Trousers, £115. Both by **Polo Ralph Lauren**. ralphlauren.com



Style SHRINK

BY ROBERT JOHNSTON



LETTER of the MONTH

I am looking to buy a new watch, and while I know it is a question of personal taste, I am also conscious of giving off the right message – which is that I am all about understatement and sophistication.

Nick, via email

I am obsessed with watches and am totally tuned in to the niceties a timepiece can transmit. You can bet your bottom dollar that at GQ we will check out your watch within seconds of you walking in and judge you accordingly. Be afraid. Be very afraid. There is, however, more than one way to skin a cat in a stylish horological fashion. For example, today I am sporting the **I-Gucci** black digital. This might have the timepiece purists up in arms, but I like to think it is my way of nodding towards the tech trend without committing to the full-on way of the wearable. Don't say I'm not with it. Nick is looking for a piece costing around £1,500 as a present to himself for his 30th. For a landmark birthday you should choose something that will last a lifetime, so that means a mechanical watch, and there are some great pieces out there in this price range. For example, I am a huge fan of **Hamilton** watches. This was originally an American brand, but is now wholly Swiss-made, and I think that the Pan Europ is one of the coolest watches around and a bargain at £860. Another great-value brand is **Nomos** from Germany, and for £1,000 you can get your hands on the very elegant Club. A firm GQ favourite is French company **Bell & Ross**. If Nick is willing to stretch his budget, its Vintage BR 123 is £1,750. A brand that I feel doesn't get the attention it deserves in this country is **Alpina**, and I would certainly say that, at £1,045, Startimer Pilot Automatic is worth a look.

I am fed up with wearing the same old cheap dinner suit. I was lucky enough to pick up a black velvet jacket recently that fits perfectly, and wondered what you suggest I team it with to make it black-tie-ready.

David, via email

One thing to beware of with velvet – particularly when it's black – is that it can look rather dusty under artificial light and have a slight green cast to it (and for similar reasons, traditionally you wouldn't wear suede shoes with a dinner suit). Indeed, Sir Hardy Amies claimed that its only use was to keep you warm in a cold country house, but then he would, wouldn't he? I have to say I couldn't disagree more. I think its luxurious qualities make velvet perfect for formal occasions. Shirt-wise it is easy – only the crispest white shirt will do. The trouble is with the trousers. It is difficult to match blacks accurately, particularly if they have different finishes. It could work with a classic pair of dinner trousers such as **Hackett's** satin-trimmed wool and mohair-blend tuxedo trousers, but I would strongly advise trying them on together before committing yourself. Black velvet does go well with grey flannel – different shades of grey will give

a different effect, but as a rule of thumb the darker the smarter. However, while this is great if you are wearing the velvet jacket as an alternative to a lounge suit, you may feel it isn't dressy enough for a black-tie event. In that case I would suggest something more adventurous. **Favourbrook** is probably most famous for weddings, but while its grey (actually black and white) houndstooth trousers would more normally be worn with a morning coat, I think they go very well with black velvet. To complete the look, wear black patent dress shoes such as the Kelly by **Joseph Cheaney & Sons**.

I recently bought some raw denim jeans. I know it is recommended not to wash them for at least six months, but won't they end up disgusting?

Mike, Kent

We live in a hygiene-obsessed world so I readily admit that not washing your jeans for six months can seem a bit gross. Indeed, when I first started wearing raw denim myself it was a real battle not to put my jeans into a hot wash with a good slug of Persil non-bio and Vanish. But if you are serious about your denim,



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Sweatshirt, £140.
Jeans, £160. Belt, £90.
All by **7 For All Mankind**.
7forallmankind.co.uk

it is well worth fighting this temptation. Raw denim is un-prewashed so it is effectively a blank canvas. Everything you do, from the way you walk to where you wear your jeans, will dictate how the denim creases, abrades and alters, so the end result is unique to you. Start washing the jeans and you will lose this. So basically Mike is going to have to swallow his pride and, if necessary, put a peg on his nose. But if that sounds too much, you could – and indeed should – occasionally hang them outside to air (and ideally on a washing line), especially if it is a windy day. If you are worried about smells, put your jeans in the freezer, which should kill any potentially problematic bacteria. After a while, the denim will develop a patina that is almost water-resistant and helps protect the fabric. At a stretch, have them dry-cleaned, but I wouldn't recommend doing this too often as it will start to rot the cotton and the stitching. Failing that, you could always follow the advice of an old Chanel No5 ad that if you are going out,



Shoes by **Joseph Cheaney & Sons**, £265. cheaney.co.uk

you should spray perfume everywhere you expect to be kissed. Below the waist, anyway.

I start university next year and am unsure whether to invest more in loungewear or "proper" clothes?

Ali, via email

Personally, I wouldn't rush into anything fashion-wise. Three years is a long time and the chances of you wanting to look the same when you graduate are pretty slim. Ali says he is thinking of **Acne Studios** and **APC** for his go-to labels. These are great choices but I would keep it simple. Think T-shirts and jeans, and then build on that as you go along. You can't go far wrong with a **Levi's** Trucker jacket, for example, as an ultra-adaptable piece. And thank your lucky stars for e-commerce so you don't face the prospect of living in Lampeter with no hope of upgrading your wardrobe during term time. Ali wonders if it makes sense to invest in sweats as he will be there for so long. Well, research has suggested that the average student gains a stone of "freshers' flab" in the first year, so perhaps jogging pants are the way forward.



Jacket by **Levi's**, £90. levi.com

Submit your questions to our style guru: stylehrlink@condenast.co.uk

The author of our Letter Of The Month will receive a stylish black and rhodium Townsend fountain pen worth £190 from **Cross**. Cross is the maker of quality writing instruments and has a range of distinctive lifestyle accessories. cross.com

One step ahead:
Master shoemaker
Ludwig Reiter I
(far right) and his
company's Süssenbrunn
Manor base (right)

Shoes by **Ludwig Reiter**, £579. ludwig-reiter.com



GO LUXURY

Upper echelons

Viennese shoemaker Ludwig Reiter has been crafting high-quality footwear for Austria's high society since 1885. **Nick Foulkes** falls head over heels

VIENNA is a great city. It has the feel of an imperial capital without the inconvenience of having an empire to run. Back in the old days of the absolute monarch, the Habsburgs of Austria were the bitter rivals of Bourbon France. But while one hears a lot about the French luxury-goods industry, the Austrians are rather more understated about their contributions to civilised living, which is a pity as there really are some cracking businesses in old Vienna that have been in the same family hands for generations.

If you happen to be there, make time for a cake at Demel, which bakes stuff every bit as delicious as Ladurée. And Loden-Plankl is a defining experience if you are into – as the name suggests – loden. Then there is Knize, a proper old-world gents' outfitters. Just writing about these places makes me want to go back to Vienna to shop, and now I have another reason: Ludwig Reiter shoes.

I am ashamed to say I was ignorant of Ludwig Reiter until recently, when a friend introduced me. But in a way that is a good thing as it means there is still an element of what, in the Nineties, we used to call stealth wealth and what, before then, we used to call exclusivity, about the brand.

Ludwig Reiter followed the classic career path of the eponyms of many luxury brands – the country boy comes to the city and finds it full of people with money to spend and an eye for quality. Reiter was from a family of foresters, but he became a shoemaker's apprentice in the Czech resort town of Carlsbad. By 1885 he had struck out on his own with a workshop in Vienna; soon he was making dress uniform boots for the officers of the Imperial Army.

It was his son, also Ludwig, who was the brand builder. He picked up his skills from his father

and then travelled the world, making it as far as the US where he learned about Goodyear welting, enabling him to industrialise what had been an artisanal activity. Today the Ludwig Reiter workshops are run by the fourth and fifth generations and located in a restored stately home just outside Vienna called Süssenbrunn Manor. As well as their own shoes, they have worked with Sir Paul Smith and Helmut Lang.

Among its classics are a felt-topped, shearling-lined winter boot called the Maronibrater after the chestnut roasters that are an integral part of the Viennese street scenes. And if dressing like a chestnut roaster is not your thing, there is a definite vintage chic to the zip-fronted shearling-lined Après Ski; a classic bit of early jet-set stylemongery – think young Gunter Sachs in St Moritz.

There is also a strong military heritage: as well as the Imperial Army, Reiter made the footwear worn in *Inglourious Basterds*, and its trainers were developed from the Austrian Army's Seventies athletic shoe. However, its most exotic military-inspired shoe is the Slatin Pasha. Named after "legendary" general Rudolf von Slatin (I hadn't heard of him either), it is distinguished by a woven-leather upper that looks as if someone has made a Bottega bag into a pair of shoes.

Slatin was active in the late 19th century. He was the governor of Darfur, then a captive of the Mahdist forces for eleven years, before he made his escape on foot across 1,000km of desert. I have already ordered a copy of his 1896 bestseller *Fire And Sword In The Sudan*, and I will be reading it on the beach this summer, while wearing a pair of the Reiter shoes named in his honour. ludwig-reiter.com



Stormbreakers

Don't make heavy weather of a British summer. Here are six looks to help you stay on top when the conditions let you down



Bomber command

Jacket by **Stone Island**, £395. stonelands.com.
Shirt by **Victorinox**, £125. victorinox.com. Jeans by **7 For All Mankind**, £190. 7forallmankind.co.uk.
Shoes by **Coach**, £320. coach.com. Watch by **Ben Sherman**, £70. bensherman.com. Belt by **Sandro**, £80. sandro-paris.com. Bag by **Tommy Hilfiger**, £200. tommy.com



Cagoule cool

Raincoat by **Dsquared2**, £880. dsquared2.com.
Jumper by **SunspeL**, £150. sunspeL.com.
Trousers by **Reiss**, £95. reiss.com. Shoes by **Bertie**, £119. dunelondon.com.
Bag by **Oliver Spencer**, £449. oliverspencer.co.uk



Mid-length mac

Mac by **Tommy Hilfiger**, £330. tommy.com.
Jumper by **Zadig & Voltaire**, £150. zadig-et-voltaire.com.
Shirt by **TM Lewin**, £39.95. tmlewin.co.uk.
Trousers by **Eden Park**, £109. eden-park.com.
Trainers by **Whistles**, £175. whistles.com.
Bag by **Dunhill**, £1,590. dunhill.com



Clearly technical

Jacket, £239. Shirt £155. Both by **Sandro**, sandro-paris.com. Sweatshirt by **River Island**, £22. riverisland.com. Jeans by **Gant**, £125. gant.co.uk. Trainers by **Stone Island**, £210. stoneisland.com. Bag by **Michael Kors**, £390. At Harrods. harrods.com

Perfect poncho

Poncho by **Hunter**, £140. hunterboots.com. Sweatshirt by **Whistles**, £110. whistles.com. Jeans by **Zadig & Voltaire**, £160. zadig-et-voltaire.com. Boots by **Russell & Bromley**, £175. russellandbromley.co.uk. Watch by **Ben Sherman**, £70. bensherman.com. Bag by **Dsquared2**, £1,410. dsquared2.com

Dare to bare

Mac, £239. Raincoat, £327. Both by **Daks**, daks.com. Shirt by **Hilfiger Denim**, £80. tommy.com. Trousers by **Z Zegna**, £240. zegna.com. Trainers by **Topman**, £50. topman.com. Scarf by **Zadig & Voltaire**, £135. zadig-et-voltaire.com. Bag by **Bally**, £1,450. bally.co.uk



Rope and glory

Simple summer footwear with a luxe twist: meet the dress-padrille

1. Shoes by **Dune**, £39. dunelondon.com. 2. Shoes by **Dolce & Gabbana**, £365. At matchesfashion.com. 3. Shoes by **Christian Louboutin**, £385. christianlouboutin.com. 4. Shoes by **Jimmy Choo**, £325. jimmychoo.com. 5. Shoes by **Hermès**, £385. hermes.com



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aigle.com. Jeans by
AG Jeans, £208.
ageans.com. Hat by
Swanepoel, £340. At
Liberty. liberty.co.uk
Necklaces by **Shamballa Jewels**, £1,052 each. At
Harrods. harrods.com.
Belt, stylist's own

Prints among men

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with a festival of bohemian patterns

PHOTOGRAPHS
SEAN THOMAS

STYLING
JO LEVIN



Shirt by **Autograph by Marks & Spencer**, £39.50, marksandspencer.com. Jeans by **G-Star Raw**, £100, g-star.com. Belt by **Next**, £15, next.co.uk



Shirt by **Pretty Green**,
£65. prettygreen.com

Shirt by **Richard James**,
£255. richardjames.co.uk





Shirt by **Polo Ralph Lauren**, £110. ralphlauren.com. Watch by **Hermès**, £1,950. hermes.com

Production

Grace Gilfeather

Styling Assistant

Holly Roberts

Hair and grooming

Gary Gill for Emotive using
Wella Professionals SP
Men and MAC Pro

Model

Jaco van den Hoven at
FM London. With thanks
to Nanette Newman

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Intense desire

TO MISQUOTE the title of the 1959 Elvis album, 50 million Boss Bottled fans can't be wrong. To be exact, 57 million bottles have been sold since its 1998 launch.

And to prove you can gild the lily (or, in this case, orange blossom), there's a new iteration – Boss Bottled Intense. Fronted by Hollywood star Gerard Butler, it's a reworking of the original mix of apple, green orange blossom, cinnamon and clove to make it more masculine. It's in the same opaque bottle but is a more, well, intense colour.

Creating more extreme versions is a big trend in men's scents, introducing classics to a new audience, as well as pleasing the original enthusiasts.

To celebrate the launch, Canadian photographer (and rock star) Bryan Adams is taking portraits of men from around the world who embody the qualities celebrated by Boss' Man Of Today campaign. **RJ** 
Boss Bottled Intense Eau de Toilette by Boss, £45 for 50ml. At Boots. boots.com

Bottle royale:
Boss Bottled Intense
is an amped-up take on
its well-loved classic



War is hell. So is Be

A trip to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo turned into a dining experience that would have made Wellington recoil in horror

STORY BY DYLAN JONES ILLUSTRATION MORTEN MORLAND



Marching on our stomachs: GQ went in search of Napoleonic history but instead met our culinary Waterloo in a Brussels restaurant

Igium



We should have been put off by the laminated photographs of the food in the window

The world is becoming an increasingly annoying place. And much as I would like to blame it all on Nick Clegg, sometimes you have to step back a little from prejudice and blame it on someone else.

Like the Belgians.

Without wishing to create an international incident, I have to say that the first thing you notice about Brussels is what a dump it is. Surely this was meant to be a city awash with Eurozone coinage – nay, drowning in euros! But the city looks like a very large Kings Cross. Not the new, trendy, “with-it” Kings Cross, but the old one, the one full of cheap kebab shops, graffiti, dodgy pubs and suspicious-looking chaps in soiled baseball caps and billowing mauve Puffa jackets.

As the capital of Belgium and de facto capital of the European Union, one might have imagined a city full of wide Arcadian boulevards and cathedrals to luxury, but this “polyglot home of numerous international organisations, politicians, diplomats and civil servants” simply looks like the ugliest metropolis in northern Europe.

How do I know? Well, you know that hoary old line about spending a weekend in Des Moines one night? Well, a few weekends ago I spent three days in Brussels.

The plan had been a simple one. Take the Eurostar, move into an Airbnb apartment and then spend a day walking the battle of Waterloo. In advance of the 200th anniversary on 18 June, myself and 14 friends and acquaintances (representing the legal, financial, publishing and military fraternities, as well as many others) were going to visit the site where Napoleon was defeated by the armies of the Seventh Coalition one Sunday in the summer of 1815. (Several people the week before had asked what I was going to be doing at the weekend, and, having been told, had all given me extremely odd looks, probably thinking I was going to get dressed up in breeches, bearskins and red plumes and take part in some sort of ill-advised military re-enactment.)

The plan had been devised by my friend James Cowan, who, until very recently, was a major general in the British Army. Having done many tours in Afghanistan, Iraq and Northern Ireland, and having been in charge of more than 20,000 men, James knows a few things about marshalling troops; so much so that for the past five years he has been organising an annual weekend activity for a bunch of raggle-taggle friends and ex-Army buddies. Having previously organised three walking weekends in the Welsh mountains (where James once successfully navigated us through a low-hanging cloud) and a mountain bike tour of Salisbury Plain (where the ford we walked through was so cold that several members of the team temporarily lost their genitalia), he decided our next adventure would be the less strenuous, but potentially more edifying, trip to Belgium.

So far, so *Belgique*.

On arrival at our apartment in Brussels on the Friday evening, we rushed for the best beds, dumped our bags and then headed off to a recommended restaurant called Vismet. We ate well, had a good night’s sleep and then at 7.45 the next morning piled into taxis to take us to La Belle Alliance, the inn on the outskirts of the city which had been Napoleon’s HQ during the battle. The general distributed laminated maps, an itinerary and even a transcript of a speech he had given on the relevance of Waterloo to modern warfare. He then gave us a rather extraordinary seven-hour guided tour of the battlefields, a tour that was almost in real time.

The general’s tour was exemplary, as we all knew it ➤

would be. It is James' pet subject and I would venture that there are few historians who could rival him at this sort of thing. The fields here have not been gentrified and compartmentalised like they have at the Somme, and indeed you could shoot through on nearby motorways and not really have any sense of where you are, which made James' tour even more enlightening, as he explained the various tactics and strategies of the day from all sides. Without his guidance, we would all have been wandering around aimlessly with smartphones and history books. As the Duke of Wellington once said, the history of a battle "is not unlike the history of a ball. Some individuals may recollect all the little events, of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect the order in which, or the exact moment at which, they occurred, which makes all the difference as to their value and importance."

There is a surprising lack of tourist paraphernalia in the area and, while there are many monuments, little apart from the Lion's Mound to acknowledge the furious battle that was raged here. Almost 50,000 men died in the battle. As James succinctly put it: imagine 150 747s crashing into half a dozen fields on a Sunday afternoon.

Around five o'clock, happy but tired, we jumped into our taxis and rushed back to the apartment to watch the England vs France finale of the Six Nations. This was to be our first mistake, because the French TV channel broadcasting the game decided to abandon it with three minutes to go (the French team were losing, and the channel, predictably, had no interest in its denouement). Who says the French are sore losers? Disgruntled, we decided to forgo a planned trek across town to a famous restaurant and to eat locally.

To say this was a mistake would be like saying that Le Petit Caporal was an Oompa Loompa (5ft 5in in his black silk socks, actually, which are still available to view at the Bata Shoe Museum in Toronto). As we were strolling along Quai au Bois à Brûler we stopped outside a place called Le Cochon d'Or (the Golden Pig). Of course we should have been put off by the laminated photographs of the food in the window, a waiter touting for business in the doorway and the fact that the place was almost empty. But we were tired. We were hungry. And seriously – how bad could it be?

Well, it turned out to be very, very bad indeed.

The waiter simply couldn't believe his luck, and rushed us upstairs as though he hadn't had a customer since God was a boy (our suspicions were aroused when we saw sepia-tinged cobwebs on the door). As he ran up the stairs we could all see him doing mental back flips and giving himself rarely performed high-fives.

We were shown to an empty, ugly, brightly lit first-floor room lined with trestle tables and metal chairs and which stank of what some in our party immediately suspected was embalming fluid. As we were the only customers, we

naively thought we would be the recipients of the restaurant's undivided attention, but that was before we began to suspect that the waiter was actually cooking the food himself – having probably run around the corner to the nearest supermarket in order to buy it. The service was beyond comic, and after waiting 20 minutes for some bread, we were then given a menu that could only be described as wishful thinking. When some of us tried to order the *moules*, one of the Golden Pig's "specialities", our waiter gave us an old-fashioned look and said he wouldn't recommend them. His honesty was called into question, however, when he brought out several unlabelled bottles of the only wine in his cellar – a house white and a house red that couldn't have tasted worse if they had been made from bricks and mortar.

I didn't want the wine to be bad. I drink the stuff like I drive cars: I know what's good, what's worth the money and what's going to get me from A to B in the most comfortable fashion (and I'm not talking about cars here). I don't sit at tables and refuse to drink because the

To which the waitress replied, managing to imply I had asked a question of a somewhat unnecessary nature, "Large or small."

Back in the Golden Pig, we then found ourselves in a bizarre amateur production of *Monty Python's* cheese shop sketch, as everything we tried to order was somehow "off". So many things on the menu were apparently unavailable that our waiter friend started finding novel ways to say "No": shaking his head, raising his eyebrows, drawing his hand across his throat, sucking his teeth and squinting as though he couldn't bear to see any more disappointed faces.

And then he was gone, not to be seen again for another 20 minutes. This reminded me of a friend of mine who decided to revisit an especially fashionable restaurant in downtown New York he'd enjoyed on a previous trip to the city. Finally catching the eye of a waiter, he said, "You know, it's been more than five years since I first came in here." The waiter, who seemed to be fully aware of the dictionary definition of sardonic, said, "You'll have to wait your turn, sir. I can only serve one table at a time."

After waiting an hour and a half to be served – our waiter rushing out with one plate, then practically sprinting back to the kitchen to retrieve another in one of the worst examples of time and motion I've ever seen – the general was about to get a pasting from his assembled troops. But as the food was so indescribably bad, we all got the giggles. Trust me, you haven't lived until you've seen 14 grown men (and one long-suffering wife) laughing at their dinner. Honestly, how can you bugger up paella? How difficult is it to prepare steak and chips? And is bouillabaisse really so hard to cook? As one of our party asked, was the art of deep fat frying too high a mountain of gastronomy for our Belgian host to climb?

"Is service included?" I said. "Well, can we have some then?"

The *coup de grâce* happened when the first of our party visited the lavatory, turning on the taps only to find there was no water. As he said, it was a fitting testament to a restaurant with no edible food and no drinkable wine.

As soon as we got back to our apartment, several of our gang immediately fired up their laptops in an effort to steer other unsuspecting tourists away from The Stinky Pig. You remember when Kim Kardashian tried to break the internet when she appeared on the cover of a magazine last year? Well, between us, we nearly broke Trip Advisor.

Though I don't imagine our waiter friend will be too worried by a couple of less than fulsome reviews, as he's no doubt laying on a beach somewhere in the Med, spending our hard-earned euro-dollars, with a sweet pink cocktail in one hand and a battered Georges Simenon paperback in the other.

As for next year's trip, the general has suggested we visit Hadrian's Wall, and I, for one, will be taking a packed lunch. ☺

The house white and red couldn't have tasted worse if they had been made from bricks and mortar

stuff put in front of me isn't up to scratch, in the same way that I've never refused a lift in a Skoda (OK, I might have done this, but only once, and it was years ago, and my brother's now traded it in for a Renault).

But this wine was bad. Honestly, I thought I was back in Tyneside. Many years ago I was a judge on a TV talent show, a job which forced me to travel the length and breadth of the country looking for the young and the beautiful. The show had been commissioned by Channel 4 and the budgets weren't exactly Brobdingnagian. Consequently we were usually put up in rather cheap and dilapidated hotels. One Sunday night, we all arrived at a seriously naff hotel in Newcastle, and after checking into my room, went downstairs to the bar to meet some of the crew.

Having eventually attracted the attention of the waitress, I asked her if she had a wine list.

"No," came the unapologetic reply.

"Oh, OK. Do you have any wine?" I asked.

"Yes," she managed to grunt.

"Great," I said, feeling as though some form of detente had been achieved. "What type?"



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FASHION ◆ EXCLUSIVE EVENTS ◆ GROOMING ◆ NEWS ◆ COMPETITIONS ◆ WATCHES



1 ⚡ Into the blue

If you're a denim-shirt fanatic, then **G-Star**'s distressed take on the wardrobe staple will be right up your street. Wear with khaki shorts and white lace-up trainers to complete the look. £90. g-star.com

2 ⚡ Staple shoe

Every man's summer wardrobe should include a pair of plain white, lace-up trainers because they quite simply go with everything. You can team **Lacoste**'s version of the essential shoe with tailoring, with white socks and shorts, with denim... the list is endless, which is why they are quite possibly the best summer investment you could make. £84.99. office.co.uk



3 ⚡ Eye for style

There comes a point when you can't see through the scratches and you just need to bite the bullet and invest in a new pair of sunglasses. If you've reached that point then we have the perfect pair for you: dark tortoiseshell, matte finish, aviator style, **Gucci** made, job done! £175. gucci.com

4

Make a splash

After the hugely successful launch of his underwear range with **M&S**, David Gandy has now teamed up with the British brand to create a line of swim shorts. Available in a wide range of colours and prints, the shorts are cleverly cut to reveal just the right amount of leg – not too long and not too short. £25. marksandspencer.com





5

Travel essential

Whether you're off to the country for the weekend or you're jetting to the Med for some guaranteed sunshine, travelling in style is essential. Throw all your wears into this classic olive-coloured canvas and leather holdall by British brand **Ettinger** and you won't fail to impress. £625. ettinger.co.uk



6

It's all about the Ambra

Drawing on a rich combination of orange oil, bergamot, cedar wood and ambergris, **Aqua Di Parma**'s latest addition to the Colonia family is unwaveringly seductive. Wear Colonia Ambra with a crisp white shirt and a sharp suit and you will be more than ready to go. £150 for 100ml. harrods.com



7

Pitch perfect
The all-American baseball shirt has become a catwalk fixture over the last few seasons, but the key to this trend is to keep it simple. That is exactly what **DKNY** has done with its crisp monochrome version. £85. dkny.com

8

The bold and the beautiful

If you really want to stand out from the crowd, then block colour is the way to go. Pair this beautiful orange, nubuck suede trench coat by **Canali** with a neutral-toned outfit and you're set. £3,790. canali.com



9

Change it up

If you're looking for an alternative style of jacket to team with tailoring, why not go for a blouson? **Ermenegildo Zegna Couture** has perfected the look with this grey, silk version. £2,640. zegna.com



10

Been around the world

Savile Row tailor **Richard James** is well known for injecting a bit of pop & colour into his tailoring, and this map-print shirt from his current collection is no exception to the rule. Wear with beige linen tailoring to complete the safari look. £225. richardjames.co.uk



the Fumoir



LA VIE EN ROSÉ

With over 200 years of heritage and spearheaded by its signature Cuvée Rosé,
Laurent-Perrier and **The Fumoir at Claridge's** team up for a memorable service





The heart of luxury:
The Fumoir has
rapidly become a
signature in
art-deco design

In itself, Laurent-Perrier is a worthy cause for celebration. After all, the champagne powerhouse comes from a family of firsts. In 1959, under Bernard de Nonancourt's leadership, Laurent-Perrier crafted the first multi-vintage prestige cuvée, the Grand Siècle. The Laurent-Perrier Cuvée Rosé followed, launching in 1968 and soon becoming the standard bearer for all rosé champagnes. Thirteen years later, Laurent-Perrier became the first house to reintroduce a brut nature champagne, in the form of its Ultra Brut.

The celebrations are still roaring now. Soaring out of Champagne's Tours-sur-Marne and on to the world's most booming social

scenes, Laurent-Perrier's Cuvée Rosé is at the top of the champagne game, thanks to luxury hotspots such as The Fumoir at Claridge's. A regular order at The Fumoir's marble horseshoe bar (itself a hallmark in style, with a prosperous history to match), the contents of the famously curvaceous pink bottle are made with hand-sorted Pinot Noir grapes with the *saignée* method of blending red and white wines for a fresh, unique and aromatic finish.

Alongside the unrivalled service offered at The Fumoir, still as impressive as it was in the early Thirties, Laurent-Perrier Cuvée Rosé is poured with the very same skill as the Lalique-crystal-served

swizzles, sours, juleps and pick-me-ups that were served when René Lalique first placed his iconic panel atop The Fumoir's door in 1931. It is undeniably fitting, too, that Laurent-Perrier's Cuvée Rosé is enjoyed best at Mayfair's most lavish hotel – a nod to the opulent surroundings in which the champagne was made to be served.

Sustainable grape growth, natural resources and a finely tuned balance between biological and human factors build the charm of Laurent-Perrier's Cuvée Rosé, and when perched at The Fumoir at Claridge's, it all makes for a true cause for celebration, especially after 203 years.
laurent-perrier.com

Raising the bar

Founded in 1812, Claridge's is the epicentre of a luxurious stay at Mayfair's heart



(From top): The Map Room, The Foyer & Reading Room and Fera At Claridge's all ready and waiting. Whether you're a regular visitor, dining at The Foyer & Reading Room or stopping at Claridge's Bar or The Fumoir to whet your appetite, Laurent-Perrier Cuvée Rosé is the ultimate companion. claridges.co.uk





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Our Stuff

**NEW
COLUMN!**

The man behind GQ's Details cultural digest debriefs us on the books, films, tunes and tech that make his world go round

This month: CHARLIE BURTON, Commissioning Editor, GQ



CULTURE

On the night stand:
Rock Stars Stole My Life! by Mark Ellen (below); découpage box by Katie Martin; tickets to *American Buffalo* at Wyndham's Theatre

Club: Groucho Club, Soho (below)

Last pieces of art acquired: "Di-Faced Tanner" by Banksy (2004); "Three Giraffes" (print) by Alice Petro Favourite album: *Live 1975: The Rolling Thunder Revue* by Bob Dylan

What's on the stereo right now:

"Figure It Out" by Royal Blood

Excited about: *At.Long.Last.A\$AP* by A\$AP Rocky (above)

Last meal: Côte de boeuf at Chez Bruce, Wandsworth

Last orders: An Old Fashioned at Scarfes Bar, Rosewood London



STYLE AND GROOMING

Jeans: Roc Raw by Acne Studios

Shoes: Grafton brogues by Church's

Trainers: Nike Air Jordans (below)

Go-to navy blazer: Peckham Rye

Tailor: Cad & The Dandy, Savile Row

Luggage: Tumi Tegra-Lite International

Carry-On (above)

Scent: Vétiver Fatal by Atelier Cologne

Barber: The Lion And The Fox, Farringdon (below)

Haircare essential: Sumotech by Bumble And Bumble



STIMULATION

To read: *We Don't Know What We're Doing* by Thomas Morris; *All Involved* by Ryan Gattis; *Authenticity Is A Con* by Peter York (right)

To read, again: *Middlemarch* by George Eliot Poem: "High Windows" by Philip Larkin

Architect: Frank Lloyd Wright

Magazines: *The New Yorker*; *New York*; *Wired*

Films: *A Matter Of Life And Death* (1946); *True Romance* (1993, above); *No Country For Old Men* (2007)

Art: "The Angelus" by Jean-François Millet; "Human/Need/Desire" by Bruce Nauman (below); "Angel" by Mark Wallinger

Gallery: The Serpentine (main picture)

Photographs: "Jesus Is My Homeboy: Last Supper" (2003) by David LaChapelle; "Larmes" (1932) by Man Ray

Collects: Elephant sculptures

View: From the veranda at Ol Jogi, Laikipia County, Kenya (below)

Stationery: Correspondence cards on 350gsm Wove paper by Smythson

Person last followed on Instagram: @haileybaldwin



GEAR

Phone: iPhone 6

Watch: Compass Road by Mr Jones Watches (left)

Audio indoors: Sonos

Audio outdoors: Loewe

Indispensable health tech: Withings Smart Body Analyzer

Kitchen knives: Global G Series (left)

Apps: StoryCorps, QuizUp, Circa

Running shoes: Nike LunarEclipse+ 3

Drone: AR.Drone 2.0

by Parrot (above)

Podcasts: 99% Invisible, This American Life



GQ

BRITISH

MEN OF THE YEAR 2015

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

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It was the *GQ Men Of The Year* awards to top all others. The year where, if we'd have packed in any more famous men, Hollywood would have tilted towards the sea from imbalance. But it was the unique – sometimes extraordinary – mix that made the night. We had the British two-time Formula One champion (Lewis Hamilton) and the creative powerhouse behind one of the world's biggest fashion labels (Burberry's Christopher Bailey). We had a former PM (Tony Blair) and a 62-year-old action star who shows no signs of quitting (Liam Neeson). Hell, we had both Sherlock (Benedict Cumberbatch) and Doctor Who (Peter Capaldi). We had a three-time Oscar nominee (Jonah Hill) and a guy who made three solid-gold No1 hits (Pharrell) in a year. Any other awards ceremony would have left it there. We're done, guys, let's enjoy the night. Not *GQ Men Of The Year*, in proud association with Hugo Boss. We added an Oscar-winner (Colin Firth), a rising star (Jamie Dornan), an iconic band (New Order), a game-changing writer (Michael Lewis) and a brilliant chef (Tom Kerridge). Oh, and Iggy Pop. And Van Morrison. And, now we mention it, a Beatle (Ringo Starr). And our Woman Of The Year, who was Kim Kardashian, the most famous woman in the world (who turned up with her rather famous husband).

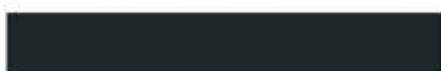
It was, in short, a never-to-be-repeated one-off. But, we thought, everyone likes a party, so we may as well do it again, and make it bigger – and better. This year on 8 September, once again in association with Hugo Boss, the *GQ Men Of The Year* awards will be held at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, London, and we'd like you to help choose two of the winners in two of the categories – the Vertu Breakthrough award and the Ciroc Solo Artist award. Go to GQ.co.uk to vote – the deadline is 26 June – and two lucky readers will be chosen at random to win two tickets each to the ceremony, plus a money-can't-buy goodie bag from Hugo Boss. 



Cara Delevingne
and Jourdan Dunn



Gerard Butler



**Everyone likes
a party, so we're
doing it again –
and making it even
bigger and better**



Lewis Hamilton, Pharrell Williams and Kanye West



Samuel L Jackson and Liam Neeson



Jamie Dornan



Paolo Nutini



Rita Ora and Jessie J



Oliver Cheshire and Pixie Lott



Colin Firth



Douglas Booth



Dan Stevens and Benedict Cumberbatch

GQ.co.uk

To vote for the Vertu Breakthrough award winner and the Cîroc Solo Artist, email gqletters@condenast.co.uk or vote online at GQ.co.uk

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longines.com





Calibre de Cartier
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£19,400. cartier.co.uk

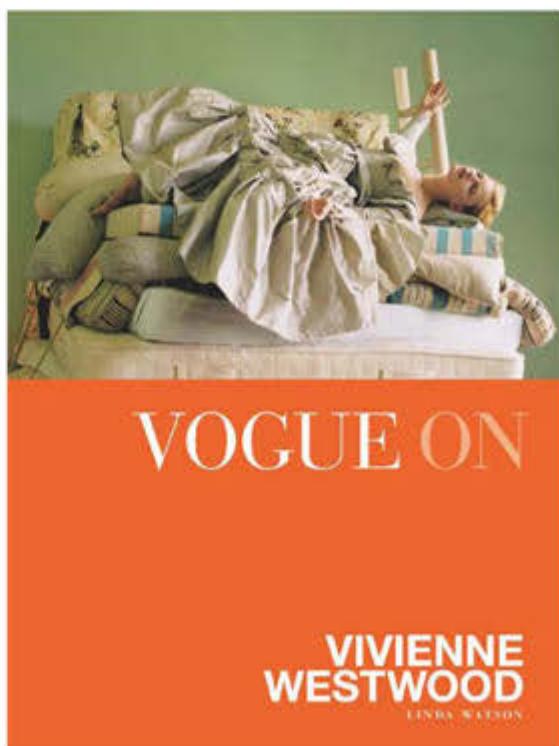
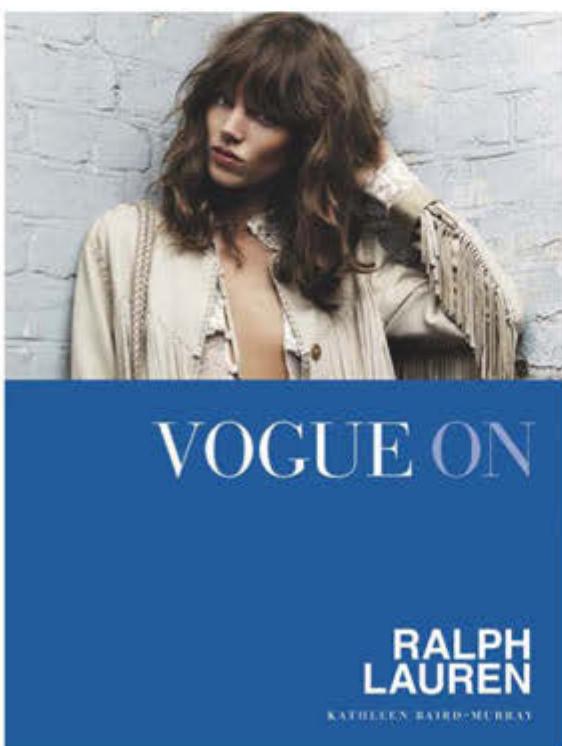
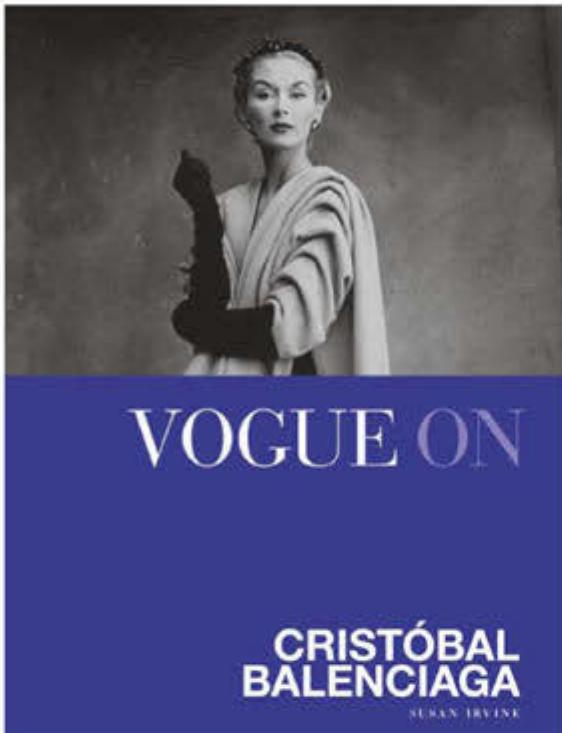
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TALK

Agents of change
 (from left): Entourage
 stars Adrian Grenier,
 Jeremy Piven,
 Kevin Connolly and
 Emmanuelle Chriqui
 at the Golden Globes,
 11 January 2015

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THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN

This month, *Entourage* follows the fortunes of *Twin Peaks*, *The X-Files* and *Sex And The City*, making Hollywood hay from small-screen gold

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 Britain

Every moving picture tells a story

A new wave of fine artists is turning to feature films and redefining what we think of as a 'movie'

By Sophie Hastings

As artistic director of visual art and film at the Cornerhouse, Manchester's iconic independent cinema and gallery, Sarah Perks realised that her job crossed over. "Artists have been making films since the Sixties and Seventies, but suddenly YBAs such as Sam Taylor-Johnson and Steve McQueen were working as directors outside their art practice, and the doors were flung wide open," says Perks. "I could see there was a new wave of storytelling, new voices, a fresh outlook. Younger artists were wanting to make films and they were looking for distribution."

In 2011, Perks set up Cornerhouse Artist Film, the UK's leading producer and distributor of artist-made feature films, and produced Gillian Wearing's documentary-artwork-performance project, *Self Made*. This followed Douglas Gordon and Philippe Perren's *Zidane: A Twenty-First Century Portrait* (2006), McQueen's first feature, *Hunger* (2008), and Clio Barnard's *The Arbor*, which was nominated for the Bafta for outstanding debut in 2011. When the Cornerhouse closed its doors this year, to merge with the Library Theatre Company and reopen as Home, a £25 million cultural centre to rival London's South Bank and the Barbican, Perks made sure that film was at the centre of the operation. With two theatres, five cinema screens, digital, production and broadcast facilities, and a 500 sq m gallery space, Home is about "making things happen for artists," she says.

Jamie Shovlin's 2014 exhibition at the Cornerhouse, *Hiker Meat*, curated by Perks, typifies her boundary-defying vision. The show was conceived around an archetypal exploitation film that never actually existed, but was a collage of cinematic signifiers and knock-off slacker scenes: a Seventies summer camp, hitchhiking heroine with a troubled past, a charismatic leader, disappearing teens and a fictitious Italian director, Jesus Rinzoli. Shovlin made his cut-and-paste feature from

more than 1,500 found clips of low-budget slasher films, then shot a trailer and re-created key sequences with a fleet of American cars and a B-movie monster.

"Sarah was keen for me to make a film alongside the project: a film about a film that wasn't a film. I thought it was a terrible idea," says Shovlin. "But when I think, 'Shit, what's that about?' it's usually a good sign."

The result was *Rough Cut*, co-commissioned by the Toronto Film Festival and featured at the 43rd Rotterdam International Film Festival.

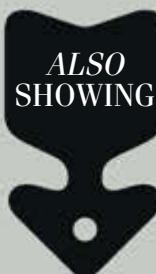
Shovlin's interest in the horror genre lies in his childhood: "I come from a suburban working-class area of Leicester and video nasties were the opiate of the masses. You'd go to the corner shop with its video section; you'd have an illicit

relationship with the owner who'd let you take out 18 [certificate films]. You knew what to watch from talking in the school playground, it was a subculture, folklore. Now, with the internet, subculture is probably impossible. I worry about my art

The show was conceived around an archetypal exploitation film that never existed



Horror show: Jamie Shovlin's 2014 'Hiker Meat' toys with cinematic clichés and features fake promotional material and a fictional Italian director



ALSO SHOWING



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Until 5 July.
photographersgallery.org.uk

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Soundscapes: Listening to Painting
National Gallery, London.
8 July - 6 September.
nationalgallery.org.uk

Reality: Modern & Contemporary British Painting
Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.
10 July - 29 November.
liverpoolmuseums.org.uk/walker

Bailey's Stardust (above)
Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.
18 July - 19 October.
nationalgalleries.org/portraitgallery

students, there is no place for them to be weird – they can see online that everybody else is doing the same thing, dressing the same way; they know they are not unique."

There is common ground between Shovlin's approach – his next project will be a video diary of a youth football league in the Midlands – and Wearing's *Self Made*, which was about individuality, identity and allowing people to "author" themselves. Collaborating with method actor and coach Sam Rumbelow, Wearing auditioned hundreds of non-actors found through small ads, before filming the seven chosen participants over three days during which they used memories, anxieties, fantasies and fears to create scenes that shaped the film. "My starting point is improvisation," Rumbelow said at a BFI talk. "You must let go of the result to be truly creative. The world is defined to us by mass media and product; what about a deeper identity?"

This attitude is anathema to Hollywood tropes and British film clichés and that's the point. Artists are changing the landscape of the film world and Home is a pioneer in the process. "These films are indicative of a real shift," says Perks. "They are not social realism, romantic comedies or period drama, they're something new. British audiences want new things and when we send films abroad, people are interested in our diversity and how creative we can be."

Perhaps the real game-changers have been one-time conceptual artist Kathryn Bigelow – the first female director to win an Oscar, with *The Hurt Locker* – and Steve McQueen, the first black director to win one, with *12 Years A Slave*. Early screenings across the US with Q&A sessions were "more like town hall meetings," said McQueen, "because people have so much to say". An interesting result in a time when, as Sam Rumbelow has pointed out, "Some human beings spend more time looking at media than at other human beings."

The Heart Is Deceitful Above All Things is on at Home, Manchester, until 26 July. homemcr.org

A city of dreams is the stuff of nightmares

Almost every vision of a new metropolis has come to nothing – better to improve the ones we have

By Edwin Heathcote

Back in the Sixties, the visionary architect and thinker Yona Friedman predicted that London and Paris would eventually become one city. His idea was that the coming of the Channel Tunnel and the rapid urbanisation of the Netherlands, northern France, Belgium and Britain's southeast would make northern Europe a single, urban entity, a metastasised super city. It hasn't quite happened. Partly because of a sentimental attachment to the countryside and partly because Europe is still very far from becoming the federal state that was once predicted.

But in China, they are creating exactly the kind of city Friedman envisaged in an area encompassing perhaps 60 million people that has surpassed Tokyo as the world's most populous urban conurbation, the Pearl River Delta. This is the heavily industrialised area where almost everything in the world seems to be made; it encompasses the cities of Guangzhou and Shenzhen (just north of Hong Kong) and is 25 times the size of London. What would be the point of such a large city? The Chinese government says it's about a freedom of movement not currently available to its citizens who are often migrant labourers from the countryside and not able to access healthcare and education because they are still registered in their home villages. But it is more than that. The Chinese State Council includes some considerable scholars of social history. They have understood that revolutions happen when an emerging middle class becomes dissatisfied with poor services and a city not responding to their demands for a better quality of life. This is a plan to maintain the status quo by giving that emerging bourgeoisie something to live for apart from their work.

At the same time as Friedman was making his predictions an unusual figure called Constant Nieuwenhuys proposed a "New Babylon". Nieuwenhuys was not thinking of creating a better life for worker drones and salarymen. He was thinking of a city that had abandoned work altogether. Like John Maynard Keynes, who predicted that the rise of machines would eventually lead to an economy in which work played only a small part and free time would expand to fill most of the week, Nieuwenhuys wanted a city designed to accommodate leisure and freedom. His city was envisaged as a superstructure, a huge grid laid on top of the existing city in which nothing would be fixed. Homes could be built anywhere and dismantled and moved on. It would be a nomadic city of complete freedom. Sex, culture and creativity were its engines. It was a Sixties dream of selfish self-fulfilment, a dematerialisation of the city for a post-consumerist age.



The UK's insistence on building new 'garden cities' is a spectacular wrong turn

That one also didn't happen. In fact pretty much all that Nieuwenhuys ever managed to build was a fountain in a Dutch shopping centre. For most of its life the water was turned off as shoppers complained about it spraying all over them. That is how utopia ends.

The idea of the visionary modern city hung over the 20th century like a woozy dream. Whether in Bruno Taut's Twenties visions of a crystal city which inspired the Bauhaus, in the sleek modernism of

Brasilia or in sci-fi cities from *Metropolis* (1927) to *The Hunger Games'* Capitol, the image of the crystalline future city has proved resilient. But successful new cities turned out to be very difficult to build. Brasilia might be an architectural wonder but the politicians and civil servants who work there can't wait to leave for the buzz of São Paulo or Rio once the weekend comes. Canberra is hardly the centre of a new world. Perhaps only Las Vegas could be said to be a truly successful new city – but architects and planners had far less to do with its success than the Mob's idea of a good time.

The announcement earlier this year that Egypt will build a new £30 billion government capital, a city of almost five million beside Cairo, which already encompasses 22 million, shows that the future lies less in visionary new cities and more in expansion of existing, successful cities, places where the work

and the culture is already there. The UK's insistence on building new "garden cities" is a spectacular wrong turn. What it will be building is dormitory suburbs, parasitic places that will always be dependent on existing cities. They will add nothing to our urban culture. Even the name "garden city" embodies a very English fear of the genuinely urban.

The real challenge is in the connective tissue which ties existing cities together – or which reconnects the pieces of fragmented cities and their suburbs. Both the Pearl River Delta and New Babylon recognised this in their very different ways. Cities are the key to a culture's success but they are almost impossible to manufacture. And it has always been this way. In 1593 the Venetians inaugurated Palmanova, an ideal Renaissance city intended to celebrate their victory over the Ottomans at the Battle of Lepanto. This was to be a place of culture and equality, a fortified city in the shape of a star with a huge and elegant central piazza. There would be no slums, everyone – craftsmen, traders and farmers – would live together in a vision of Renaissance beauty. Except no one wanted to live there. Venetians, it turned out, were quite happy in their squalid houses and dank alleys. They liked the sleaze and the corruption, they liked the proximity to wealth and the strange beauty of an utterly illogical, but thriving, buzzing, global city. Palmanova was such a failure the authorities offered free houses to prisoners and criminals from Venice – anything to populate it. The point is that the ambition to build a new city is admirable – but fraught with risk. Make the ones we already have bigger and better. That'd be a fine start.

Town planning (from top): Fritz Lang's film *Metropolis* has had a profound influence on visions of our urban future, including *The Hunger Games'* Capitol

Death becomes him

Tony Parsons turns to crime again for an even darker instalment of thrilling London noir

By Olivia Cole

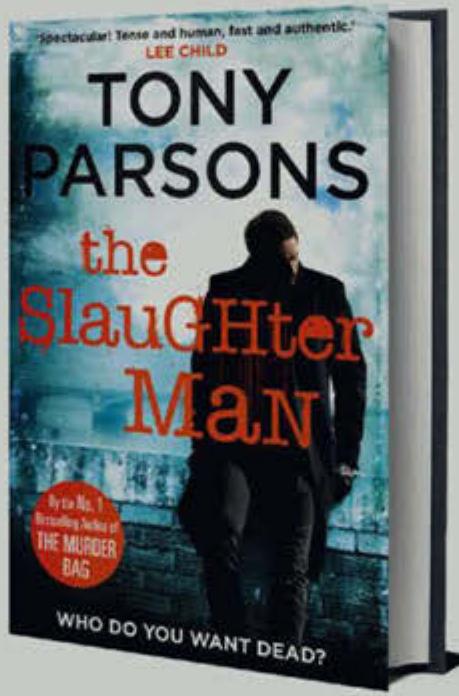
Tony Parsons' London homicide detective Max Wolfe lives in a loft over Smithfield. Even in the dead of night, the cityscape of constant activity is a source of consolation for a detective who sometimes needs to work until it gets light. As he observes, "I looked down at the blazing lights of Smithfield meat market. Four in the morning and the men were in the middle of their work. It made me feel better, like less of a freak for being awake at this hour."

That "freaky" sense of obsession and nocturnal activity are often something that a detective and a writer share. For a novelist who made his name showing that men can have heart, most famously with his 1999 break-out book, *Man And Boy*, Tony Parsons' crime debut, *The Murder Bag*, which introduced Wolfe in 2014, was a real departure. As he has said, "I wrote *The Murder Bag* without a contract and sometimes I wondered if it was an act of stupidity or madness." The gamble paid off – the first Max Wolfe book sold to a top crime editor within 24 hours of being submitted, and subsequently became a bestseller.

Its follow-up, *The Slaughter Man*, is a superbly researched but also imaginative thriller in which Parsons seems to wholly inhabit his new genre. Here we find single father Wolfe investigating the multiple murder of a wealthy and beautiful Hampstead family and the abduction of their youngest son. The case echoes a notorious (fictional) Seventies case, in which a traveller, Peter Nawkins, killed his fiancée's family in cold blood after they tried to castrate him to stop him from marrying their

daughter. (Yes, we really are a long way from *Man And Boy* and Parsons pulls no punches on the visceral, queasy details.) The two cases have little in common save for the choice of weapon – a cattle stun gun.

It's little wonder Wolfe is transfixed by the meat market, but beyond this, Smithfield provides a powerful literary touchstone. Charles Dickens set a famous scene in *Oliver Twist* here, and Parsons tells me that it was only when he was in Smithfield, waiting for inspiration to strike, that he discovered the scene inscribed in stone.



The lost children of *Oliver Twist* and *Great Expectations*, as well as the Dickensian leitmotifs of unexplained dubious wealth, prostitution and murder, chime powerfully with Parsons' own themes here. But far from a dusty Victorian idea, in contemporary London, with the super-rich and the marginalised world of immigrants and sex workers, the distinctions seem, if anything, more pronounced. *The Slaughter Man* moves from The Bishops Avenue in Hampstead, "where no expense had been spared and no taste exercised", to a travellers' camp off the A127. Gruesomely, the meat market becomes a resonant symbol, too, in a novel which touches on both the sex trade and children as currency – a subject that has been of interest to the author since he was assigned to cover the work of London's vice squad as a young reporter.

As a novelist, Parsons has always been good on a sense of place – from London to

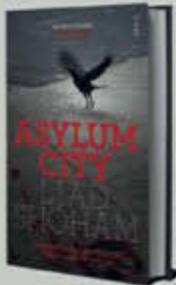
We really are a long way from *Man And Boy* and Parsons pulls no punches

Phuket and Shanghai – but as a crime writer place is more than just a setting; it's part of the thriller writer's arsenal for drawing the reader in. Like the best of crime, from the LA noir of Raymond Chandler, the Nordic noir of Stieg Larsson and Henning Mankell, or the "Florida glare" of Elmore Leonard, *The Slaughter Man* is saturated in details. "You can't go wrong with London because everything is here," Parsons tells GQ. "From extreme wealth to extreme poverty, it's *The Naked City*, 21st-century style."

And while it might seem that the big-heartedness of Parsons' earlier fiction has been replaced by something far tougher, that's not the whole story. The choice of Scout for the name of Wolfe's daughter is surely a tip of the hat to Harper Lee's *To Kill A Mockingbird*, perhaps the greatest Southern crime novel of all time. Lee's Scout is the daughter of the lawyer Atticus Finch who challenges his society's racist prejudices. Max Wolfe might call travellers "gypsies" and imagine gruesome ends for the criminals he pursues, but is similarly energised by a sense of right and wrong. And crime fiction is ultimately about morality too. And with its big ideas and adroit plotting, *The Slaughter Man*'s position in the marketplace of fiction seems justly assured.

The Slaughter Man by Tony Parsons (Random House, £12.99) is out now.

RECOMMENDED



This summer, it's possible to go around the world in crime fiction. Set in Tel Aviv, the English translation of *Asylum City* (Scribe) should win Israel's leading crime novelist

Liat Shoham an international following. The decade-spanning *The Cartel* by Don Winslow (Random House) has been memorably described as *War And Peace* for Mexican-American drug trafficking, while fans of modern-day, morally ambiguous mobster fiction will enjoy being transported to Brooklyn in *Among Thieves* by John Clarkson (Penguin). *The Drowned Boy* by Karin Fossum (Random House) is Nordic noir of note, and Scandinavian

crime addicts should also look out for *The Invisible Man From Salem* by Christopher Carlsson (Scribe) and *I'm Travelling Alone* by Samuel Bjork (Transworld). Antonio Manzini has created an Italian detective to rival Andrea Camilleri's Inspector Montalbano with deputy police chief Rocco Schiavone, who appears in *Black Run* (Fourth Estate), while fans of the thoughtful and witty Fifties drama *Grantchester*, will have already pre-ordered

Sidney Chambers And The Forgiveness Of Sins (Bloomsbury) by James Runcie. Looking East, *Hunters In The Dark* (Hogarth) by Lawrence Osborne follows a teacher gone awol in Cambodia and Roger Hobbs' *Vanishing Games* (Doubleday) features a heist in Kuala Lumpur. Finally, don't miss out on noir set closer to home with *Blood, Salt, Water* by Denise Mina (Orion), the fifth novel to feature her Glasgow detective, Alex Morrow.

What's the big idea?

The threats of the digital age have had an unlikely side effect – the concept album is back with a bang

By Dorian Lynskey

For a long time after punk reset rock music's value system, certain ideas associated with Seventies excess bore the mark of Cain. Gradually, some came back. Keyboard solos, for example, are acceptable provided you don't wear a cape while performing them. Long, multipart songs returned via Radiohead's "Paranoid Android". But there is still some stigma attached to the phrase "concept album", which reeks of pompous self-regard. What this really means is that artists avoid saying they're making concept albums, but they're making them anyway, in growing numbers.

Many of this decade's most acclaimed albums have cleaved to a single theme. PJ Harvey investigated war and empire on *Let England Shake*, Arcade Fire charted the American sprawl on *The Suburbs*, and Kate Tempest's *Everybody Down* showed such narrative discipline that it was virtually a hip-hop novella. Kendrick Lamar is an audacious long-form storyteller: his third album *To Pimp A Butterfly* (*Interscope*) is an extraordinary morality play about race, community and temptation.

This is happening not in spite of the rise of streaming and playlists, but because of it. Threatened with redundancy in the digital era, albums have fought back by becoming more album-like. In order to persuade you



Making a statement (from top): Muse's Matt Bellamy; their new concept album, *Drones*

Revelations), state-corporate oppression (*The Resistance*), environmental collapse and the financial crisis (*The 2nd Law*), and now, well, drones. "The world is run by drones utilising drones to turn us all into drones," on-message frontman Matt Bellamy helpfully explains.

Like Queen, who often seemed to be playing the lead role in a stage musical about an implausible fictional band called Queen, Muse represent rock at its most fantastical. In lieu of a *Flash Gordon* reboot to soundtrack, *Drones* is the musical equivalent of a Marvel

Muse's willingness to go further than is reasonable is a kind of heroism

that only the full package will do, the likes of Beyoncé and Daft Punk have taken to releasing albums *in toto* unannounced or else teasing them with elaborate promo campaigns. But nobody consistently embraces big statements with as much glee as Muse.

Drones (*Warner Bros*) is the Devon trio's fourth high-voltage concept album in a row. They have become the world's biggest political rock band without anyone really noticing because they robe their concerns in sci-fi livery. They've addressed the war on terror (*Black Holes And*

blockbuster

Is this sounding a bit daft? Well, it is and it isn't. If you believe that a band must choose between silly and serious then Muse's appeal will be as puzzling

as ever, but they are both at once, just like Queen, or *Star Wars*. In applying this sensibility to political ideas they achieve something unique.

Bellamy has described himself as a "left-leaning libertarian" but his lyrics speak to the heart more than the head. Updating stick-it-to-The-Man Seventies rock operas such as Pink Floyd's *The Wall* via the conspiracy narratives of David Icke and the pulp philosophy of *The Matrix*, Muse are pop revolutionaries. Bellamy's political lyrics are a pell-mell mash-up – the track "[JFK]" wrenches part of an anti-communist speech by President Kennedy completely out of context – but they have surprising force. "Reapers" is no less a direct indictment of drone warfare for sounding like AC/DC and Scissor Sisters working on a song for *Guardians Of The Galaxy 2*.

Drones asks you to suspend disbelief and enjoy it on its own peculiar terms. But it's odd that those who complain that big rock bands lack ambition and political conviction refuse to take Muse seriously. Their willingness to go further than is reasonable is a kind of heroism.

Carrie & Lowell (*Asthmatic Kitty*), the seventh album from Sufjan Stevens, is so distant from Muse's Imax rock that switching from one to the other could give you whiplash, but it is equally single-minded. Stevens' previous concept albums, *Michigan* (2003) and *Illinois* (2005), were an ambitious young man's records, their impressiveness slightly undercut by the sense that he was straining to impress you. *Carrie & Lowell*, named after his late mother and his stepfather, is quite the opposite: bare, intimate and brutally revealing. It has the same quiet ferocity as Elliott Smith's death-haunted folk-rock, with Stevens sighing lyrics that he could be screaming. "It's not really trying to say anything new, or prove anything, or innovate," Stevens told Pitchfork. "It feels artless, which is a good thing. This is not my art project; this is my life."

Carrie & Lowell is the flipside to Muse's outlandish fables. Some people make concept albums as creative adventures: games for the imagination. Others make them because, try as they might, they can think of nothing else. ☺



Slaves
Are You Satisfied?
(*Virgin EMI*)
Draw a Venn diagram of Royal Blood's burly duo-rock, the Libertines' ne'er-do-well punk and Sleaford Mods' scabrous black comedy and you'll find Kent upstarts Slaves in the centre.

Florence And The Machine
How Big, How Blue, How Beautiful
(*Island*)
More guitars, more brass, more drama: Florence's windswept pop-rock delivers everything but surprises. The psychedelic finale "Mother" proves she could be bolder.

Hudson Mohawke
Lantern
(*Warp*)
Kanye-endorsed Glaswegian producer Ross Birchard goes for broke with an ultra-bright second album of rave, R&B and dazzling euphoric peaks.

Paying the ultimate penalty

Awareness, support and education about the dangers are vital, but is there any sport without risk?

By Martin Samuel

When my mother contracted mesothelioma, she took a lot of calls from lawyers wondering whom she would like to sue. There is a statutory government compensation payment, but if you can point a finger at a specific employer or location, you may hit the jackpot.

We created it, you see. Mesothelioma most commonly affects the outer lining of the lungs and internal chest wall. It is caused by exposure to asbestos fibres. So no asbestos, no mesothelioma. If it kills you – which it always does, and quick – you have a claim.

My mother didn't want to sue anybody. Firstly, because she believed she was probably exposed to asbestos while washing her father's overalls as a young girl. Asbestos fibres don't act up immediately. They can lie dormant for the best part of a lifetime before a reaction is triggered. In all likelihood, that is what happened to her. So if she had a case, it was against a firm now owned by her brothers and nephews.

Secondly, she felt that, even if a third party could be held responsible, it wouldn't be right to drag them through the courts. They didn't know. Nobody knew. Asbestos was a miracle substance. Its use took off in the late Victorian era: heat-resistant, strong, durable, long-lasting, kept things hot, kept things cool. One problem: by the Thirties, some medical professionals believed it was linked to serious lung disorders. By the Fifties the first suggestions of cancer risk were emerging.

Asbestos was banned in many countries by the turn of this century. Yet in 2012, India imported £157 million of the product, and it is still legally used in Russia, Canada, Brazil, China and Kazakhstan. One day, let's hope those who are ignoring the cost to human life will be held accountable.

Yet back when daughters washed their fathers' work clothes, it was in blissful ignorance. Just as, when Jeff Astle scored 174 goals for West Bromwich Albion, no one knew the fateful cost of his skill at heading balls. Astle was a demon striker. He died, we now know, of chronic traumatic encephalopathy (CTE), a degenerative brain disease only diagnosed postmortem. He was 59. A campaign bears his name: Justice For Jeff. But justice how, exactly? Awareness and research can be increased, the Football Association has established a panel of experts, including leading neurologists, who will spend the next decade examining the problem and exploring ways of reducing it. Yet actual justice for Jeff? How can that be?

Whenever West Brom played at home last season, there was a round of applause in the ninth minute – Astle's number – to mark this campaign. His picture appeared on a giant screen above the message, "If in doubt, sit them out." But there was no doubt over Astle. Nobody knew what was going on inside. Even now, it is

beyond us to explain why Astle suffered yet thousands of others equally adept at heading did not. Equally, we do not know why the rugby union winger George North seems especially prone to concussion. North was knocked out three times in four months last season. Had he not recovered from previous instances of head trauma? Does he have an underlying medical issue? Is he just unlucky? Who can say? In any case, what would constitute justice for George? He no more wants to be invalidated out of rugby than Astle would have wished to be removed from West Brom's first team.

And what if Astle knew then what his family knows now? That's the point. What do we know now, specifically? There is plainly a risk, but Astle's tragic demise wasn't inevitable, otherwise more footballers would suffer CTE. So had it been explained to him that he might, at a later stage, suffer horrid consequences from his headers, would he still have taken that chance?

Quite probably, if today's evidence is anything to go by. On 11 April, West Brom dedicated their match with Leicester City to Justice For Jeff. They wore the same strip in which they won the 1968 FA Cup final – white, white, red – Astle scoring the winning goal. And then the game started. It was six minutes old when Joleon Lescott missed with a header. After seven minutes and 36 seconds, a header from Darren Fletcher put West Brom ahead. Leicester's first goal was headed on to David Nugent by Leonardo Ulloa, and their later equaliser was the work of two headers from Marcin Wasilewski and Robert Huth.

We know enough about CTE now. It is the subject of a £500 million NFL lawsuit and is cited as a consequence in ice hockey, wrestling, boxing, rugby and Australian rules. Brazilian World Cup winner Hilderaldo Bellini died from it last year. Yet even with a pre-match ceremony to remind them, the West Brom and Leicester players still headed the ball.

For that is the game. Former England rugby winger Austin Healey responded to North's problems by defining his sport. "Many people play rugby for its physicality," he said. "That physicality comes with risks."

We could take heading out of football and the big hit from rugby, but extreme measures aside, there really is no route around this. Awareness, support for victims and education are the way forward, obviously. Yet while Astle did not know the dangers, and the modern player does, the game has not changed much. The winger will take the hit, the boxer will take the punch, the striker will head the ball. It might not end well. Sometimes life doesn't.

Martin Samuel is the chief sports writer of the *Daily Mail* and the 2014 NPA Sports Writer Of The Year.

Leap of faith: Jeff Astle in 1966 – the West Bromwich Albion striker died from a degenerative brain disease in 2002



Deal maker:
Perrey Reeves
and Jeremy Piven
in the big-screen
'final episode'
of *Entourage*

For your consideration...



A prehistoric tourist attraction wasn't a great idea for *Jurassic Park* parts one, two or three, so how about creating genetically modified dinosaurs for an even bigger facility in ***Jurassic World*** (12 June)? What could possibly go wrong? *Guardians Of The Galaxy*'s **Chris Pratt** (above) will be fending them off in your local megaplex all month. ***London Road*** (12 June) has great pedigree (**Tom Hardy** and **Olivia Colman** star, and it's based on an acclaimed play), but minimal hype. Set during the 2006 murders of women working as prostitutes in Ipswich, and recounted by various locals, sex workers and reporters, it's probably not one for the family and popcorn. ***Knock Knock*** (26 June) stars Keanu Reeves in a film that can only be described as *Fatal Attraction*, *But More So*. This time, two she-devils (Lorenza Izzo and Ana de Armas) are after him. Will Keanu stay alive? For the sake of everyone waiting for another *Bill & Ted* sequel, let's hope so. ***Black Souls*** (12 June) is the art-house choice of the month, a slow-burning Italian mafia drama from director Francesco Munzi, which received good reviews on the festival circuit, even if it could hardly be said to break new ground. Finally, a documentary that screams BBC4-on-repeat; ***The Wrecking Crew*** celebrates the players and personalities behind LA's most timeless tracks (20 June). SM

From small screen to money shot

Cable classics and old TV favourites are turning to cinema for their final flourish

This month, the **Entourage** boys are back, super-agent Ari Gold (Jeremy Piven) is a studio head, and the Hollywood schemers are getting what's becoming an increasingly common second act: the **big-screen final episode**.

There have always been films tagged on to TV franchises years later – from *Charlie's Angels* to the forthcoming *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* And Hollywood has never been more keen on making sure you know the name first, then working out the plot later (see the even more recent trend for films based on board games, from *Battleship* to the upcoming – yes, really – *Monopoly*).

But movie spin-offs as a logical follow-on to long-running (adult, cable) TV dramas are relatively new. David Lynch's *Twin Peaks* was first, having ended with 1992 film *Fire Walk With Me*, which managed to be both a prequel (it took place in the lead-up to Laura Palmer's death), and sequel

(it referenced special agent Dale Cooper's eventual fate), and was followed by *The X-Files* movies. But it was *Sex And The City* that took the baton and ran with it, and with the money that brought (in short: a lot), the scramble to give a Hollywood ending to recently retired cable dramas began.

A *Sopranos* movie has been long-mooted (but in the form of a prequel, because, well, you know...), while *Game Of Thrones* creator George RR Martin has talked up his hopes of ending his epic fantasy on a Hollywood high note ("The books get bigger and bigger. It might need a feature to tie things up, something with a feature budget... Those dragons get real big, you know...").

As the worlds move closer, it makes more sense. The only question is: for the shows that end at just the right time, do we really want a further final act? Put another way: we should probably just let Don Draper die. **Stuart McGurk** *Entourage* is out on 19 June.



Gascoigne ★★

Not such a funny old game As Shakespearean tragedies go, the Paul Gascoigne story is a classic: fat, radge Geordie becomes the best English footballer of his generation, before ending up in a life-and-death struggle with alcoholism. But you knew that, right? If not, you'll probably enjoy this documentary, as Gazza – with contributions from Gary Lineker and Wayne Rooney – sums up his life like a Wikipedia entry. For those hoping for more self-reflection, insight or a happy ending, don't bother. **Paul Henderson** Out on 12 June.



Amy ★★★★

The girl behind the eyeliner The extraordinary unseen footage in this Amy Winehouse documentary from director Asif Kapadia (*Senna*) manages to make a story so recent and so public entirely new again. Charting the hinterland – her ferocious musicality, her flair for comic skits and withering putdowns – it renders the singer's decline all the more tragic. As in *Senna*, Kapadia layers interviews over the tapes he has uncovered, lending this rockumentary masterpiece a hurtling pace worthy of such a force of nature. **Charlie Burton** Out on 3 July.



Slow West ★★

True Fassbender You can't deny the film its title – *Slow West* is a Western, and it sure ain't quick. But stateliness isn't all bad. A Wild West road movie as directed by Terrence Malick, John Maclean's debut sees Michael Fassbender's drifter chance across young Kodi Smit-McPhee, realise the girl he's heartbroken over has a bounty on her head, and join in the search. It's beautifully shot and mesmerising but slight: you'll enjoy the ride, but may feel a tad short-changed by the destination. **SM** Out on 26 June.



Mr Holmes ★★

OAP, my dear Watson Do we need another? The latest incarnation of Arthur Conan Doyle's hero sees Ian McKellen portraying the world's most famous detective as a cantankerous 93-year-old. Er, yay! Adapted from Mitch Cullin's novel, it shows Holmes as a man struggling to come to terms with retirement. Sadly, the film's pace is tiresome, and it ends up more reminiscent of an extended episode of *Midsomer Murders* than Benedict Cumberbatch's coat-swisher. Elementary? Sadly, yes. **Will Grice** Out on 19 June. ☺

A house divided against itself cannot stand

The big constitutional battles have been sidestepped for 100 years – but now there is nowhere to hide

By Matthew d'Ancona

It started with a theft. When my copy of Ferdinand Mount's *The British Constitution Now* was half-inched from my desk – this would be 1994 or thereabouts – I suspected something peculiar was up. It was the first, very small sign of a very big change.

Just to clarify: I bow to no man in my admiration for Ferdie's writings. His books on the family, the class system and modern elites, not to mention his wonderful memoir, *Cold Cream*, are uniformly superb. But even he was surprised when I told him that his own tract on the constitution had been nicked.

The thing is that, until quite recently, constitutional matters were considered by most politicians and journalists, and almost all civilians, to be – well, a bit of a yawn. Of course the Lib Dems got excited by such issues, but that only proved the point to everyone else. Yes, Tony Blair completed John Smith's "unfinished business" by introducing devolution in Scotland and Wales, but he was never truly animated by institutional reform.

Witness his conspicuous failure – and Gordon Brown's – to sort out the House of Lords. It is remarkable that, more than a century after Asquith declared that reform of the second chamber "brooks no delay", the job is still not done. There are all sorts of reasons why this is so, including the collective desire of the House of Commons not to create a powerful rival to itself and the difficulties connected with composition (who would sit in the new House?). But the main reason is the epic inertia generated by deep, deep boredom. Be honest: would you like to redesign the House of Lords?

For many years, therefore, constitutional issues were the preserve of political geeks. I should know, as I was one of them: I knew my AV Dicey (the great jurist) from my AV voting system (the electoral reform for the Commons that was comprehensively rejected in the 2011 referendum). I owned piles of books on the subject, from Lord Hailsham's primer on the constitution to the many publications of Vernon Bogdanor, David Cameron's Oxford tutor.

My copy of Walter Bagehot's *The English Constitution* was falling apart from over-use. I knew that D'Hondt was an electoral system, not a Dutch footballer. I didn't make fun of Charter 88 – the somewhat earnest left-of-centre pressure group established in the high season of Thatcherism to campaign for a Bill of Rights and a written constitution. All this was what old Fleet Street hands filed under "worthy but dull": from time to time, any quality newspaper had to express an opinion about such matters. The idea was to do so without sending the readers to sleep: tricky, quite frankly. Sometimes very tricky.

So you can imagine my bafflement when the book went missing all those years ago. I thought of that petty theft more than once during the recent general election campaign, recognising it as a tiny foreshadowing, a distant harbinger of great change to come.

Officially, this year's contest was meant to be all about the economy, jobs and the recovery. But the story line quickly strayed off course into very different terrain. The issue of Scottish independence was

supposed to have been settled in September's referendum, in which the proposal was clearly rejected.

Yet what looked like an end was only a beginning: Nicola Sturgeon, who was not even a candidate in the election, was its unexpected star. Scottish separatism and the fate of the Union became one of the great themes of the election, and the source of spiky disagreement.

Moreover, as the polls registered a dead heat, week after week – remember those early spring days? – the basis of our first-past-the-post system was questioned much more vigorously and pointedly than it had been in 2011 during the actual referendum on electoral reform. The clinching argument for the status quo had always been that – unlike proportional representation – first-past-the-post tended to produce clear parliamentary majorities and (therefore) stable governments.

But that assumption no longer looked secure. Suddenly, the voting system was up for grabs once more. Again, an issue considered closed by referendum had burst back to life and become vividly topical.

Meanwhile, as Cameron warned the electorate that they only had "ten days to save the Union", Labour urged the voters not to take the risk of a referendum on Britain's membership of the European Union – keeping quiet about its own promise to hold such a referendum in certain circumstances. This was, after all, the biggest constitutional question of them all. Who ruled? Westminster or Brussels?

How far should sovereignty be pooled, and what would be the implications for the British economy if it were eventually clawed back by popular demand? For once, democracy and capitalism seemed to be in potential conflict, as the political class faced the possibility that the public might vote for a constitutional counter-revolution that could prove to be a historic economic error.

My point is that the election merely spotlit a much deeper trauma in the British psyche. For more than a decade, trust has drained from our most prominent professions: politicians, the print media, the financial sector, the police, the many institutions contaminated by the Jimmy Savile affair, even parts of the NHS.

Now a broader identity crisis is underway – an unsparing examination of what the United Kingdom should be, what it should stand for on the global stage, and how closely it should be entangled in the European club. It is 40 years since the referendum on what was then the European Community. That was long before the end of the Cold War, before globalisation, before the digital revolution swept the planet. What structures do we want for ourselves and to link ourselves to the rest of the world?

These are no longer dry academic questions for political anoraks. They address the pulp, the marrow and the sinew of what it means to be British. In June 1215, Magna Carta was sealed at Runnymede; now, 800 years later, we are writing the rule book again. ☺

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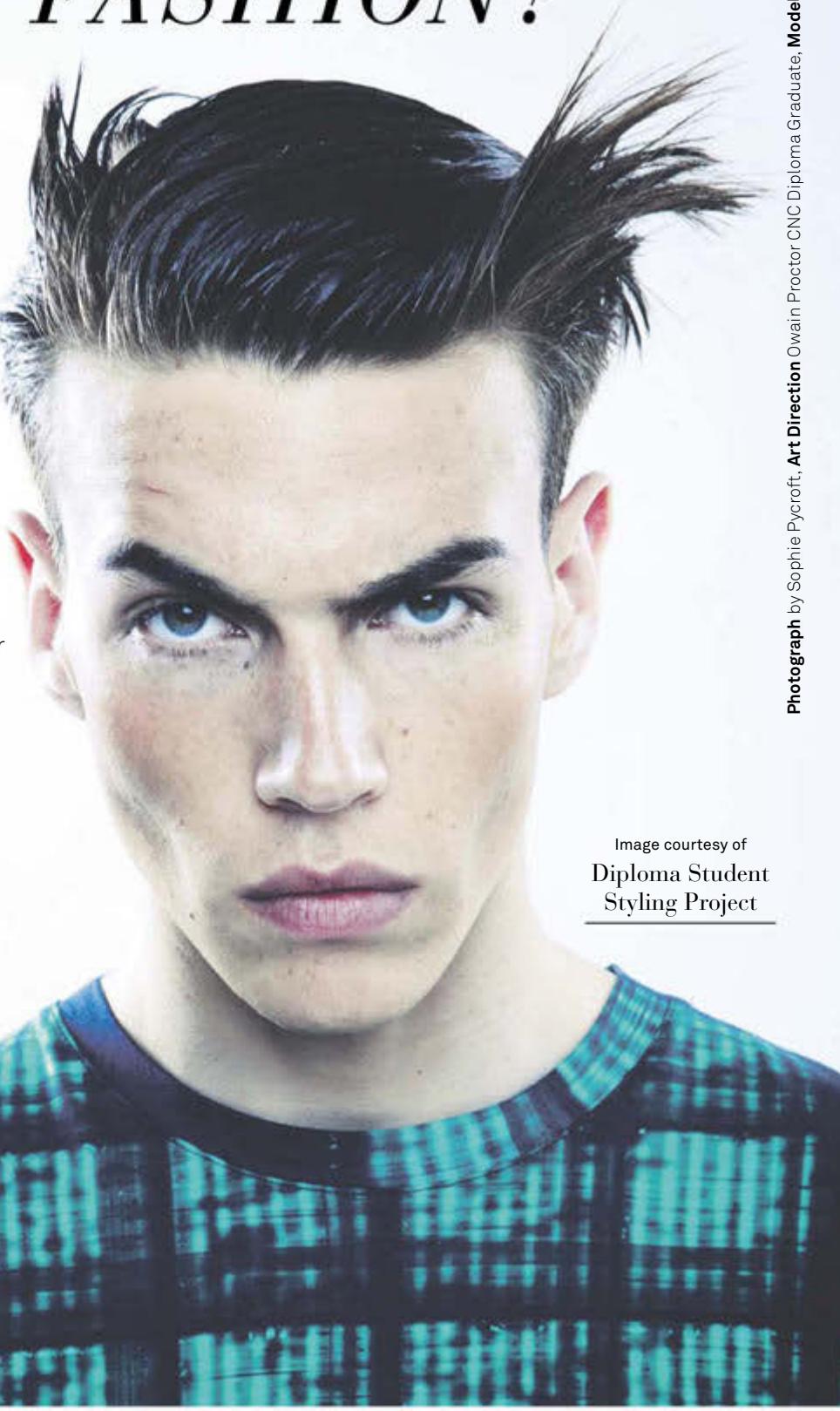


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#HowToGetAhead



'Dodgeball
and Wedding
Crashers
were badass.
It felt like
we were doing
rock'n'roll
back then'

T R U E

Forget the Frat Pack's fast-talking 'so money' man: instead, he's America's plain-speaking superstar. From calling time on the 'assembly-line comedies' to his career-redefining role in TV's darker-than-noir detective thriller, *True Detective*, Vince Vaughn is reborn... and he's shooting from the hip

STORY BY **JONATHAN HEAF**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **NORMAN JEAN ROY**

STYLING **MATTHEW EDELSTEIN**



VINCE VAUGHN

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G R I T

The drive from West Hollywood to downtown Los Angeles allows you to see a different side to the city. Start at the palm-lined avenues that make up LA's front of house, Beverly Hills, snake through Laurel Canyon's coyote runs and the low-rise hippie mansions that peer down from the gilded hills, and then keep going another five clicks east along West 3rd Street. Once the advertising hoardings on Sunset end up as ever-diminishing sails in your rear-view mirror – before you begin zig-zagging through the steel and glass towers of downtown proper – you'll hit the districts of Koreatown, Pico-Union and Westlake.

For the average kale-chewing tourist doing the routine city schlep in a Starline bus, creeping through Koreatown no doubt feels very different from spying on Robert Downey Jr along Abbot Kinney or goal-hanging for a peek of Miley Cyrus outside Pink's Hot Dogs on the corner of La Brea and Melrose.

A grittier metropolis is closer to the surface in this part of town. Gone is that easy-breezy LA langour, the showbiz veneer, and instead you feel the vibrations of a city hustling. Areas such as Westlake are high-density, youthful and predominately Latino; this isn't the romantic, principally white Los Angeles of the Beverly Hills Polo Lounge or a Steve Martin romantic comedy shot in the Nineties.

There is something else going on out east in the shadow of the Staples Center. Something darker. The underbelly of LA feels more exposed. Think *Chinatown*. Think *The Long Goodbye*. Under 30? Then, hell, think *Drive*. This is a place where the city's poorer communities rub up against the banks and big businesses of the downtown financial district. This is LA as neo-noir. A place, one feels, where bad things can happen to good people. A place where the selective romance of old Hollywood has long been forgotten. The perfect place, then, to shoot *True Detective* series two.

It's been an unusually cool spring day. It even rained, which in LA is headlines news. This evening a *True Detective* camera unit has been shooting on location right along these invisible borders, amid the skyscrapers and traffic. If you were a fan of the first series then you'll know the mood of the location fits – a show that on the face of it is about solving a mystery, a murder, a sliding, linear puzzle, but one that, once cracked open, widens out to encompass an entire landscape of corruption, with dark and light, religion and sex, the devil and the cosmos all whizzed up like some kind of hypnotic voodoo TV magic.

Although series one – starring Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson as two detectives who hound down a single inbred, psychopathic serial killer – follows two

timelines in Louisiana, it is clear the creator, cast and crew are all working off a very similar palette second time around.

I am waiting to meet Vince Vaughn, 45, who, along with Rachel McAdams, Colin Farrell and Taylor Kitsch, is one of four main actors signed up. He arrives fresh from the set having just clocked off from another 16-hour shoot day. We meet at the Hotel Figueroa, an old YMCA now decorated to look like a Moroccan riad.

There are low coffee tables made from bent and busted wooden gates, while traditional Moorish lanterns wash the room in orange. Sushi has been ordered – salmon nigiri from the Japanese restaurant across the street – and bottles of San Pellegrino are placed in large ice buckets. Long swaths of patterned material hang overhead and ripple while the air-con hums softly.

When Vaughn walks in he smiles and shakes my hand. He's in great shape. Recent pap shots have shown him receiving his "star" on the Hollywood Walk of Fame but now, as he steps over to take a seat in our pseudo-Bedouin encampment, wearing jeans and a brown leather jacket, it's clear the sharper frame isn't only down to a few well-tailored suits.

Vaughn is built like a retired Oxbridge rower.

'I know tough guys. **REAL TOUGH GUYS.** But I'm an actor. I observe. I mimic. I adjust'

He's *tall* tall: broad shoulders, wide chest, fists that reach down to the floor when he sits. He scratches his shin throughout the near four-hour interview, either because he has eczema or because he wants a smoke. He quit four years ago but he had one a couple of weeks back and yesterday crossed a certain psychological line by buying his own pack of American Spirit. "I will stop. I can stop. But, hey, it's nice with a drink, right?"

If you know anything about *True Detective* it's that you won't know anything about *True Detective* until its writer and creator Nic Pizzolatto wants you to. Thus far, and despite a short teaser trailer released in April, fans have been picking over bones. Last year Pizzolatto described series two as being about "hard women, bad men and the secret occult history of the United States transport system". But the official line, which has since been peddled by the marketing machine, focuses on "three police officers and a career criminal, [who]

must navigate a web of conspiracy in the aftermath of a murder".

The murder is of 52-year-old Ben Caspar, the corrupt manager of a fictional Californian city. The body is found dumped on the Pacific Coast Highway on the eve of a groundbreaking transportation deal that could permanently alter freeway traffic patterns in the city. Farrell, McAdams and Kitsch play three law enforcement officers from three different cities tasked with solving the murder, while Vaughn plays Frank Semyon, a long-serving mobster who, until the murder of Caspar (a business partner), was trying to go legit.

Other insights: Farrell has been required to sport an absurdly oily moustache at some point, and real porn stars may or may not have been hired to shoot a wildly decadent orgy scene. When I ask Pizzolatto whether he can give me any more insight into Vaughn's conflicted character, his motives or his story arc, his reply is emphatic. "I cannot."

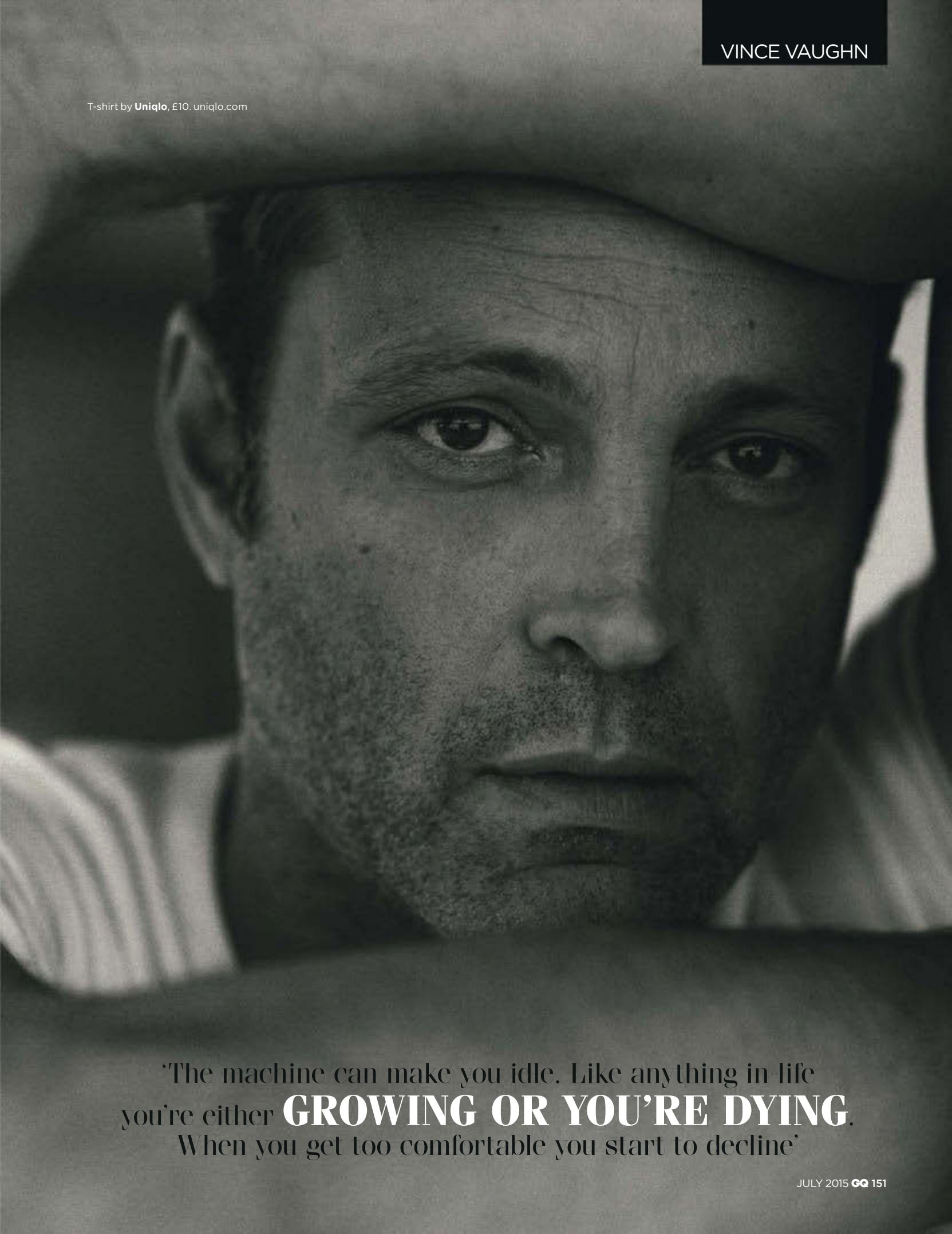
The show's creator does, however, offer clues about a Southern Californian location being integral. "I love Los Angeles, though I don't live there. I like the diversity and energy and topography, and its history is relentlessly fascinating and so incredibly American: the westward expansion, the reinvention of the self, these transformative moments of violence. It's a megalopolis in four dimensions. It's dreamland and it's shadow. Beautiful and doomed. And in cinematographic terms I find it extremely evocative and emotionally operatic."

OK, so it's LA (or somewhere similar to LA) and it's different. Anything else? "If season one had a buddy-cop thing going on, then this is four leads," adds Vaughn. "Their stories are interwoven through a situation that involved them all. My character has a need to search for the truth and for authenticity. He's an explorer, if you will. Why do people do stuff? What are we searching for? How do these things make us feel? He's come from nothing and built his own empire. He's a criminal but he doesn't kill for sport. He's more like a traditional mobster in this way. What needs to get done gets done."

Vaughn's relatively spoiler-free reflections are indicative of his loyalty to, and trust in, Pizzolatto. If there's one thing to know as to why Vaughn signed up to appear in *True Detective* 2, it's that it was because of the creator's uncompromising vision. Pizzolatto, a middle child of four, grew up as part of a poor working-class Catholic family in New Orleans. Aged five, he and his family moved to Louisiana. He has described his childhood as unhappy. "Where I grew up gave you violence as a common language."

Pizzolatto became interested in art as a means to escape his surroundings and, come 2001, he was writing fiction. A short, somewhat disillusioned stint in academia – teaching fiction and literature at the Universities of North Carolina and Chicago – led to a move to California in 2010 to pursue screenwriting. He tried his ➤

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‘The machine can make you idle. Like anything in life
you’re either **GROWING OR YOU’RE DYING.**
When you get too comfortable you start to decline’

hand at working as part of a writing team, specifically for the first series of *The Killing's* American remake, but it was soon clear that he needed to be in charge of his own creative material. "I want to be the guiding vision. I don't do well serving someone else's vision."

"This guy doesn't make creative decisions by committee," adds Vaughn of Pizzolatto. "I am happy to be led by him. And it's all him. All of it. He's the writer, director, show runner. This simply doesn't happen in Hollywood any more. There's not a touch of, 'Hey, what's a good message for the world here?' or, 'What do people want to see?' That is not where he is writing from. Nic is not scared of offending anyone. He's unafraid of political incorrectness."

"I think, for me, there's something in this conflict. It's exciting. It's unpredictable. It's refreshing. It's not presented as a health video to say, 'Here's how to live your life'; it's, 'Let's watch fascinating people who are unapologetic go after the things they are interested in.' I think as cultures, with politics, media, the news and tolerance, we are starved of that."

Pizzolatto himself seems to concur with Vaughn when the subject of difficult, conflicted men comes up, or at least why audiences seem to be drawn to such characters. "Well, everybody's complicated," he says. "Every human being is a composite of various contradictions and conflicting desires: it's just a matter of looking closely enough at any character and mining those things in dramatically illuminating ways. The characters that interest me tend to be passionate people who live according to their own codes, not one imposed on them, and they lead driven, intense lives and usually pay a price for their authenticity in a world largely lacking in it."

The resolute pursuit of authenticity has been playing on Vince Vaughn's mind of late. Let's be clear about something: the man sitting in front of me talking eloquently and passionately about life choices, politics, the industry and his early days as a bachelor in a studio apartment surrounded by pizza boxes is not the one I expected to meet.

This man is no "motor-boating motor-mouth". He isn't the lovable rogue from *Wedding Crashers* or the self-deprecating horny-yet-heroic smartass from *Dodgeball*. Call it a realignment, call it middle age, or call it (if you must) the "Vaughnaisance" – there has been a determined, conscious shift in the actor's priorities. And if you, like me, have had to sit through either *The Internship* or *Delivery Man*, you'll know this can only be a good thing.

"I wanted to kill that guy off," Vaughn explains when considering his return to more dramatic roles, the first in this new batch being *True Detective*. "I was very defiant right up until I did *Old School* [in 2003]. Things like *Dodgeball* and *Wedding Crashers*, these things were smart and cool. I thought they were

badass. And the characters were appealing. It felt like we were kind of doing rock'n'roll back then. I felt good about those movies."

"It was after I had written *Couples Retreat* [in 2009] and I wanted to take that character as far as I could, bring him to his knees and then knock the romantic comedies on the head." So what happened? "I don't know, you get sucked on to a sort of conveyer belt. It's the cliché but it's true. I started doing what I would now call assembly-line comedies where there wasn't a filmmaker or someone like Fav [longtime friend and collaborator Jon Favreau, who wrote and starred alongside Vaughn in their breakout movie, *Swingers* (1995)] whom I could bounce off."

"I'm not blaming anyone else but myself here. The machine can make you idle. You read a script and then you agree to a role, then soon enough you're on set looking at a scene that has had all the juice and the life sucked right out of it. You become a hired gun doing a very inoffensive PG-13 movie and, well, you kind of just go along with it. Like anything in life you're either growing or you're dying. When you get too comfortable you start to decline."

It was while appearing in these schlocky vanilla comedies that Vaughn was signed to a

'Fame made me CAUTIOUS WITH WOMEN, but I never had a problem picking up girls'

new agency. Although many actors would be hesitant to admit it, a great deal of steer and guidance still comes from an actor's core team. When communication breaks down, either between the actor and the agent or, indeed, the agent and the manager, this is when bad career decisions can be made.

In March 2008, according to industry gossip queen Nikki Finke, Vaughn fired his longtime manager, Eric Gold, and his agency, United Talent, on the same day. He'd been with UTA since *Swingers* and with Gold since 2005 and the success of *Wedding Crashers*.

"I'd just made *Fred Claus* and it was looking sour" Vaughn admits candidly. "I left to go with a different agency [Creative Artists] as there was a ton of bad blood between my manager and my agent and they hadn't spoken to each other for something like six months. I'd had enough. I liked the new guys, they had some decent ideas but I didn't have the same sort of rapport as I'd had with my previous team. This

tweak can effect your output, especially if you're not communicating brilliantly."

Although he's recently left CAA to go with William Morris Endeavor, something about that time has stuck with Vaughn. "I remember I was asked to take a meeting with something called the Intelligence Group, a few years ago now. I thought they were selling fear. I sat down with these people and they would tell me, 'Row A are the mainstream, Row B are trendsetters...' and whoever was a trendsetter today would be mainstream tomorrow or some horseshit. Making a film became like stock analysis. It was bullshit. Experiences like this in the industry always remind me of something my father used to say. 'Well, a guy can have on a suit and tie but it doesn't mean he's honest.' What he meant was, 'The guy's a bullshitter. I don't like a word he f***ing says.'"

All the anxiety, excitement and youthful braggadocio that Vaughn experienced while attempting to break into the business can still be seen in *Swingers*, a movie written in two weeks flat by Jon Favreau, himself now a movie director (*Iron Man*, *Cowboys & Aliens* and the forthcoming *Jungle Book* adaptation). Both parties will plead that the film is not entirely autobiographical, but a great deal of the camaraderie between the cast, especially Favreau and Vaughn as Mike and Trent, feels genuine and unaffected.

Although not a big commercial success, the countercultural coolness of the movie transformed Vaughn and Favreau into white-hot contenders pretty much overnight. For Vaughn, who was only 26 at the time *Swingers* hit cinemas, it felt like a long time coming, having moved to LA from Chicago aged only 18. "I lived in a studio. It was furnished but I was too tall for the couch," he remembers. "I looked at acting like a tradesman would. I would hammer away, taking classes, turning up to auditions, getting shut down..."

Vaughn was surprisingly conscientious. If he didn't get a call back from an audition he would deny himself pleasures. He was no Franciscan monk, but he was far from being a slouchy layabout, as one might expect from an oft-described member of the "Frat Pack", the group of actors that includes Owen Wilson, Jack Black and Ben Stiller, who were often seen in comedies together during the Nineties. (It's a label and a collective that Vaughn, in fact, is keen to distance himself from: "I just never felt part of it.")

Still, don't tell me Vince Vaughn wasn't having some wild nights back in the day, especially when *Swingers* hit. "I had older sisters so I was comfortable talking to girls and I had a lot of fun dating. Though fame maybe made me a little more cautious with women. But I never had a problem picking up girls."

"I get along with most people. I enjoy ➤

VINCE VAUGHN



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> drinks and there was a stage back there where I realised I was going out and drinking until 2am five nights a week, but you grow out of that stuff. Just like experimenting with drugs, it's part of growing up, a choice that everyone has to make or not make. You realise what works or what doesn't work."

Favreau met Vaughn in 1993 and it's a friendship that has lasted to this day. "We worked together on *Rudy* and hung out a lot," Favreau explains. "We were both further down the call sheet, so we had a lot of time off and we were so low on the totem pole that production would keep us in town. *Rudy* was shot in Indiana and the big stars, Ned Beatty and those people, they'd come in and the crew would schedule around them, then they'd go home. But people like us are so cheap that they'd keep us around for the whole shoot."

Was Vaughn a big party guy back then? "That was the thing: he always wanted to go out," says Favreau, laughing. "Sure, he was better with girls at times, maybe better with throwing out lines – there's some truth to *Swingers*, I'll admit. He always wanted to go and check out the local gin mills, but I was much more buttoned down..." The obvious sarcasm in Favreau's voice makes clear how close the pair still are. "I'd try and stay in and order room service, but he wanted to go out and spend the per diem because if he didn't spend it he'd have to pay taxes on it."

I tell Favreau how I was surprised not to meet the guy from *Dodgeball*. You know, *that* guy. A man quick to snap open a beer and discuss the game. "You've got to remember that *Swingers* was 20 years ago. And Vince can, and has, done the comedy thing, but as a person he's definitely in a phase of his life where he has all these other important aspects that have emerged, with his family, kids and career. The novelty of the attention and the fame fades. Family is key. He has very deep roots that he continues to maintain. And that takes a tremendous amount of care and attention, as it's very easy to lose connection with that part of your life. Especially when you're living in Los Angeles and working in show business. He, more than anyone I know, has really fostered those relationships."

For Vaughn, it's clear that many of the answers about his values, his career decisions and his morals lie deep within his background – with his father, his mother, his siblings and his wider family. Talking to Vaughn is not like talking to other actors, not any that I've ever interviewed. There are zero platitudes. He is malleable and open-minded in conversation, but his world-view seems fixed. There is no give in his beliefs just to fit in with an opinion or a particular line of questioning. Nothing seems to be off limits with Vaughn. And that's not because he doesn't value privacy, he does, fiercely, but because he seems so self-assured, so at ease with his own internal decision-making process. The man has conviction.

One thing Vaughn also has is a healthy



distrust of power. He's a libertarian. Vaughn has a dislike of "the Man", whether from a lawyer who is charging five per cent – "In what other industry is that OK?" – or that guy in the suit and tie his father warned him about, shaking your hand as he goes through your pockets.

"I was brought up to question certain things, sure," he agrees. "I look at the banks, the political systems, the erosion of that, where things are going and where they have gone, and I hope we get back to some basic principles of liberty. Where is, and what is, freedom nowadays? Like here in the States we have the Patriot Act, where the government can listen to you under the guise of protecting you and then they can arrest you without trial. I don't like the police state and the growing of a police state. It worries me continually."

Vaughn will expand on this sense of injustice, this imbalance of power, for as long as there is whiskey in your glass. "Edward Snowden is a hero," he continues. "I like what he did. My idea of treason is that you sell secrets to the enemy. He gave information to the American people. Snowden didn't take information for money or dogmas. Governments claim to write endless laws to protect us, a law for this, a law for that, but are they working? I don't think so. The consequences are that there is a staggering loss of freedom for the individual.

"I look at the drug wars and they are

absolutely f***ing ridiculous. There is a black market and the prisons are overcrowded and it's not preventing drug use. There's a corruption that goes all the way to the top." Would Vaughn himself decriminalise drugs? "Yes, of course. It's insane. I'm not saying that drugs can't be dangerous but not everyone that does drugs is going to go out and hurt somebody."

The actor is also a fierce supporter of the Second Amendment and gun laws, again as a means of protecting himself and his family from the government. "I support people having a gun in public full stop, not just in your home. We don't have the right to bear arms because of burglars; we have the right to bear arms to resist the supreme power of a corrupt and abusive government. It's not about

duck hunting; it's about the ability of the individual. It's the same reason we have freedom of speech."

As a victim of serious gun crime myself (five men with shotguns and handguns walked into my bedroom one night wearing ski masks) I tell Vaughn I find it hard to see how having a gun in your home would make any situation where a gunman walks into your residence better. "It's well known that the greatest defence against an intruder is the sound of a gun hammer being pulled back. All these gun shootings that have gone down in America since 1950, only one or maybe two have happened in non-gun-free zones.

"Take mass shootings. They've only happened in places that don't allow guns. These people are sick in the head and are going to kill innocent people. They are looking to slaughter defenceless human beings. They do not want confrontation. In all of our schools it is illegal to have guns on campus, so again and again these guys go and shoot up these f***ing schools because they know there are no guns there. They are monsters killing six-year-olds."

Does Vaughn think guns should be allowed in schools? "Of course. You think the politicians that run my country and your country don't have guns in the schools their kids go to? They do. And we should be allowed the same rights. Banning guns is like banning forks in an attempt to stop making people fat. Taking ➤

'Treason is selling SECRETS TO THE ENEMY. Snowden gave them to the American people'

"Taking away guns,
TAKING AWAY
DRUGS and booze,
it won't rid the
world of criminality"

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GQ shot at the Four Aces Motel, Palmdale, California

► away guns, taking away drugs, the booze, it won't rid the world of criminality."

To have an opinion on power and corruption is one thing, but to spend your whole life learning how not to abuse it is quite another. It always makes Vaughn chuckle that some people feel there's a particular darkness to him, a hidden criminality that seems to seep through those narrow eyes somehow.

Maybe it's his sharp intellect or something to do with the confident way he can hold his long frame that gives the impression of a man who, if he chose to, could wield power. A racketeer. A wise guy. It tickles Vaughn because nothing could be further from the truth. He not only distrusts others with power, but he's almost allergic to it himself. He walks around power when many times he could have abused it.

"Take this show [*True Detective*]," the actor adds. "People, critics will speculate as to where such a conflicted, difficult man comes from, or where certain character traits come from. I'm an actor. I observe. I mimic. I adjust. That's it. Maybe I've a certain skill at putting it all together, that's not for me to say, but it's not sorcery. It's work. Frank Semyon isn't me. The tics and the traits come from somewhere, sure, and we all have many sides, but I won't be taking any menace home with me to my son, my wife or my five-year-old daughter."

"I know tough guys, really tough guys, similar to the character I'm playing in *True Detective*. Bad men. I went back to Chicago recently and I went to a bar and I sat down. A while later a drink came over. The waiter pointed to where it had come from and it was these guys, these connected guys, you know? I didn't send it back but I ordered them a drink and then I left the place. I had zero interest in it. I don't want to be around it. It's not glamorous to me."

Our sushi is done, it's edging towards midnight and the hotel proprietors want us out. We stand and have a smoke under the skyscrapers that reflect the night like a black mirror. We discuss childcare, mobile phones and the French political system. "Good conversation," he says. Good conversation. Shaking my hand, he nods to his driver, jumps in his waiting SUV and speeds back towards his family in Manhattan Beach, all the way home, watching through the glass as the tombstone Los Angeles cityscape bleeds out into the rolling Pacific. Observing. Mimicking. Adjusting. ☺



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► **Kit Harington** (*Tom Lamont, January 2015*)

► **Matthew McConaughey** (*Stuart McGurk, December 2014*)

► **Mark Wahlberg** (*Matthew Specktor, July 2014*)

Here's a question: how popular is Kendall Jenner? The answer depends on your point of view. For starters, there's the 10.3 million people who follow the 19-year-old's every word on Twitter (sample tweet: "pop tart to go?"). The 24 million who follow her every image on Instagram (sample Instagram: a picture of her nude rear end, bent over, in profile, with a toy car balanced on top). The 1,839 *Daily Mail*

stories (no, really) that have mentioned her in the past year alone, a number likely to have increased in the time it took you to finish this sentence. Or, maybe, the truth is something easier to understand but harder to count: that right now, supermodel Kendall Jenner is the only show in town: the new face of Calvin Klein jeans, the reigning catwalk queen, and, as *American Vogue* put it, the leading lady of the "Instagirl era".

Yes, sure, we get it: she's from the Kardashian clan, that coven of raven-haired fame-hustlers for whom a cameraman in the kitchen is just another day at the office. But – and stay with us here – Jenner's a little different.

Kardashian at all (she's Kim's half-sister; same mother, Kris Jenner but the daughter of former Olympian and current sex-changer Bruce Jenner rather than the late lawyer Robert Kardashian); a living, breathing lifestyle brand, swanning from Coachella by private jet, limoing through NYC, ping-ponging the Paris fashion parties. Do we want to do it all with her? Nah – it sounds exhausting. But it's good to know someone is. **Stuart McGurk** 

Bra, £35. Belt, £25. Both by **Cosabella**. cosabella.com.
Sandals by **Alaïa**, £1,120.
At Harrods. harrods.com.
Bracelet by **Cartier**,
£4,850. cartier.co.uk



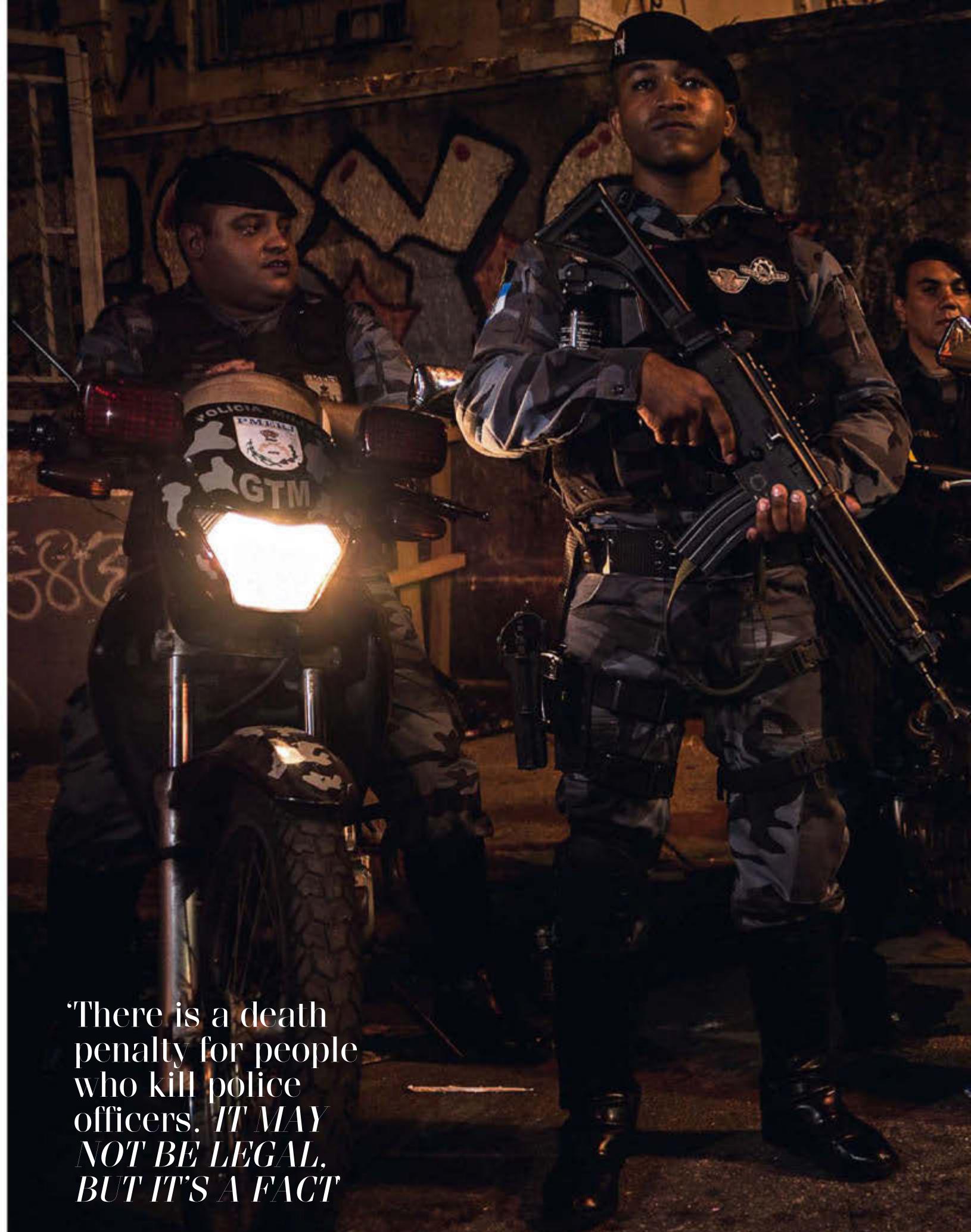
K E N D A L L



STYLING BY
MADELINE WEEKS PHOTOGRAPH BY
STEVEN KLEIN

Once just a bit-part player in the family saga that turned into the world's favourite reality show, Kendall Jenner then did something nobody expected. She became a supermodel, a social-media phenomenon and her own lifestyle brand. Not bad for the little sister of the most famous woman on the planet...

J E N N E R



'There is a death
penalty for people
who kill police
officers. *IT MAY
NOT BE LEGAL,
BUT IT'S A FACT*

Brazil's killer cops

Six Brazilians a day die at the hands of state security forces - the brutal result of a civil war between police death squads and criminal gangs that is spiralling out of control in the country's troubled cities

Show of force:
The notorious military police patrol the Rio Carnival in 2010.
More than 2,000
Brazilians are killed by
the security forces
every year

STORY BY BRUCE DOUGLAS



Eduardo Chaves used to spend most of the day asleep. Shortly after turning 16, he began working nights, delivering mangoes, bananas and acerola cherries to grocery stores in the rougher parts of Belém, a sweltering port city in the northern Brazilian state of Pará, near where the Amazon meets the Atlantic.

He needed the money. Unlike many of the other kids in Terra Firme, a violent neigh-

Pet's friends started posting messages calling for action. One, Rossiley Silva, another military police officer, wrote, "Friends, our little brother Pet (Corporal Figueiredo) has just been killed in Guamá. I am going. I hope to count on the maximum number of friends. We are going to respond. Sgt Rossiley."

Then the WhatsApp messages began to appear: anonymous audio, sent from a friend of a friend. No one seemed to know the origin. An authoritative male voice saying, "People, please, do whatever you need to, but don't go to Guamá, Canudos or Terra Firme tonight. It's for your own safety. They killed one of our police officers and there is going to be a clean-up of the area. No one will protect you, not even the commissioner himself."

Leonice was frightened. She had left her baby with a neighbour a few blocks away. Now she wanted to pick her up in case there was trouble. Eduardo didn't want to let her go alone. His grandmother, María Auxiliadora, tried to persuade him not to leave.

Maria's house looks on to one of Terra Firme's central alleyways. As the couple turned the corner on to another street, a group of men on motorbikes appeared, their faces hidden by helmets. In her account to a local TV station, before she fled the city, Leonice described how one of the men ordered them to stop. A black

police broke into their home. Although the man offered to surrender, they shot him in the head.

By Brazilian standards, it was an unexceptional death, but for the fact his killing was linked to a death squad that had been under investigation for the previous six months. Seven police officers and military personnel were subsequently arrested. It was the fourth operation against death squads in Brazil's northeast in the past three years; at least 45 serving police officers have been arrested.

In Pará, there have been five massacres over the past five years; in all five, police officers have been accused of involvement. In one incident, in November 2011, a group of six teenagers were shot dead in the street by two men on a motorbike. A former police officer was convicted in October 2014 and sentenced to 120 years in prison. The second suspect has never been found.

These were the headlines on the front page of the *Diário Do Pará* the day I arrived two weeks after the attacks: "12 Paraenses Killed Every Day"; "Man Steals R\$100,000"; "Boy Is Killed With 36 Stab Wounds"; and "Police Officer Is Shot After Responding To Assault". The top story was the work of JR Avelar, the only journalist in the state with a police radio, a gift from a parting police chief grateful for his positive coverage. Over the three decades he

'They killed one of our officers and there is going

bourhood of narrow alleyways, breeze block houses and low-slung power cables, he didn't drink, didn't smoke and wasn't that into clothing brands. But his girlfriend, Leonice Viana, had a baby from a previous relationship and he wanted to step up.

Most evenings, he went to college to learn how to run a small business, or else played video games with his younger brother. But on the night of 4 November 2014, Eduardo was with Leonice at his grandmother's house when the messages started to appear on Facebook.

Antônio Figueiredo, 43, a corporal in Belém's Rondas Ostensivas Táticas Metropolitanas (ROTAM), the elite squad of the local military police, had been shot dead in the neighbouring area of Guamá. "Pet", as Figueiredo had been known since childhood, was well known in the area. Officially, he ran a private security business while he was off-duty. But in Guamá and Terra Firme, it was rumoured he worked for a death squad, killing suspected criminals for cash. At the time of his murder he was on medical leave after being shot in the knee. He was also being investigated over two homicides.

A few hours after his death, a message appeared on the official Facebook page of ROTAM: "Go with God, my brother! You fought the good fight and fulfilled your mission. Now let the hunting begin!! You get that, scum... ROTAM's blood is up."

car blocked the alley behind. Leonice was told to let go of Eduardo's hand. She tried to grab him, but they pushed her away. The men started beating him, shoving his head against the wall. Eduardo raised his arm, screaming that he was not a criminal. The first bullet went through his hand, then four more were fired into his head. His father found his body in the street.

A further nine people were killed that night in Belém. In six of the murders, including Eduardo's, the casings found at the scenes came from .40 calibre pistols, the standard issue firearm for military police in Pará.

"What they did to him, you wouldn't even do to an animal," his grandmother told me.

Death squads comprising off-duty police officers and other members of the state security forces have long been a feature of the criminal ecosystems of Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo. There is increasing evidence that such groups operate elsewhere in Brazil – and it's only getting worse.

In October 2014, an escaped prisoner in the northeastern city of Poço Verde was shot dead by police, reportedly during a shoot-out. But the dead man's widow told a TV interviewer that her husband had been sitting on the sofa with his four-year-old daughter when the

has spent working the crime beat, Avelar has cultivated an extensive network of police officers, hospital workers and morgue attendants.

His smartphones constantly buzz with photos of corpses sent via WhatsApp. In our first meeting, Avelar briskly swiped through a few snaps of the bloodied, bullet-ridden bodies of three plain-clothes police officers, a picture of a beautiful woman whose back had been ripped apart by shark's teeth, and the image of a suspected rapist whose anus had been plugged with a thick wooden stake.

But most of the dead are young, black or mixed-race men shot to death in one of the poorer *bairros* of Belém. If the victim is worth a story, Avelar will ensure the photo is published in the *Diário Do Pará*. A few years back, a hard-fought judicial ruling granted the paper the right to print images of the dead, but only with faces pixelated – a restriction Avelar regards as a contemptible attack on press freedom.

A short, wiry man with a smartly clipped salt-and-pepper beard and aviator sunglasses, Avelar dresses all in black, with combat trousers and a long-sleeve shirt with his name sown in yellow stitching above the left breast pocket. Though crime is his staple, the biggest scoop he ever had was a photo of a baby with two heads. "That sold round the world," he said.

It was an airless Friday night in late November and we were parked underneath one of the ➤



Blood feud: Six suspected gang members were killed by Rio police following the murder of an officer days before, 4 February 2014

to be a clean-up. *NO ONE WILL PROTECT YOU*



New order: Residents of Rio's slums observe a retaliatory strike by officers in the wake of attacks on police outposts, 26 March 2014



Weapons hot:
Guns are not easy
to obtain legally in
Brazil, so criminals
target the police to
steal their arms

'If a police officer thinks his family is at risk *HE CARRIES*



Lines in the sand:
On Copacabana
Beach, crosses count
every military police
officer dealt a violent
death between 2013
and 2014

➤ mango trees that line the city streets outside the homicide division of the civil police.

I shared the back seat of Avelar's car with a bulletproof vest and several thick rolls of police tape. "I buy my own," he told me. "I seal off the crime scene myself when I get there. Each roll costs around R\$40 (£10) but the police don't want to spend that money, so they are always happy when I turn up at a crime scene with mine."

I asked him about the recent killings. "The police say they are investigating," he said. "If you want my opinion, they won't get anywhere. It's not in their interests."

Murder is one of Brazil's most distinctive industries. More than 53,000 Brazilians were killed in 2013: one every ten minutes. More people have been killed in Brazil over the past four years than in Syria's civil war. The overwhelming majority of Brazil's victims are young, male, black and poor.

Brazil's police force is divided into three: military, civil and federal. The military police patrol the streets, and despite the dangerous nature of the job are paid less than their civil counterparts. Co-operation between the civil and the military forces is often strained, undermining the police's capacity to solve crimes.

moonlighting in a certain area [common practice among Brazil's low-paid police officers] he will try to rob you for your gun or even kill you for it. A policeman on his own is running a big risk."

The low conviction rate of Brazilian homicides, estimated at between five and eight per cent by the nonprofit Brazilian Criminology Association, means that killing a police officer or a security guard is often the most rational option in the commission of a crime.

For the police, it also makes sense to shoot first. If a suspect is killed by a police officer, the homicide is almost always classified as *auto de resistência* [literally, "act of resistance"], which effectively shifts the blame for the death on to the victim himself and removes the need for an internal investigation.

Bruce Christian, a 14-year-old boy riding on the back of his father's motorbike in the north-eastern city of Fortaleza, was shot dead by police after his father failed to heed a command to stop. Ricardo Prudente, a 39-year-old advertising executive, was killed after police mistook his mobile phone for a gun. Local news reported Flávio Ferreira Santana, an unarmed dentist, was shot dead by police who then altered the crime scene and left a gun in his hand. All were classified as *autos de resistência*.

I asked Corporal J if the police sought out criminals to kill when they were off duty.

admits to killing at least 42 people. "And I don't regret a single one," he told me.

Though repeatedly investigated, he has never been charged with any crime and has been elected to public office many times. There is a widespread acceptance in Brazilian society that most killings by police are probably justified. *Bandido bom é bandido morto*. A good criminal is a dead criminal.

In Belém, I visited Terra Firme a few weeks after Eduardo's death. Human-rights groups, along with a few state legislators, the residents of the *bairro* and the families of those killed, were holding a protest to demand an investigation into the murders.

Around a hundred demonstrators ambled through the dusty streets one Sunday morning, under a relentless equatorial sun, accompanied by an incongruously upbeat band and a grey Ford Escort, struggling over the neighbourhood's vicious speed bumps with the weight of its massive sound system. The march followed the route the death squad had taken through the area. At the place where Eduardo was killed, María Auxiliadora held up a poster on which she had stuck a photograph of her grandson and a handwritten message. "I am a sheep and I can be found by the side of my shepherd: the Lord Jesus."

OUT JUSTICE WITH HIS OWN HANDS. That's natural'

The police make their own substantial contribution to the murder rate. According to the Fórum Brasileiro De Segurança Pública, a security think-tank, Brazilian police killed an average of six people every day in 2013. Between 2009–2013 the police killed 11,197 – more than the total number of people killed by police in the US over the past 30 years.

That number is likely to be an underestimate. Samira Bueno, the think-tank's director, believes police in Brazil are not in the habit of recording police lethality. "There is an under-reporting," she said. Each year, a further 15,000 deaths are categorised as "to be clarified".

But the police, particularly the military branch, are also the victims of Brazil's violence. Over the same five-year period, 1,170 police officers were killed. They are much more vulnerable off-duty, when they are almost three times more likely to be killed.

Police officers can be targeted because of their weapons. For Brazilians outside of the security forces it is extremely difficult to purchase a gun legally. The police, however, are licensed to carry weapons even when off-duty.

"Corporal J", a military police officer in São Paulo who spoke on condition of anonymity told me that when he started in the police 21 years ago, the biggest risk to life came during working hours. "Now, the risk is constant," he said. "If some criminal finds out you are

"Sometimes," he said. "If a police officer feels threatened or he thinks his family is at risk, he will carry out justice with his own hands. That's natural." Such a killing, he told me, would be investigated like any other murder. "If they find a suspect, they will charge them. If not, they leave it and... forget about it."

Brazilians have a low level of trust in their police, but an even lower level of trust in their criminal justice system. Brazil has the world's fourth-largest prison population, with more than half a million people incarcerated, but just over 40 per cent awaiting trial. Still, many Brazilians think the state is far too lax.

Roberval Conte Lopes, a São Paulo city councillor and former commander of an elite military police squad, gave me the example of Zé Galinha. "He was a criminal who surrendered after a shoot-out with police. He was released after a month and then went on to rape and murder a young girl," he said. "I think it would have been better if he'd been shot. Don't you?"

Conte Lopes received a degree of national fame following the publication of *ROTA 66 – The History Of Police Who Kill*, a prize-winning book by Caco Barcellos, which claimed Conte Lopes had participated in a death squad that killed hundreds in the city in the Eighties. In his own book, *To Kill Or To Die*, Conte Lopes denies being part of a death squad but freely

"He went to church," she said, uncomprehendingly. "It was just that he was weak. It's not right that they should do that, just because he had strayed a little." She started sobbing and was unable to continue.

It was unclear what she meant. Eduardo's grandfather, Raimundo Alonso, and his father, Sergio Chaves, told me that Eduardo had never had any problems with the police and had no involvement with drug trafficking.

But another prominent local journalist, Amaury Silveira, the father of two military police officers, had told me earlier that all the victims of the night's killing had been selected in advance. "None of the guys they killed were innocent, except for one of them, who was just a bus fare collector." Still, not a single one of those killed had a police record.

Rosenil Alves, a 46-year-old woman who has lived in Terra Firme since she was a teenager, was standing in front of her house, watching the demonstration go by. She told me how she spent the night that Pet, Eduardo and the others were killed standing by her window, watching the police cars, the ambulances and finally the reporters. "I received lots of messages on WhatsApp that night. That's what terrified me. My God, I thought to myself, can they really have killed that many people?"

All across Belém that night, messages were posted on Facebook and WhatsApp claiming ➤

that dozens of people all over the city were being killed. Horrific images, many culled from internet reports of unrelated incidents, were passed between friends as evidence of an ongoing bloodbath.

"There was total panic," Samuelson Higaki, the investigating officer from the civil police's technological crime unit, told me. "The next day people stayed at home. No one wanted to go into the street. People were claiming there were shoot-outs, that the police were picking people up at random."

On 5 November, Luiz Fernandes Rocha, then security secretary for the state of Pará, gave a press conference in which he said ten people, excluding Corporal Pet, had been killed overnight. A contact at Belém's city morgue said the real figure was closer to 80, and that the mayhem that night had provided cover for the elimination of undesirables. The civil police told me that number was "unfounded".

Six of those killed, including Eduardo, were executed by masked men riding motorbikes. "We believe these murders were carried out by the same group," Fernandes Rocha said. "We are also investigating whether these crimes were committed by police officers."

As for the messages that appeared to have been posted by the police, Higaki would only tell me that some police officers were among

A large, powerfully built man with a shaved head and a gold chain around his neck, S welcomed me warmly into his home, accessed via the metal door of a garage, in a quiet residential street. Despite repeated threats to his life, S told me the house had no special security system in place other than some internal cameras and "the protection of God".

S seemed vaguely amused throughout most of the interview. But when irritated by a line of questioning his eyes narrowed. "He's pretty tough," Avelar had told me. "He really goes after the bad guys."

Born and raised in Belém, S lives with his wife of 23 years, three children and his mother in the neighbourhood where he grew up, though he told me that for his own safety he does not spend much time on the streets any more. A few months ago, he was leaving the gym when he was attacked by three armed men in the car park of a supermarket. He managed to shoot one of them and the other two fled. S said that he was lucky to have never been injured in his career, although he did bear "wounds of the soul". Most weeks, he told me, he was involved in a shoot-out at work.

Two major events had changed the way he thought about policing. One was the killing of a close colleague; the other was when a stranger begged him for help after receiving

his cool. "They're crazy. They're attacking the most vulnerable part of the state: the police."

On 30 January 2015, the Pará state assembly released its 226-page report. It concluded that there were at least four militias operating across the state, all of them with some level of participation from the military police, funded by drug trafficking, racketeering and contract killing. Wiretap evidence presented to the inquiry revealed that militia members charged between R\$200 (£50) and R\$15,000 (£3,500) per kill.

At least 60 people, among them serving police officers and politicians, were accused of involvement in militias. The report's authors concluded that Corporal Pet was murdered by members of his own militia in a dispute over money and called for Sergeant Rossiley Silva, the man who appeared to co-ordinate the massacre of 4 November, to be indicted.

No one has yet been arrested in connection with the killings that night, though the state police force insist the investigation is ongoing. Few of those involved in compiling the report expect the police to find sufficient evidence to prosecute individuals.

The police have made one arrest since the assembly concluded its inquiry. Otacilio José

'If someone is killed, it's not me doing the killing.'

the suspects, but no arrests have been made. Rossiley Silva told the *Washington Post* his Facebook post had been misinterpreted. He has been temporarily moved from frontline police work to an administrative post.

Ten days after the massacre, Layane Gomes Soares, a girlfriend of Pet, was shot dead by two men in a suburb of Belém, apparently on the orders of a jealous imprisoned ex-boyfriend.

That same day, the police arrested Henrique Cardoso Souza, also known as "Bigfoot", an alleged member of Equipe Rex, the gang which controls the drug trade in Terra Firme, on suspicion of Pet's murder. Half an hour after he was released he was gunned down by someone firing from the window of a black car.

"There is a death penalty for people who kill police officers," Dr Isabela Oliveira das Neves, a former cop turned human rights investigator told me. "It may not be legal, but it's a fact."

Avelar took me to meet another friend of Pet, who agreed to speak to me anonymously. "Sergeant S" is a serving military police officer, in the force for more than 20 years. Until recently he managed to combine a career in ROTAM, the same elite squad that Pet belonged to, with a vocation as an evangelical pastor.

a death threat. "I told the guy to leave me alone. That very day they killed him. So now if anyone comes to me asking for help – big or small – I will do it because that way I can stop bigger problems."

Sergeant S said that he had only ever killed people in self defence. "I have never regretted killing anyone. I sleep well at night. I have been investigated over four cases and I have never been prosecuted. There are still three lawsuits outstanding against me, but I have never regretted anything I have done. I always did my duty. I don't have any problem shooting someone who is threatening me or any another law-abiding person. My job is to protect people. And if someone is killed, it's not me who is doing the killing. It's the state. The state gives me this power."

I asked him how many people he has killed. "I have no idea. I can't remember. That's something we don't talk about."

As for the murders on the night of 4 November, S claimed the victims were criminals fighting over territory. "The police had nothing to do with those deaths."

In the wake of the murders, the parliamentary assembly in Pará launched an investigation to determine whether death squads and militias were operating in the state. I asked S what he thought of the inquiry.

"Ridiculous," he shouted, momentarily losing

Queiroz Gonçalves, a former military police officer known as "Cilinho", was arrested on 9 February on an outstanding homicide arrest warrant that predates the November massacre. Retired from the police ten years ago after being diagnosed with schizophrenia, Cilinho ran the Guamá militia along with Pet, according to the report. In the meantime, the violence continues in Belém. In late February and early March, there were serious riots in five of the city's overcrowded jails. Nine municipal buses were also set on fire by gangs linked to the inmates.

"Organised crime is moving into Belém," Avelar wrote to me via WhatsApp. "They're copying Rio."

For the security forces, there are other, more pressing, priorities. Avelar believes the arrest of Cilinho will be the end of the state's efforts to investigate militias or find those responsible for the killings of 4 November.

"They found a scapegoat," he wrote. "Now they'll just forget about it."



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IT'S THE STATE. The state gives me this power'



Gun club: A haul
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To infinity and beyond

Floating almost 200m above the Marina Bay Sands Resort in Singapore, the world's highest infinity pool crowns the hottest luxury destination in the Far East. And if vertigo puts you off your breaststroke with Beckham, why not come down to earth in style at the £5 billion casino below...

STORY BY **STUART McGURK**



Water world: The 191m-high pool hangs over the central tower of the Marina Bay Sands Resort and gives swimmers skyline views of Singapore

David Beckham has swum there – Instagramming a picture of himself hanging at the pool's edge; Gwyneth Paltrow has done a photoshoot there, floating on the surface with skyscrapers in the background; and everyone from Zoe Saldana (film premiere), to Aerosmith (awards ceremony) to The Rolling Stones (a leg of a world tour) has checked into the 2,561-room hotel below. Put simply: what you're looking at

isn't just the coolest swimming pool in the world, but one that sits on top of what is now the Far East's must-visit destination: the \$8 billion (£5.2bn) Marina Bay Sands Resort, the most expensive standalone casino on the planet.

Designed by Israeli architect Moshe Safdie – who this year won the AIA Gold Medal, the highest accolade of the American Institute Of Architects, for his trouble – the "Infinity Edge" pool literally hangs in the sky. And the ledge Beckham pictured himself paddling from? It overhangs the north tower of the three-tower resort by 67 metres, set, as it is, on top of the world's largest cantilevered platform. This gives swimmers a view of the Singapore skyline as they do the breaststroke alongside the 146m vanishing edge, 191m above

ground (it's the highest pool with an "infinity edge" in the world, and the world's largest rooftop pool to boot).

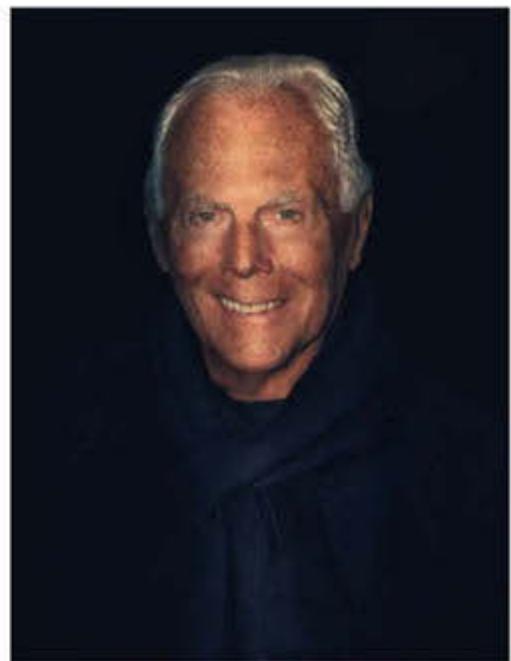
After a dip there's the Sands Grand Ballroom to visit below where the likes of the Stones played, but the real action comes after dark on the surrounding 340m "Sky Park" – the best spot in the Far East to eat, drink, bump into Gwyneth and Becks and enjoy the finest view in Singapore. marinabaysands.com



Brian Gigolo

In 1980, one film redefined modern menswear and set in motion a revolution in style that is still being felt to this day. The film was American Gigolo, the fashion designer was Giorgio Armani – and the Italian master has been inspiring (and dressing) Hollywood's biggest and best ever since. Here, GQ presents an exclusive portfolio of icons for whom Armani has provided the best tailoring in the business, from a great auteur to a musical legend, a Goodfella to a supervillain, plus the finest up-and-coming actors in film and television

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY **KURT ISWARIENKO** STYLING BY **JO LEVIN**





THE MASTER
MARTIN SCORSESE

Mart. Marty. Mr Scorsese. Whatever you call him (though in fairness, unless you're Leo, it's Mr Scorsese to you), he is, and remains, a freak in the best possible way. The last director standing from Hollywood's Seventies golden era, at 72, he's still knocking out insta-classics that feel as kinetic and vital as the time he was making them with chemical assistance (see *The Wolf Of Wall Street* for details). And the director's director shows no signs of slowing: he's currently filming the Liam Neeson-starring historical drama *Silence*, and next up is a little biopic called *Sinatra*. To say we're excited doesn't come close.

Suit, £1,800. Shirt, £240. Shoes, £290. All by **Giorgio Armani**. armani.com. Grooming William Murphy at Atelier Management



A TIMELESS CLASSIC
TONY BENNETT

Here's a list of things that most 88-year-old crooners aren't doing but Tony Bennett is. He's releasing new albums, like last year's *Cheek To Cheek*, which just happened to debut at No1 in the charts and made him the oldest artist ever to do so. He's touring with Lady Gaga, which almost certainly makes him the oldest artist to ever do that. And he's still calling for the legalisation of drugs – all drugs – which no old person has done since Woodstock. The cherry on the cake? He performed at a celebration this year of what would have been Frank Sinatra's 100th birthday. Here's betting Bennett will perform at his own.

Suit, £1,950. Shirt, £250. Tie, £180.
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MAD, BAD AND DANGEROUS
BENICIO DEL TORO

He may have only been in them for a few fleeting scenes, but with Benicio Del Toro's role as the mysterious "Collector" in Marvel superhero blockbusters *Guardians Of The Galaxy* and *Thor: The Dark World*, the 48-year-old may end up with the biggest part in the most ambitious blockbuster conga line in the history of Hollywood: forget Hulk, Iron Man and the rest, if the fanboy rumours are true, Benicio will end up being the arch villain taking on the ever-expanding Avengers in the two-part super-blockbuster *Avengers: Infinity War*, out in 2018 and 2019. We're calling it. Best. Villain. Ever.

Suit, £1,950. Shirt, £250.
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armani.com. **Grooming**
Fabiola at Tracey Mattingly

SERIOUS CONTENDER

ZACHARY QUINTO

He might be American, have the hair of a recently shorn marine and mostly be known for playing an alien with pointy ears (yes, Spock) in the rebooted *Star Trek*, but it says everything about Zachary Quinto's adaptability that he's next set to play mild-mannered journalist Glenn Greenwald in Oliver Stone's *Snowden*, about, well, document leaker Edward Snowden (Joseph Gordon-Levitt will play the man himself). After that, the gay 37-year-old is set to appear in *I Am Michael*, about a gay activist (played by James Franco) who denounces homosexuality and becomes a Christian pastor.

Dressing gown, £3,100. Shirt, £310.

Cravat, £360. Pocket square, £180.

Cufflinks, £125. All by **Giorgio**

Armani. armani.com. **Grooming**

Losi at Brydges & Mackinney



THE FACE

BOBBY CANNAVALE

Bobby Cannavale is a guy with one of those faces - he could be anyone, and often is, from a special agent in the delightfully absurd *Snakes On A Plane* to a mobster in biopic *Lovelace*, to a befuddled husband in Woody Allen's acclaimed 2013 drama *Blue Jasmine*. Typecasting is not a problem. It's also a face that has snared the 45-year-old one of Hollywood's hottest properties as his partner, the Australian actress Rose Byrne. Yet, soon, Hollywood's everyman is set to be everywhere, with a lead role in the latest comic-book blockbuster *Ant-Man*, starring Paul Rudd, out next month. Expect people everywhere to start saying, "Isn't he the guy from...?"

Mac, £2,600. Shirt, £310. Tie, £180. All by **Giorgio Armani**. armani.com. Grooming Losi at Brydges & Mackinney





THE DARK STAR
RAY LIOTTA

If there's one role we didn't exactly expect *Goodfellas* alumnus and all-round criminal-faced actor Ray Liotta to end up in, it was starring in flame-haired warbler Ed Sheeran's latest music video. But watch it, and it starts to make sense: Liotta, now 60, plays a washed-up, hard-living frontman filling his days with drink, hookers and drugs. In other words, classic Liotta, who has made the menacing hardman's menacing hardman his speciality. Next up: TV series *Shades Of Blue* alongside Jennifer Lopez, in which he plays a police officer. A remarkably menacing one...

Shirt by **Giorgio Armani**, £310.
armani.com. Grooming Marissa
Machado at Art Department



MR MACHIAVELLI

DYLAN McDERMOTT

Bless the new wave of long-form TV: not only does it give us Netflix binge-watching and a new series of much-missed classics, but it has also given us the perma-reboot. New characters, same show; meaning Matthew McConaughey can pop one series of *True Detective* then swan back to Chris Nolan sci-fi behemoths. It's also meant Golden Globe-winner Dylan McDermott can star in one iteration of *American Horror Story*, *Murder House*, as a psychiatrist, and another, *Asylum*, as a homicidal maniac. This month McDermott, 53, can be seen closer to home – in London-based spy thriller *Survivor*, alongside former 007 Pierce Brosnan.

Suit, £1,650. Shirt, £250. Tie, £180.
All by **Giorgio Armani**. armani.com.
Watch, Dylan's own. **Grooming**
Sylvia Vieu-Kistler at Cloutier Remix



GQ tablet extra!
See exclusive film from
the shoot on iPad and
Samsung Galaxy Tab S

THE CABLE GUY PETER FACINELLI

Peter Facinelli has a name that only a mother could love and only an Italian could say. But in terms of Hollywood, the 41-year-old only has one name, generally screamed by teenage girls, and it sounds a bit like: "DoctorCarlisleCullenOMG!" That's because he's starred in all five *Twilight* films as Robert Pattinson's father, propelling him into teenosphere superstardom in the bargain. But his best work comes in quiet cable drama: from *Six Feet Under* to *Damages*, to his current starring role in the award-laden *Nurse Jackie*, as Dr Cooper – a much easier name to say. ☺

Suit, £1,650. Shirt, £350. Both by

Giorgio Armani. armani.com.

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Special thanks to The Carlyle Hotel, New York (rosewoodhotels.com/en/the-carlyle-new-york) and the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, Los Angeles (fourseasons.com/beverlywilshire)



'What's the point of creating something
if you don't love it'

No Money No Honey
無金無甜心

GQ ICON

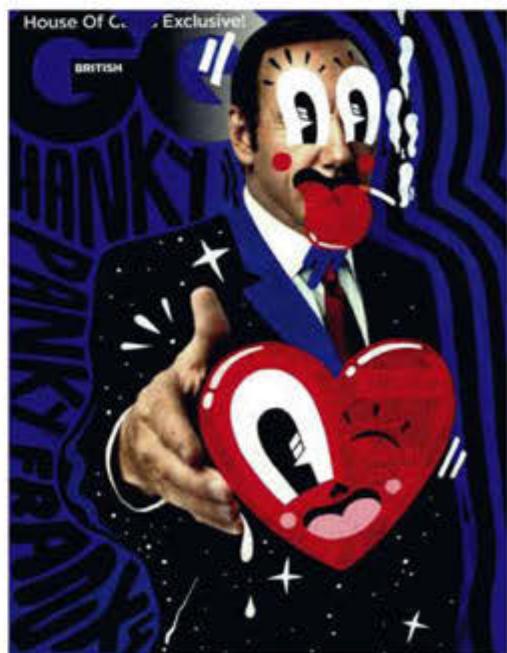
Hattie STEWART

She is the darling of the art world, the darling of the fashion world, and her 'doodle-bombed' magazine covers have become much sought-after. Now, London-based artist Hattie Stewart is taking the world by storm, with a big smile and a fistful of Posca pens

STORY BY DYLAN JONES
PORTRAIT BY EVE LLOYD KNIGHT



Bright star:
Hattie Stewart in
her colourful studio in
Haggerston, London,
2015; (right) her
take on GQ's March
2015 Kevin Spacey
cover; (above) the
artist's 'Heart Tongue'



I like physics," Stephen Hawking famously said, "but I love cartoons."

He would probably like Hattie Stewart's work, then, as she is one of the best "cartoonists" of her era. Of course she isn't really a cartoonist at all, nor really an illustrator, even though she calls herself one. No, Hattie Stewart is actually an artist, a young Essex-born, London-based artist with a playful, exuberant and somewhat cheeky style. A self-proclaimed "professional doodler", her work is inspired by the cartoons she devoured as a child, and by the likes of artists such as Andy Warhol and Keith Haring.

Her work is deliberately childlike, yet searingly contemporary, with a smart, stylish edge that has made her a darling of the fashion industry: in the past few years she has collaborated with the likes of Katie Hillier, Henry Holland, Marc Jacobs, *Rookie*, Pepsi, Old Navy and Adidas, as well as Azealia Banks and Roman Coppola. Because of this work she has developed something of an international reputation, and has exhibited in LA, Miami, New York and Berlin as well as in London. Stewart is popular with companies who want, as someone put it recently, "a big old dose of colour and weird magic injected into their brand."

Stewart's calling card is her magazine work, or rather the magazine covers she customises, seemingly on a monthly basis. She calls this work "doodle-bombing", where she draws over the covers of copies of *Vogue*, *Interview*, *i-D*, *Rolling Stone* and *Love*, as well as old-fashioned titles such as *Time* and *Playboy*. She uses Posca pens, the vibrant "magic" markers that are almost a medium in their own right, which give her doodles an incredible depth and energy. The tongue has become something of a motif in her work, like a slightly sinister, if childlike, version of the Rolling Stones logo. On one of her covers, for instance, Nicki Minaj is transformed into someone spewing star-spangled cartoon tar in space.

Many people have tried this kind of thing before, and many have done it badly. A few years ago even Bob Dylan had a go, with an exhibition called *Revisionist Art* consisting of parody covers for magazines such as *Architectural Digest*, *TV Guide* and *Playboy*. "Mel Gibson Insists 3D Version Of The Ten Commandments Movie Will Be Ready For Sundance," read the headline on Dylan's spoof cover of *Movie Scene*. But Dylan's covers weren't very good. Doctored magazine covers tend to be sledgehammer tirades against isms (capitalism, sexism etc), or else they are reductive abstractions of the covers themselves. Stewart's reflect both celebration and frustration, which I suppose is what doodling is all about in the first place. She still refers to herself as little other than a doodler, yet she is anything but, using her magazine covers as a springboard for her imagination, and I defy anyone not to smile when they see them for the first time.



Cover girl: Hattie Stewart's 'doodle-bombs' reimagine magazines including *Love*, *Wonderland*, *Vogue* – and, naturally, *GQ*

Also, far from demonising magazines, her work actually elevates them to icon status, in a way that Warhol did all those years ago, creating a world where art didn't just comment on the modern world, but became subsumed by it. Of course, taste has its own algorithms, but by their very nature, these new covers are almost as important as the originals (if you consider magazine covers to be important, that is, which I have to say I do). In a way Stewart's work reminds me of Devo's hilarious 1977 cover of the Rolling Stones' "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction", where the band erased the song's defining characteristic hook, the guitar riff. By dint of that, Devo's version is as genuine as the original, and one can say the same about Stewart's covers.

"At first I drew on whatever I had on my shelf, *Vogue*, *i-D* and *Dazed and Love*," she says. "More of the arty ones than *Hello!* or *OK!* if you know what I mean. I kind of became a little selective by choosing who was on the covers, but often the ones I didn't particularly like were the best ones anyway."

So far she has not been bothered by any legal issues, principally because her magazine customisations are abstractions rather than denigrations. The first thing I thought when I first saw her work was that I wanted to commission her to produce a *GQ* cover. I had a selection of recent issues sent over to her studio, and in a few weeks she sent through the image – the image of Kevin Spacey as *House Of Cards*' Frank Underwood – you see here. Not only has her adaptation of the image given it a whole new lease of life, but her alt spring-clean has somehow made the picture seem even more permanent.

"I haven't had any legal problems so far, or none that I know of! I never do work that's deliberately meant to be offensive, and with the work I do I hope that the magazines see that. One magazine editor said, 'Sometimes we take ourselves too seriously, so it's nice to let an artist take a step back and have a giggle with ourselves,' and I think that's kind of the main thing, that line between homage and satire. If I ever did anything that was taken the wrong way I would be like, 'I'm totally sorry!'"

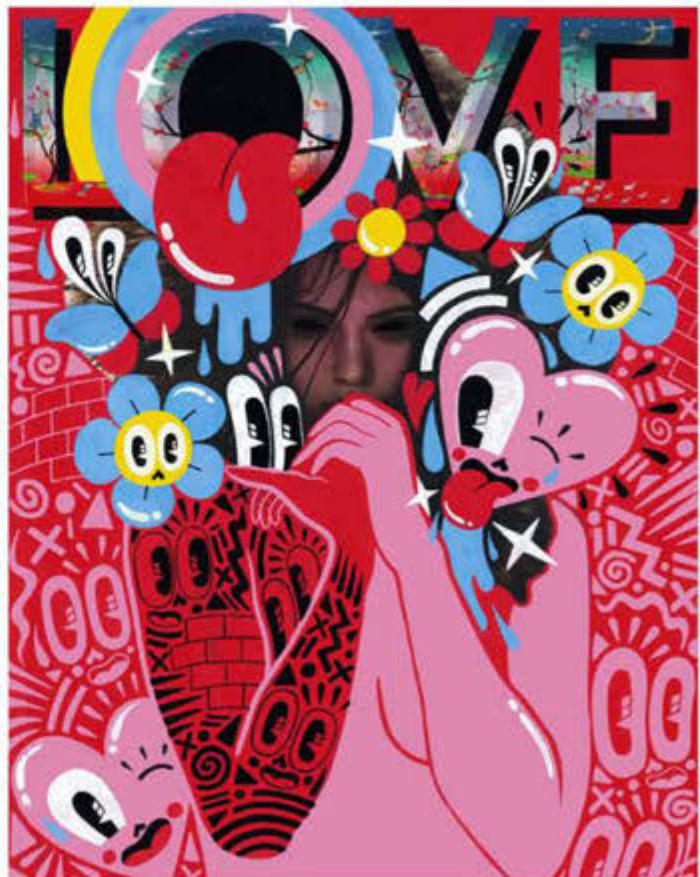
Her work positively fizzes with energy and excitement; you see it and you laugh. Her style is instantly recognisable, too. She is obsessed by all things pop, by colour, by Japan, by Instagram, by anything that looks like it may have been filtered through *The Simpsons*. Hers is a sticker world, a 2-D biosphere of Day-Glo cartoons, vintage rock'n'roll and sci-fi thrift-store logos, a place where you might bump into Roger Rabbit on ecstasy, a psychedelic Krazy Kat or a Shoreditch Kenny Scharf.

"My influences? Anyone's a liar if they say they don't have them. I think a lot of it for me was the cartoon style. I loved the old *Beano* comics. Cartoon-style illustrations were a big part of it. And then my biggest influences are people like Martin Sharp and Pauline ➤

'I always say everyone should be their own favourite artist'



Team colours (clockwise from top left): Stewart gave Arsenal's Jack Wilshere a new strip for Pepsi Max's 2014 exhibition Art Of Football; an animal watch dial design for Marc Jacobs; lively layers transform Kendall Jenner and Pamela Anderson for Love's Autumn/Winter 2014 issue and GQ's June 2005 edition



Photographs Hattie Stewart



Top draw (clockwise from top left): Madonna for Versace, 'doodle-bombed' in 2015; True Romance stars Christian Slater and Patricia Arquette get painted smiles for Stewart's 2014 collaboration with fashion designer Henry Holland; 'Pick N Mix' (2014) and 'Untitled' (2014), both by Stewart



Boty, who's a pop-artist but on this kind of comic scale. When people look at my work they always presume that it's deliberately these comic book artists I'm influenced by, when really it's more about the Sixties, Cream's *Disraeli Gears* cover... so it's that kind of incorporation of illustration and photography. Who else? The names just disappear. The psychedelic art of the Sixties was a huge influence for me. Then the character-based stuff, it kind of just happened."

One of the most refreshing things about Stewart is her enthusiasm and her infectious positivity. She has a thoroughly winning personality, and she is as colourful as her work, being cartoonish and bubbly without being cloying. If you've never met anyone who wears a denim kimono then you've never met Hattie Stewart. She also still wears her school blazer, which has her name stitched into it. Unlike many before her, she doesn't manufacture emotional eccentricity or carry around a hair shirt. She smiles, she's fun.

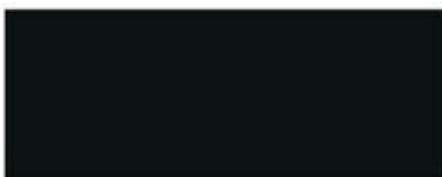
"There's such a trope for what an artist should be... 'Do I have to be suffering to create good work?' I don't think it would work well with this work, with what I do, and if I was like that I wouldn't like myself, because I'm in such an incredibly privileged position to do what I do and I love what I do. If I didn't love it, why would I spend so much time doing it? What's the point of creating something that you're creating if you don't love it? I always say everyone, in some way, should be their own favourite artist. I think it's good to be positive. Each to their own, if it worked with my work, to be that kind of... drink whisky and cry... that's not what my work is about."

Stewart started drawing as a child, copying characters in the *Beano* and *Dandy* comics, especially Beryl The Peril. She wanted to be a fashion illustrator, and yet was obsessed with the absurd and the silly. She'd always been a doodler, a habit that started to reflect the darker recesses of her imagination as well as her fondness for the comical. Later, the work of Pauline Boty and Keith Haring started to influence her work, although she refused to take her work as seriously as she might have done. She once described her work as cheeky, sinister, playful, exaggerated and eclectic.

She did a foundation course at Colchester, then an illustration degree at Kingston, graduating in 2010. Having left, she took a part-time job in a bar, and on one of the many evenings when customers were scarce, she started drawing over a magazine photograph of Lily Allen. Thus was born her habit of doodling on magazine covers. "I was getting bored of seeing the same old people on covers, so I thought I'd try and change them!" Ironically, it was the very people whose work she had tampered with who started offering her commissions. In fact it's these collaborations that have brought her most joy.

"Collaboration really is the key to what I do, and the key to so much that goes on at the

'I was getting bored of seeing the same people on covers, so I changed them!'



Happy medium: 'Do I have to suffer to create good work? I don't think it would work well with what I do,' says Stewart



moment. Like I did work for Luella [Bartley] in college, then I met Kitty Hillier and Henry Holland. It was kind of like a gradual thing where he then got me on board to do some collections and then we kind of just kept on that working relationship because he's got that fun kind of playful collaborative side to him.

"A lot of time it's trying to find the balance between art and commercial work, but I look at a lot of the great artists who all did commercial art to fund their own stuff. I see it as a give and take. If there's anything I'm uncomfortable with commercial-wise I won't do it. But obviously there are certain things I'm more than happy to do because the money that it gives me and the platform it provides enables me to do my own work on the side. It's all about balance and finding that equal ground."

"I think both inform the other. So my personal work has greatly informed what I've been doing commercially. And then with the commercial work sometimes they'll give me a brief which involves working with certain colours or working with a certain scale or working specifically with certain ideas and then from those... Everything that gets developed from that in itself informs what I do in my personal work."

"With my work, I'm not going for deliberate allegory, I'm not one to tell people what to think. I'm not one of those artists that's like, 'Here's the meaning, now feel it.' I feel that's what makes people connect with my work, that it's not patronising, it's kind of open to everyone."

Her career has accelerated because of social media, and although she is obsessive about her work, she doesn't worry about the way in which delivery channels are changing. "I think it's the same as books and the Kindle. I think Stephen Fry said that escalators are not going to replace stairs. They don't. Print and digital are riding together in tandem."

In her most recent work she has started to satirise advertisements, but again playfully, without malice. She wants to get more into film, into animation, and to collaborate with as many people as she can while still remaining in control. She is also thinking about moving, perhaps to the US. "I do want to go to LA," she says, beaming with excitement. "I want to live there, I like the sunshine. I just need to learn to drive..."

When I tell her that David Hockney learned to drive in five minutes in California as you don't need to learn stick shift, she beams even more.

"Exactly. That's the way I'll do it then!" 

hattiestewart.com



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THE COMMOD



The sunshine boy:
Lionel Richie by the pool
with model Krystal Harris in
his Italian Renaissance-style
house in Beverly Hills –
a few doors down from
the Playboy Mansion –
photographed for British
GQ on 25 October 2014

Robe, £1,140.
Trousers, £565. Both
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dolcegabbana.com.
Sunglasses by
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LIONEL RICHIE

ORE OF LOVE

Lionel Richie is back with a bang. The ageless superstar has sold 100 million records in a 50-year career, but this summer he'll surf the zeitgeist again when he appears at Glastonbury. In an exclusive interview with GQ, he discusses the highs and lows of his life, as well as the loves of his life. Of which there have been more than a few...

STORY BY **CHRIS AYRES**
PHOTOGRAPHS BY **GAVIN BOND**



It is mid-afternoon in Beverly Hills and Lionel Richie is padding around his gold-leaved, Venetian-plastered mansion, drinking his breakfast through a straw. "It's a chocolate cleanse smoothie," he explains, firing out the "ch" like it's a round from a machine gun. "I don't recommend you try one, or this could be a very short interview... *heh-heh-heh-heh-heh!* How about a coffee instead?"

I agree that this sounds like a wise idea, and before I know it, an assistant has been dispatched to some far corner of the singer's Italian Renaissance-style property – it's a few doors down from the Playboy mansion and overlooks the Los Angeles Country Club – to fetch me a less explosively potent beverage.

Being a quarter-of-a-century Richie's junior, of course, you would have thought that if one of us were going to be worrying about the other's bowels, it would be me, not him. But at the age of 65, Richie is a one-man rebuttal of the laws of human biology. Indeed, he is one of those celebrities whose Eighties' image has dated so badly – try re-watching the "Hello" video with a straight face – he now resembles a younger version of his former self. The wet-perm mullet is long gone, replaced by a shorter, jazzier 'fro. There's a "soul patch" keeping his moustache company. And the Bill Cosby-esque jumpers and billowing trousers of "Dancing On The Ceiling" vintage have been abandoned in favour of blue jeans and a white polo shirt. Most impressively: with a Glastonbury slot confirmed, a sellout tour complete and an appearance at the Brit awards (presenting Single Of The Year to Mark Ronson, after which he scolded Kanye West for his use of the N-word), the singer is as busy now as he has ever been.

The estimated \$200 million (£135m) that Richie has made during his career has no doubt helped slow the passage of time. As, presumably, has the company of his striking Swiss-Chinese girlfriend, Lisa Parigi, who almost certainly wasn't alive when her boyfriend had his first No1 record ("Slippery When Wet") with The Commodores, formed in Tuskegee, Alabama, in 1968. Which brings us to the reason for our meeting today. We are here to discuss, well... how can I put this exactly?

The number.

Let's just say it has been 50 years since Richie first went on the road, and that his style of music – the space-age porno-funk jam of "Brick House", the ecstatic pant before the guitar solo in "Easy", the medallion-man bragging of "All Night Long" – is conducive to a certain... mood in the bedroom. And let's also state for the record that Richie's feats in this realm are known to be nothing short of Olympian. Indeed, while anyone's "number" is impossible to verify, it is believed that Richie's lifetime bed-notch count is larger than the 1,000 claimed by his neighbour Hugh Hefner, and beyond even Mick Jagger's rumoured 4,000. One school of thought puts the man who asked the world's females "Is it me you're looking for?" (answer: yes) somewhere between Warren Beatty's alleged 12,775 (this is disputed by the actor himself) and the Cuban dictator Fidel Castro's frankly implausible 35,000.

Absurd? Perhaps.

While coy on the specifics, Richie doesn't argue that whatever the number is... it's big. "When the touring started" he recalls, of his time with The Commodores, "we knew we were gonna do a hundred shows in as many cities, maybe more, in a year. So we decided: we're gonna make love to every girl in the world. That was our mission statement."

And did he keep score?

"No, no, no," he protests. Then: "I mean... we all kept score, yeah. We were college guys, so we liked stats. And when you start out, it's madness: there's one in the morning, one in the afternoon, one in the evening. It's great. You're killing it. But all of a sudden you get to the fifth show and you're, like: *Everybody get out of my room!* You can't do it. I don't care whether you're 19 and sexually possessed – you can't do that and put on high-heeled boots and run across the stage every night. That's why drugs became so inviting: because you get a hit of this, and it gives you the stamina. But how long does it last? And then you're in rehab, and what kind of bullshit is that? Or you're falling down on stage and passing out halfway through the show."

While Richie doesn't pretend that he now lives like a monk – "I'm in the love seduction business!" – he insists that his easy-like-Sunday-morning period was brought to a fairly swift end.

"It wasn't the sex and it wasn't the drugs," he clarifies. "It was..." His eyes widen. "...babies. Holy shit! The first time you get that phone call when someone says... hey, guess what? That's called fear, shock and awe. That's when I realised the gun was loaded, you know what I'm saying? Before that, you're just doing every possible thing you can think of. Then you're, oh shit, the gun's loaded. Then you start hearing these stories from guys in other bands of 'I went to Philadelphia to meet my kid', 'I went to New York to meet my kid.' That puts fear into the heart of any 19- or 20-year-old. A lot of guys didn't care. But fortunately enough, The Commodores had a different standard there.

We had some basic ground rules. As much as I would love to think we were dangerous, we weren't as dangerous as the *dangerous* guys. We were Ivy League funksters as opposed to the hard core."

'We decided: WE'RE GONNA MAKE LOVE to every girl in the world. That was our mission statement'

It doesn't take long in Lionel Richie's company to understand why he's up there with Casanova and Lord Byron in the ranks of the world's all-time great seducers. Just driving through the portcullis-like gates of his home and into the wistfully circular motor court, with its tinkling fountain and Garden of Eden olive trees, starts to put you in a certain frame of mind. Once inside, soft rock and heavy fragrance waft through the marble corridors. There are orchids and roses on every table; photographs of Richie with the Obamas... Richie with Nelson Mandela...

Richie with Michael Jackson... Richie with a young Leonardo DiCaprio.

And then... woah: it's the inner-inner sanctum, with its golden chairs, purple-felt pool table, and a gleaming grand piano with a bust of the civil rights activist Malcolm X placed on the lid.

By the time Richie pounces through the doorway in his white-socked feet you're ready to be led up to the master suite, with its roaring fireplace, suggestive Trojan Horse sculpture and throne-like pedestal bath (all featured, I might add, in a recent issue of *Architectural Digest*).

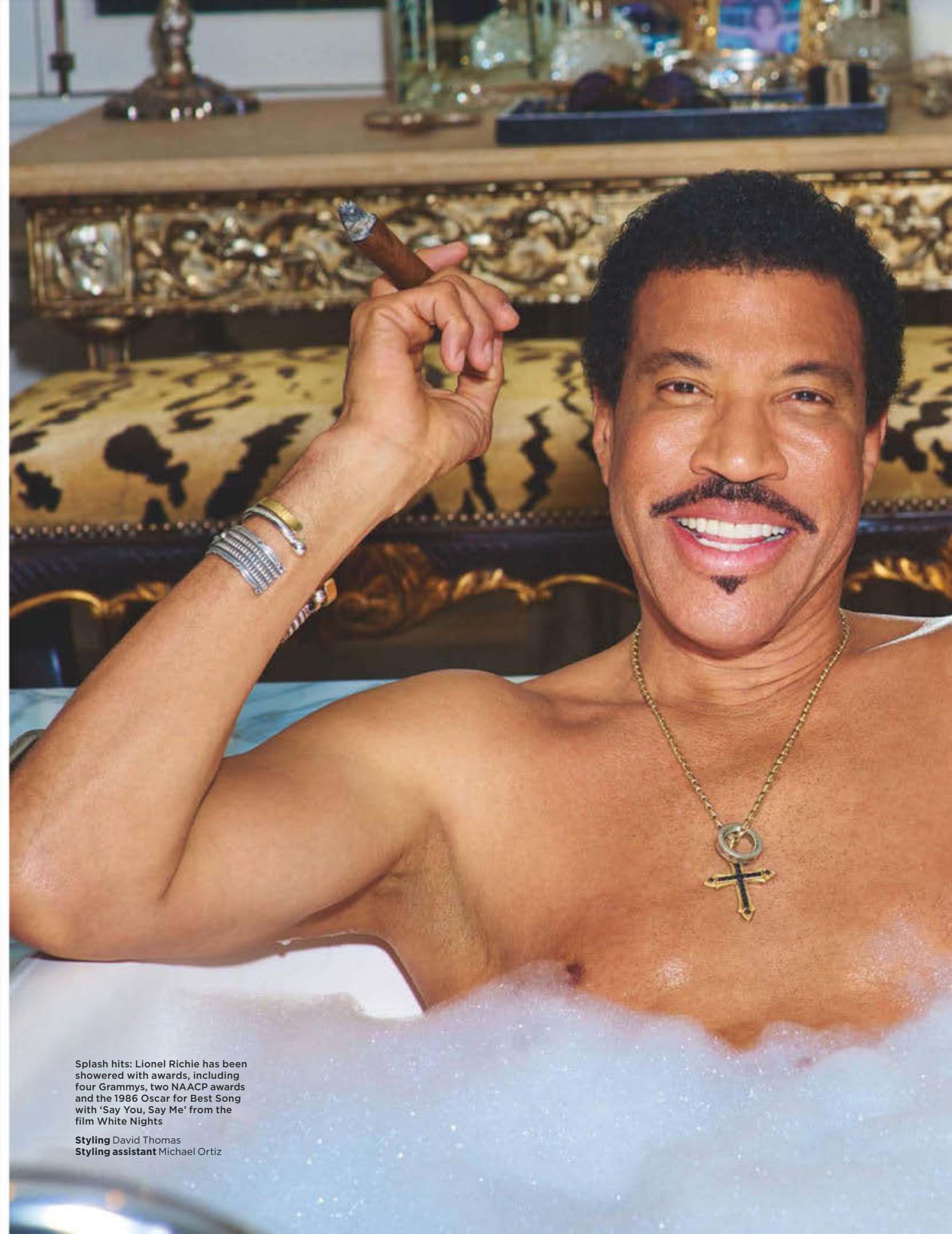
Even without such props, however, you get the sense Richie could close just about any romantic deal, given the opportunity. In addition to his musical talents, the man is an economics graduate, a one-time tennis prodigy, an entertainer of dignitaries and dictators (most notoriously Colonel Gaddafi of Libya) and a private-jetter who has visited pretty much every country on earth. As such, he can riff effortlessly on any subject you choose, from political science to interior design and the importance of lotion in daily grooming rituals. Richie himself admits that the "number" – whatever it may be – couldn't have been reached without his formidable conversational skills.

"The actual act is about 12, maybe 15 minutes, max," he explains. "After that, you'd better hope you have other stuff going for you, because 'Yo, baby, yo' is gonna get really old after about 30 minutes. You've gotta have the other thing. You've gotta have a bit of swag. It's about your humour, being enjoyable company... it's all that." ➤



Big player: Lionel Richie at his grand piano, on which rests two of his four Grammys and pictures of him with Nelson Mandela, Sidney Poitier, Michael Jackson, Stevie Wonder, Sammy Davis Jr and Frank Sinatra. Overlooking them all is one of Richie's prized possessions, a bust of Malcolm X

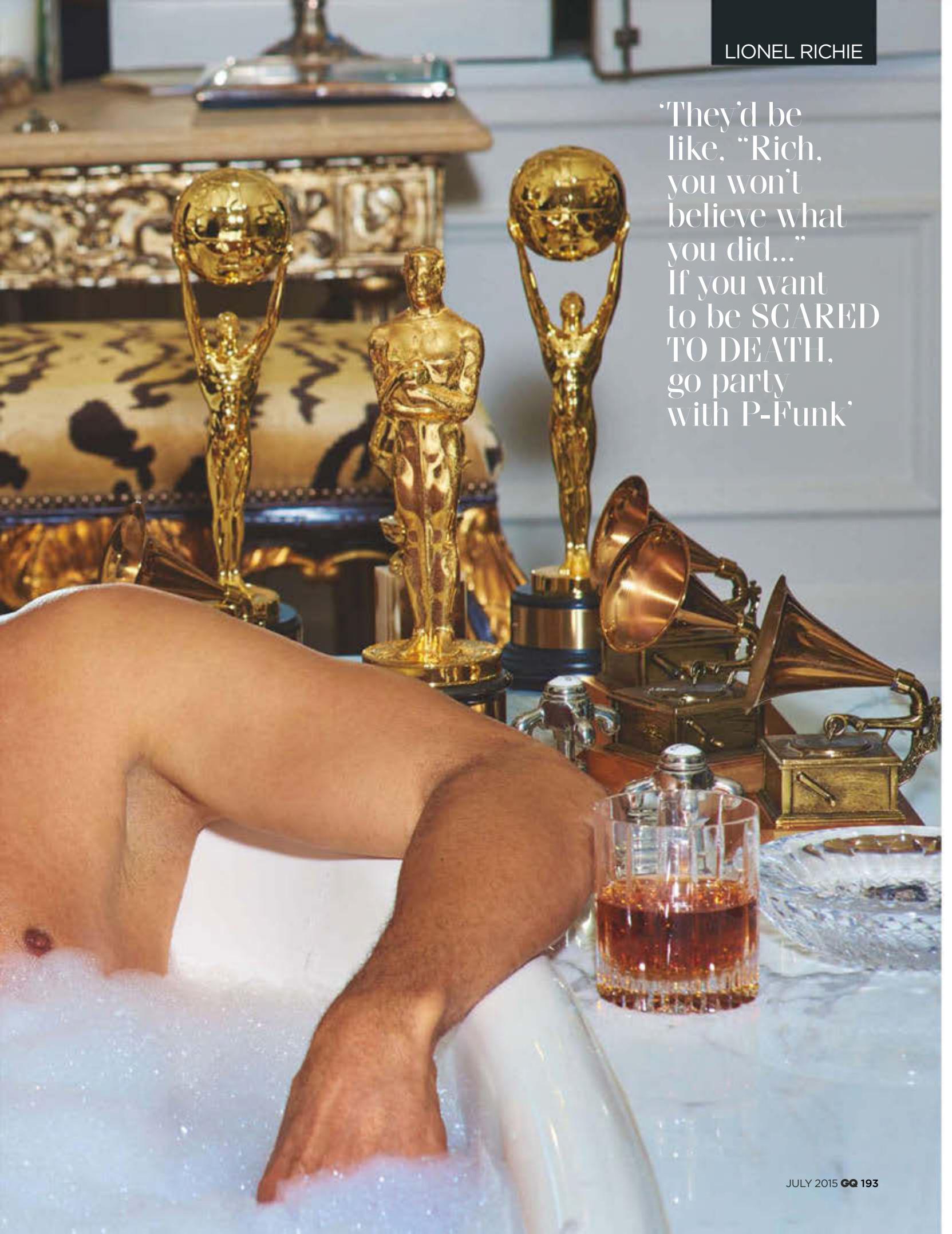
'As I walked on stage a girl screamed,
“SING IT, BABY!” No girl had ever screamed because
of me. That was my sexy revelation'



Splash hits: Lionel Richie has been showered with awards, including four Grammys, two NAACP awards and the 1986 Oscar for Best Song with 'Say You, Say Me' from the film White Nights

Styling David Thomas
Styling assistant Michael Ortiz

'They'd be like, "Rich, you won't believe what you did..."
If you want to be SCARED TO DEATH, go party with P-Funk'



► In the beginning, of course, Richie had none of "all that". Growing up in segregated Tuskegee, Alabama, "Little Richie" (as he was then known) was by definition a second-class citizen. What's more, Tuskegee was at the time home to a notorious US government experiment on black men who thought they were receiving free medical treatment. They were in fact being used as human laboratory rats to study the progression of untreated syphilis. The subject remains a source of racial outrage today, and while Richie's family wasn't directly affected, he says it taught him never to trust the government again – this in spite of his friendship with Barack Obama.

Richie's family were Episcopalians who lived on the campus of the all-black Tuskegee Institute university. His grandmother was a classical pianist. His father did top-secret weapons advisory work for the Department of Defense. Richie himself – who has a sister, Deborah, three years his junior – was a member of the Air Scouts, which honoured the legacy of the revered Tuskegee Airmen, a squad of black pilots who fought in the Second World War in defiance of the racist post-Civil War Jim Crow laws. (Richie says he "chickened out" before his own first solo flight.)

At school, meanwhile, the teachers complained that "the problem with Lionel is that he's too sensitive". They also found it strange that Richie could barely read aloud in class but at the same time was the school speed-reading champion. The truth was that he has attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, a condition that wouldn't become widely recognised until many decades later.

Things didn't improve when Richie moved to Joliet, Illinois, where his dad got a job at a bomb factory. The Vietnam War was intensifying and Richie Sr would disappear for days at a time on classified missions to Southeast Asia or on trips to see defence chiefs in Washington. Richie just thought his dad was working late. As for his efforts to get a girlfriend: a dismal failure.

"There's a reason I wrote, 'Hello'," he likes to joke. "Girls were not looking for me. They were looking for a jock... but I was too slow to run track, too small for football and too short to play basketball."

Then Vietnam intervened. "My dad came to me one day and said, very simply, 'I want you in college – now,'" recalls Richie. "He told me they were going to draft any minute and you have to be in college to miss that draft. I said to him, 'I thought you were all about duty and service?' and he replied, 'Not in this one.'"

Richie returned to Alabama and enrolled at the Tuskegee Institute, where the older students would force the "freshmen" to enter a talent contest as part of a hazing ritual – during which they'd throw water balloons at the stage. Richie, who intended to become a priest if he couldn't make it as a professional tennis player, elected to recite a musical number with some friends.

"It was a defining moment in my life," he says, "because as I walked on stage, some girl in the front row screamed and went, 'Sing it, baby!' Until that point, no girl had ever screamed because Lionel Richie was in front of her. And I thought to myself, I don't know what kind of business this is, but I'm staying right here as long as I can. That was my sexy revelation, if you will."

Richie and his friends eventually formed The Commodores, a six-piece covers band. They gigged at campus bars in the winters and moved to New York during the summers to play the Harlem club circuit.

Soon enough, they were signed by Atlantic – but got fired just as quickly when they couldn't get an album together. That's when Motown came looking for a support act for The Jackson 5, the first black group in history with a mainstream (ie white) following.

By 1971, The Commodores found themselves touring the US with a prepubescent Michael Jackson and his family. "He was absolutely a sweetheart," remembers Richie. "I mean, he was a kid, but he couldn't be a kid. He'd put itching powder in everyone's hat backstage, or have a pillow fight in the hotel, then he'd walk on stage and turn into this full-grown man. It was like he was possessed." Richie adds that Jackson was also the only one who didn't get to enjoy life on the road. "His brothers were having a ball! But every time Michael tried to get his hanging-out skills together, he had five bodyguards chasing him into a room, going, 'Look out, here come the girls!' He never had a chance to just chill in the hall and go, 'Hey yo, it's me, Michael.' He was the meal ticket, so he was always kind of sheltered."

Unusually, The Commodores didn't move out of their hometown, even when Motown gave them a longer-term deal. And they almost got fired again by turning down every song the label gave to them. "We found ourselves insulting the Motown machine by saying, we're not The Temptations, we're The *Commodores*," explains Richie. "Then we realised that if we were going to do this, we were going to have to write the stuff ourselves. But I'm an economics graduate, what did I know about writing a song? Well... when you've got Marvin Gaye in the next studio over and Smokey Robinson right down the hall, it doesn't take long to start learning this stuff – and by the way, when you hang in their studios, you also find out... wait! You guys can't read or write music either? Reeeeally. OK then. So it was kind of like permission to break the rules. That's when the bell went off."

And lo, the *funk* was born.

The Commodores' first single was "Machine Gun", a grinding, humping clavinet-based instrumental with a thoroughly obscene synthesiser lead (later to become the theme of Dirk Diggler in *Boogie Nights*). "Funk is the sexiest stuff you ever want to hear," marvels Richie. "Even to this day. All they're doing right now, they put rap on top of the funk. Or they put Katy Perry on top of the funk. It's different, but not by much. And I love it, because it's an animalistic thing... especially if you're 18, 19, 20. You just put your helmet on and you get right on in there."

The tour to promote the first album, also called *Machine Gun*, was all you would expect of six young men from Alabama with silver-spandex jumpsuits, massive afros and more

weed than a Mexican cartel. "I remember calling my mom on the phone and saying, 'I gotta problem. Everything y'all said isn't gonna be good for me... I'm having a ball doing!'" says Richie. "We'd play a show, run back to the hotel, get there at 11pm, leave a sign by the elevator saying 'Party on floor 15' and then at 11.15pm you'd walk out of your room into the hallway, and from one end to the other, there'd be nothing but girls, looking for Commodores. And these were girls who were literally *devoted* to your thing. I mean, they were into *everything* we did. Holy crap! That was the beginning of 'OK, well, I think I can do this for the rest of my life'."

What's more: in the Nixon era, what a musician did away from home tended to *stay* away from home. "There was no internet, so whatever picture you took, it ain't going nowhere," confirms Richie. "Just imagine that freedom! I could be in Amsterdam, face down in the street on a Saturday night, and the next morning I'd fly back to Alabama, walk up the aisle of the church, sit down on the pew with my mom and dad, and they'd say, 'Oh look, Lionel Jr is back.' They had *no idea* what happened the night before! You had a bit of time to maintain your integrity, if you will. Today, if there was anybody else in that room, they not only saw it, but they also recorded it, so your sexy is *over*, your façade is *over*... it's a whole different ball game."

The Commodores soon learned they had limits, though. Especially when they shared a bill with Parliament-Funkadelic, known for their

'I would love to think WE WERE DANGEROUS, but we were Ivy League funksters, not the hard core'

love of UFOs, extreme pharmacology and pet farm animals, including Officer Dibbles, a pig who wore a diamond necklace and knew how to curtsy. "With P-funk, you had to be a spectator, you could not be a participant," states Richie, emphatically. "Even I had to stand on the sidelines: Oh no... I'll just watch, sir. The typical night with them was that you'd wake up the next day and go, how bad was it? They'd be, like, 'Rich, you're not gonna believe what you did.' Two or three of those nights, and you're, like, 'OK, I don't want to go there again – ever.' So you learn. See the punchbowl? Don't drink from it. Somebody offers you a joint? Don't smoke it. Because that ain't a *joint*. If you ever want to be scared to death, go party with P-Funk."

By the late Seventies, the novelty of the excess had started to wear off. "We'd get to the Holiday Inn and have to put up a \$100,000 deposit to check in, because Led Zeppelin just left and threw all of the televisions into the pool," complains Richie. "That's when it got rough, because if you're a band like The Commodores, you don't have \$100,000." He adds that Commodores also had to play by different rules. "What a white band called rock'n'roll history," says Richie, "a black band called prison. They got this cool factor from it, but if we did the same thing, it would have been, 'You should be ashamed of yourselves.' We were mindful there was a big difference."

Likewise, drugs soon lost their appeal.

Says Richie, "My big drugs thing was that I went to New York and this guy said to me, 'Do you want to try some coke?' And I said, 'Yeah, man, I heard about it, let me try it.' He said, 'OK, give me \$600.' And I said... no. That was the beginning and end of my coke thing. And my downfall with weed was that I couldn't sing and smoke. It just messed up my vocal cords. Even cigarettes, it didn't make any difference. It gave me this crackle in my voice – *eghegheghegh!* – and made me sound like I was on helium."

As ludicrous as it may sound, Richie got married amid all this, to his college girlfriend, Brenda Harvey. The relationship lasted into the Eighties, when Richie began doing solo work, writing "Lady" for Kenny Rogers (the lyrics for which he composed on the toilet) and releasing a duet, "Endless Love", with Diana Ross.

It was 1982 when Richie officially left The Commodores to release his self-titled first album. A year later, he and Brenda adopted a daughter, Nicole, from a friend, thought to be the percussionist Peter Escovedo, whose sister is Prince's ex-drummer Sheila E.

Nicole has of course since become famous for her "frenemyship" with Paris Hilton and her reality television career. The Richies' marriage imploded, meanwhile, when Brenda caught her husband cheating with a dancer, Diane Alexander, whom he'd met at the closing ceremony of the 1984 Olympics in LA. It was an ugly scene: Brenda broke into Alexander's Beverly Hills apartment just after 2am, proceeded to drop-kick Richie in the "stomach area" (this according to the police report) and then smash up all the furniture and set upon her love rival.

By then, Richie had released his second and third solo albums, *Can't Slow Down* and *Dancing On The Ceiling*, which had put him into the same 100 million selling league as Prince, Phil Collins, Madonna, Dire Straits, Bon Jovi and Michael Jackson.

Richie and Alexander went on to marry and have two children, Miles and Sofia. But they divorced in 2004, with Alexander asking for \$300,000 a month in support payments, which were itemised in extraordinary detail (such as \$1,000 a month for laser hair removal and \$500 for vitamins) in the tabloid press. Rumours persist that Richie has impregnated other women, although he says it's "bullshit" that he is the father of Khloé Kardashian, sister of the reality star (and Kanye West's wife) Kim.

As for Richie's decision to renounce his funkster status to become a love balladeer, he views it as a natural progression.

"There was no calculation there," he insists. "I'm a hopeless romantic. I was always the guy, when a girl said, 'I love you,' my answer was not, 'So do you want to screw me?' – my answer was, 'Really? You like... me?' And I think those kind of words worked for women, because it's what they wanted every guy to say."

There are downsides to being a professional Adonis, however.

"It's one thing to be the sexiest guy alive – but then you've got to live up to that," he says. "Can you imagine, me and Michael Jackson – the pressure, the expectation level? Take off the epaulettes. Take off all the other stuff. Now there's butt naked Michael Jackson in a room. Wow – how do you come back from that? The answer is, you can't. Listen, I wrote 'All Night Long', and I'm telling ya... yes, in your head, it happened all night long. But the truth of the matter is... no it didn't! You might have stayed *with her* all night long, but it didn't happen all night long. So the first rule of being the world's greatest lover is to know the truth, to realise that you're not the robot that they all think you are."

Richie adds that he doesn't regret getting married, in spite of his seemingly hard-wired inability to remain faithful. "Did I want to give away a couple of \$20 million here and there? No!" he cries. "But... at the same time, I think it makes for the story, the life experience. With 20/20 hindsight, you wouldn't do anything... and I wouldn't have Nicole or Miles or Sofia or my grandkids. People always remember the last four months. But it's not the last four months. It's the ten, 15 years or whatever before that, and they were fabulous until the crash."

You get the sense he's unlikely to commit again, however. "Let me put you on the stage, and there's 30,000 people out there and 22,000 of them are women," he says, in a voice low with awe. "You didn't see that? And, by the way, she took her top off... I'm telling you: it's ridiculous. Now let's change the equation even more. That's not just Atlanta. That's every city in America... Europe... Asia. Wait a minute! The thing about it is, you can't say beauty is something you used to observe. You can't be a love song writer, a hopeless romantic, and say you gave it up when you turned 50. The only reason football players don't continue to play football is because they can't."

Then again, Richie says he gets the most pleasure these days from stories of how he helped get *other* people laid. And there are millions of them out there. This, indeed, is the "number" of which he's most proud. As he puts it: "You can start out listening to gangster rap, you can start out with hard rock, you can start out being in prison, or in college... it doesn't matter. Sooner or later, you're going to have to say three corny, crappy, sappy words: I Love You. To somebody. And I gotcha! You understand me?"

Richie grins. "Y'know something?" he confides, "I get more compliments from men than women. Guys use one word: thanks. 'The greatest times of my life, Lionel, you were right there, baby.' Or, 'Hey, Lionel – I've made love to you many times.' And I'm, like, 'That's a lie. I've never touched your ass in my life!' It's the simplicity of the songs, I think, that works. A guy once came up to me and said, 'Hey, you wrote "We Are The World"? You should have called it "I Populated The World." Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh!"



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Ultra TT 7.0 by Zoot
The Ultra TT will keep your feet dry whatever the triathlon distance. £110. At Wiggle. wiggle.co.uk

ultra boost by Adidas
The "greatest running shoe ever" offers energy return for every stride. £130. adidas.co.uk

Ravenna 6 by Brooks
This well-cushioned trainer is ideal for the daily runner. £110. brooksrunning.com

Gel Nimbus 17 by Asics
For the neutral runner covering serious miles, this is a seriously good shoe. £135. asics.co.uk

Triumph ISO by Saucony
Triumph by name, triumph by nature. The ISO are outstanding over long distances. £125. saucony.co.uk

ignite by Puma
The Ignite offers fantastic flexibility and a wonderful rebound. £85. uk.puma.com



Photographs: Nicholas Kay; Alamy; Getty Images; Rex



BALANCE

Ranulph's road to glory

I try to do a long session in the morning.

If I'm training for a particular physical challenge, I would do something that uses those muscles, such as towing tractor tyres on a sledge harness uphill on Exmoor.



Captain Scott. He was the first to penetrate the unknown continent of Antarctica. He worked out how to travel there and took scientists who discovered a huge amount.

Over my 40 years of trying to break world records with the main rivals being the Norwegians, the secret of it all is luck.



Failing my A levels. It meant I couldn't command the Royal Scots Greys regiment like my father did when he was killed during the war. I overcame it by switching to what I had been trained to do as a non-commissioned officer during the Cold War in Germany, which was teaching Scottish soldiers to canoe, ski and climb. **Dominic Bliss**

Take a life lesson or two from... the world's greatest living explorer, **Sir Ranulph Fiennes**

How do you start your day?

Do you exercise dawn or dusk?

What is the best piece of advice you've ever been given?

Who do you consider the biggest inspiration in your field?

How do you get the best from your team?

What is the "secret" of your success?

What separates winners from losers?

What was the biggest setback of your career, and how did you overcome it?

At 6am I get out of bed and immediately sort out the bad creaks that have occurred from sleeping in wrong positions. That means half an hour of exercises including press-ups and squats. I sleep with the window open in all weathers and keep it open when I'm doing the exercises so I get going immediately before I start shivering.

I was in the Arab army in the Sixties, on loan from the British Army, fighting terrorists from Yemen. A desert guide said that

God gave us two ears and one mouth so we should do a lot more listening and a lot less talking.

To get the best out of them you firstly give them a **black talk** so that if anything goes wrong, you can say: "Well, you got warned up front." You can also say, "If I can do it, then you can do it."

In the field of breaking difficult world records that require **physical and mental determination**, it's all about dealing with the wimpy voice which comes into your head saying: "I'm going to get frostbite. I think we'd better stop." When you've got crotch rot and gangrene, and you've been going for months, the ability to shut that voice up in your own head is very important.



Sir Ranulph Fiennes is an ambassador for Marie Curie. To donate, visit mariecurie.org.uk



PIVOTAL MOMENTS

The eureka effect

There is a time in everyone's life when the stars align and success is there for the taking. Meet the men who made it happen...



STEVE JOBS

Profession: CEO of Apple
Net worth: £5.5 billion

Key moment: As a baby, Steve was adopted by San Francisco couple Clara and Paul Jobs. The latter used to renovate old cars and sell them for profit. Jobs Sr set aside part of his garage workshop specially for his adopted son – a facility which grounded Steve in the technical skills he would later need to establish Apple.

Mission statement: “[My father] spent a lot of time with me... teaching me how to build things... [He could] fix anything and make it work.”



DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Profession: Actor
Net worth: £74 million

Key moment: At a performance of the play *Stones In His Pockets* at a London theatre, Harry Potter producer David Heyman and screenwriter Steve Kloves spotted the ten-year-old Radcliffe in the audience. They phoned the film's director, who urged them to speak to the boy's parents there and then. Radcliffe won his wizard role.

Mission statement: “In the row in front of us were two men who knew my dad. All I could think about was why this guy had been staring at me.”



SIR PAUL SMITH

Profession: Fashion designer
Net worth: £280 million

Key moment: After a cycling accident as a teenager, Smith realised a career as a pro cyclist was impossible so he committed himself to his errand-boy job at a Nottingham clothing warehouse.

Mission statement: “I met a lot of people from the art college and became interested in art and fashion. I started to make displays in the warehouse showroom. The boss was really impressed and he gave me all the buying to do for the menswear when I was still only 17.”



ANDY MURRAY

Profession: Tennis player
Net worth: £47 million

Key moment: Leaving Scotland, abandoning Britain's LTA system, and moving to Barcelona to train at the Sanchez-Casal tennis academy.

Mission statement: “If I'd stayed in Britain I would have been practising with kids my age who didn't have the right attitude and there is a chance I would have been spoilt. In Spain I was practising with guys up to 30 years old, some of them already on the men's tour. Once I was in Spain, I didn't want to come back.”



JAMES DYSON

Profession: Inventor

Net worth: £3.3 billion

Key moment: Devising a prototype of his cyclonic vacuum. Dyson built the model out of cereal boxes and masking tape. It would make Dyson a household name.

Mission statement: “After hundreds of prototypes, thousands of modifications and millions of tests, I was in terrible debt, but in love with the Cyclone. By 2002 one in four British households owned a Dyson, and my products had achieved worldwide sales of more than \$10 billion (£6.6bn).”



TOM HARDY

Profession: Actor

Net worth: £3.3 million

Key moment: In the late Nineties, Hardy was a tearaway and constantly in trouble with the police. His mother, who was studying art at Richmond College, spotted a one-year foundation course in drama. She suggested it to her son, hoping he might channel his energies into acting rather than delinquency.

Mission statement: “It was a make or break year.” Hardy said the most important thing he learned was “a structured routine and not to get wrapped up in my ego”.

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The number of British employees killed at work last year. Maybe trying to fix the photocopier is not such a good idea

**KEVIN SYSTROM**

Profession: Co-founder and CEO of Instagram

Net worth: £537 million

Key moment: In January 2010, Systrom met Twitter investor Steve Anderson at a party and showed him his app. Anderson quickly invested \$250,000 (£165,000).

Mission statement: "We knew there was an opportunity to create compelling experiences for mobile devices," Mr Anderson remembered of their initial conversations. "But we didn't know a heck of a lot more than that."

**LEWIS HAMILTON**

Profession: Formula One racing driver

Net worth: £168 million

Key moment: In December 1995, the ten-year-old karting prodigy spotted Ron Dennis at an awards ceremony and made a bee-line for the team principal, uttering the line: "I want to race for you one day... I want to race for McLaren."

Mission statement: "I knew I could do it... but I needed the opportunity. My first test was good, but not great. I got better and then started destroying people's times... that's when I started looking good."

**SIR PHILIP GREEN**

Profession: Retail tycoon

Net worth: £3.88 billion

Key moment: In 1979, Green heard that ten designer gear outlets in London were going out of business, with £35,000 of grubby stock up for grabs. He bought the lot, cleaned it, hired premises and sold it on for great profit.

Mission statement: "It didn't look all that bad to me so I sent it all to the dry cleaners, got it put on nice satin hangers and polythene it up so it all looked brand new."

**SIR TIM BERNERS-LEE**

Profession: Inventor of the world wide web

Net worth: £33 million

Key moment: Working at Cern near Geneva in the late Eighties, now home to the Large Hadron Collider, Berners-Lee linked up his company's multinational employees through an international computer database. This was his precursor to the world wide web.

Mission statement: "I wanted to be able to have [my computer database] as a very collaborative play space."

**JACK DORSEY**

Profession: Twitter inventor

Net worth: £1.9 billion

Key moment: The first time a young Dorsey listened to the St Louis emergency vehicle dispatch centre through his police scanner, he was intrigued by how everyone spoke in very short bursts of sound. This inspired the 140-character messages on Twitter.

Mission statement: "Suddenly I could update where I was, what I'm doing, where I'm going, how I feel. And then it would go out to the entire world." Dominic Bliss

+ TECH
**Nikon Coolpix AW130**

Well, yes, you could use your smartphone for taking all your adventure photos, but if it doesn't work 30 metres underwater or when the temperature drops to -10C, and will break if you drop it from a height of two metres, it might not be the best idea in the world. Nikon's latest Coolpix can survive all that, has a 16-megapixel lens, offers reduced vibration, and can then be used to wirelessly send your shots to your phone (that you didn't break) for you to Instagram with ease. £280. europe-nikon.com

**Bushnell Tour X laser rangefinders**

The good news about Bushnell's Tour X rangefinder is that it offers ultra-accurate slope-adjusted golf technology. The bad news is it's illegal in tournaments. But the even better news is that the Tour X comes with an interchangeable faceplate so you can choose which view you have. Throw in a vivid red display for when conditions reduce visibility, ESP (Extreme Speed Precision) for faster yardage readings, and the only thing you won't have is a good excuse for missing. £419. bushnellsport.com



Through the looking glass: Explore your bedroom fantasies with mirrors – or even live video



SEX SHRINK

Learn from the mistress

Rebecca Newman shares tips from the pros – and tried and tested techniques to delay gratification

Mistress, a magic trick to tilt her over the edge into orgasm?

WR, by email

Good question... hopefully you will enjoy the answer as much as she will.

First consider your quarry. Whether it be a night at The Beaumont or simply remembering to pay the bloody parking metre – do it. But if it's too late for such niceties and you are mid-way through, suddenly realising your trajectories may no longer be in sync, what then?

1 The sure-fire option is to address her clitoris: by changing your thrusting motion so your pelvis grinds into her, or by slowing down (crucial, this) such that you can accurately use your thumb. (This same attention to detail goes for nipple pinching, spanking, or a wet finger pressing up against her behind. Flailing attempts are beneath you – do it well or not at all.)

2 Say you're in an acrobatic position where the above are not possible, temper your pace. When she's close, unless she's into the female equivalent of the vinegar strokes – the super-sensory zone in which she's writhing

and begging and bucking beneath you, in which case change nothing – it may well be you can find a measured, deep tempo which you can maintain a while and yet will drive her wild.

3 Equally, you may wish to cease any kind of action at all, and for example tease merely the very opening of her sex (where the most nerve endings are) with the tip of your shaft. Killer. 4 Or, revert to her mind. Tell her how turned on you are, how furnace hot she is, how she is your sun and stars, how she's a filthy piece who is undeserving of your royal manhood. That kind of thing.

5 Lastly, think about introducing some contrasting sensation: during wild, hard sex, pause to murmur your lips on the nape of her neck; during gloriously intimate missionary, clasp her buttocks firmly, so she feels the point of your nails. My pleasure.

Ahem. On occasion I'd love it if the games lasted a moment or two longer. Some ways a man might choose to delay his happy finish?

SB, by email

Noble question. Developing control

of the Vesuvius moment is a properly important skill. Aside from thinking of Ed Balls or Nigel Farage (perhaps them both together), the simplest trick would be to breathe deeply and to relax your whole body. Ejaculation is controlled by your pelvic muscles, which tighten immediately before you come, so mindfully loosening them will help your cause (as will being aware of when they are starting to flex, and modifying your behaviour until you are out of the danger zone).

Your lover can, of course, help. A technique pioneered by mid-18th-century sexologists Masters and Johnson involves one of you squeezing the tip of your penis at the frenulum for 12 seconds. This must be done at exactly the right moment, before you've reached the point of ejaculatory inevitability, or the only result will be an interruption and a desultory climax.

Then there is a pantheon of gaudy "delay sprays". The verdict on these is, at best, mixed. Many contain a local anaesthetic, such as lidocaine, to reduce sensitivity. One of the UK's best sellers is the remarkably named Sliquid Ride Bodyworx Rock Super Strength



Hope and spray:

Pace yourself with Sliquid Ride Bodyworx Rock Super Strength Delay Spray

Delay Spray (£12.99 for 33ml. At lovehoney.co.uk). Naturally, you'll want to test it out on your arm first. Then, if you do share it with your manhood, you'll expect – well, less sensitivity. Which would seem rather to defeat the whole point of lovemaking. It would also seem easier to use a condom, either a common-and-garden sort or one with desensitising lubricant (such as Durex Performa). Or you could simply pause to give her some really fantastic head.

Of course, if you have the kind of two-second hair-trigger response which is a real impediment to sex – and frankly dangerous to the furniture – then go see your doctor. Medication, such as low-dose SSRI antidepressants, can help, and it is worth checking there are no other underlying issues.

My beloved likes porn. What lessons can I learn from professional swordsmen?

DT, by email

Aside from such details as the existence of squirting and that wearing a hard hat/socks when naked is never acceptable, the variety of things you could learn from porn include:

Taking the lead is hot. As long as you do it with assurance and skill. For example, a touch should be knowingly, intuitively firm – if you are wrestling her against the bonnet, do not lose yourself in your own *Terminator* fantasy, or become swallowed in the rhythm of your own thrusting until her face is mashed into the windscreen wipers. She needs to be brought into the scene skilfully, to trust you will not overdo it. Then, man, she is all yours.

Timing is all. Spitting on her sex and roughly entering is sensational... if she is wet and (no matter how much she is playing "scared" or "reluctant") gagging for it. Do it when she is a few stages behind and you have less *Debbie Does Dallas* more Penelope Is Pissed Off.

Come again. It is incredibly arousing for a woman to watch a man ejaculate, or to feel you shoot across her face (though warning is nice here, please).

Room with a view. It is also fabulous to watch the action: a mirror is good, a live-feedback video loop – in a room with soft lighting – even better.

Lastly, take a tip from porn star

James Deen: "If you're going to try to have sex like a porn star, you need to make sure that the person you're having sex with wants to be f***ed like a porn star" *Om shanti.* ☺

100%

The percentage of women who are pleased with their partner's penis size

SEX LIFE

So hot right now: the lowdown on the latest below-the-belt trends

Penis trends go in and out, but there are a few new ones you've probably never heard of.

This year's Oscar gift bags contained a "penis rejuvenation" shot, for men who want to keep it up longer after the big awards ceremony. Provided by Dr Charles Runels MD, the "P-Shot" creates a bigger, harder, and longer trouser trophy for men.

Also known as the "Priapus shot", named after the god of virility, it was created by Dr Runel, an Alabama plastic surgeon. The idea is to "rejuvenate" the tissues in your moneymaker, much like the techniques used in rehabilitative sports medicine for athletic injuries do.

It's a relatively new procedure that claims to increase blood-vessel circulation, but the hard evidence is not all in. Five shots into your manhood; two at the bottom, two in the middle and one in the head, and you're 10-20 per cent bigger, harder, and able to last longer. A plastic surgeon in New York City, Dr Eric Berger calls it "the next big thing in cosmetic surgery". So it may be more than just a schlong shot.

Runels is the inventor of the "vampire facelift". This goth facelift extracts blood from a patient's arm then removes the platelets in a centrifuge and injects them back into the patient's face, using the patient's own stem cells to regrow tissue and collagen. The "P-Shot" uses the same plasma or "PRP" (platelet-rich plasma) used in his facelifts. Athletes have received shots of this so they can rejuvenate damaged knee and ankle tissue quicker, and heal faster. Dr Runel says that his technique "grows tissue" and makes men's private parts longer and their orgasms bigger. (Dr Runel also does the "O-Shot" for women, where he injects the platelets in her G-spot,

labia, and base of the clitoris. He claims that women who complained they could barely have an orgasm before the shot now have earth-shattering experiences.)

The gift bags, which included a choice of the P-Shot or the O-Shot, were given out to nominees in the Best Actor, Actress, and Best Supporting Actor and Actress categories, so hopefully next year they'll give out an award for "Best Performance By An Actor or Actress Who Got An Orgasm Shot".

I had no idea penis extensions were so massively popular until I called Dave Levine, owner of sextoy.com (one of the world's largest online sex-toy retailers), to ask what his bestselling male toys were. "For sheer volume," he said, "it's hands down the penis extensions. We sell a lot of those." He wouldn't tell me who buys these things (basically, it is a hollowed-out dildo that fits over your smaller member), because the company has a "discreet" shipping policy, but he thinks "women really want them". He adds: "I think men buy these things because they want to 'perform better', but ultimately they want to please the woman. We sell the 9in extensions the most."

A look at the reviews of the Tommy Gunn Penis Extension, their bestseller, gives an idea of who uses these things. One guy said that he used it on his wife who craved a "giant porn-star cock". Another said: "My wife isn't exactly tight down there, so she wanted something that would fill her up – she loved it." And a third said: "I met a new girl and wanted to act like I had a huge monster, so I dimmed the lights and we did it doggy style. She had no idea." A fourth said: "I was so excited to use this thing that the minute I started to put it on I lost my load." *Anka Radakovich*

Bigging it up

Penile implants are the new breast implants. "By the age of 40, 40 per cent of men have erectile dysfunction, and it increases by 10 per cent with each decade," says Dr Thomas Walsh, a Seattle-based urologist who specialises in this procedure. According to a site he recommends (edcure.org), methods include:



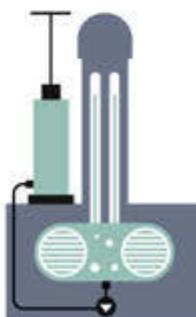
The plastic penis pump toy

Better used alone or with someone you know, since it could be awkward pulling this thing out in front of someone you just met on Tinder.



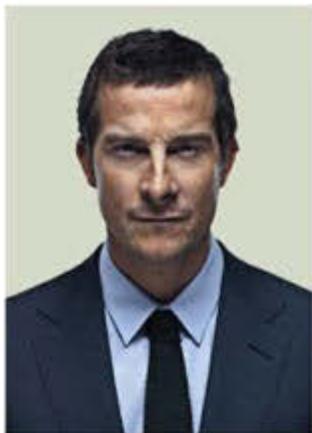
Penile implant

This, in essence, gives you a bionic penis. "The penile implant consists of two silicone tubes, a reservoir of saline, and small pump placed in the scrotum, which the man can't feel until he pumps it up," says Walsh.



Caverjet

An injectable ED drug used by porn stars. **AR**



+ BEAR GRYLLS: #2 URBAN SURVIVAL

Grylls' skills: self-defence

This month: how to avoid a fight, and – when all else fails – how to come out on top when you can't

AS ANYONE who's ever been in a fight will tell you: it isn't like the movies. Real fights aren't well choreographed and glamorous. People don't receive a series of uppercuts and then stagger away with little more than a woozy head and a bleeding lip. Far from it.

A real street or bar fight is short, ugly and incredibly violent. On average they last no longer than three seconds, and those seconds can result in life-altering systemic damage to a human being. A single punch can either put you in a coma or kill you, and almost every fight will end up with you in A&E even if you are the winner. (Think: teeth embedded in your knuckles, HIV or worse.)

Bottom line: you don't want to be in a real fight, ever. So rule one: the best way to avoid being hurt, is to avoid getting involved in the first place. Don't lower yourself to someone's drunken level. Walk away. Or run if you have to. Remove your ego and live another day.

Sometimes, though, it is impossible to avoid a violent situation. How do we deal with this when it happens? First, we have to size up our opponent(s).

If someone demands your wallet, the chances are all they're after is the money. Hand over the cash and get out of Dodge. Your pride might be wounded, but your body won't be.

But if someone is shouting abuse, or prodding you and spitting aggressive language at you or your wife or kids, understand that it is not about the words – the words should be a sign that you are already in conflict. The person is out to hurt you. Your opponent doesn't want to negotiate, and isn't after material goods. They want violence. Understand this and you are halfway towards protecting yourself. Most fights escalate fast, and victims often don't even know what happened in the following three violent seconds. It is all a blur. So be prepared. Abusive words and body language mean conflict is coming. Your response must be to do what it takes to stay alive. That means entering the fray first, and winning.

Churchill once said words to the effect that when we walk away from danger we don't halve it, we double it. That is true. When

danger is in front of us, we have to move forward to meet it if we are to overcome it. Most do the opposite – and lose.

You might have experienced an adrenal freeze – that feeling when you are shocked into inaction. Energy drains from our muscles and our mind seems to have no control over our body. Most people get hurt in fights because of this overloading physical response

where possible, but also have a full complement of brutal – often pre-emptive – counterattacking tactics at your disposal.

Krav Maga teaches never to let an aggressor into your safe zone. Put your hands out to hold an aggressor at bay. If they enter that space, push them out with a loud dominant command: "Back away!" If they attempt to enter your space again, you strike, because that person wants to hurt you or potentially kill you or your family. (Remember, if all they want is your wallet, then give it. The situation I'm describing here is personal and much more deadly.)

So how do we strike? Fast and accurately, aiming for the soft part of the throat. Keep punching and moving forward, continually striking until the threat goes down.

Remember, you will never win a defensive fight. Your reactions will never be fast enough to counter an attack. What's more, you are moving backwards. A recipe for defeat.

For women, if you are being overwhelmed, it has been proven that screaming and clawing violently at an aggressor's face is the best way to repel an attack. Never acquiesce. Meet

You will never win a defensive fight. Your reactions will never be fast enough

to an unfamiliar situation. It is fear. The best way to overcome it is with positive action.

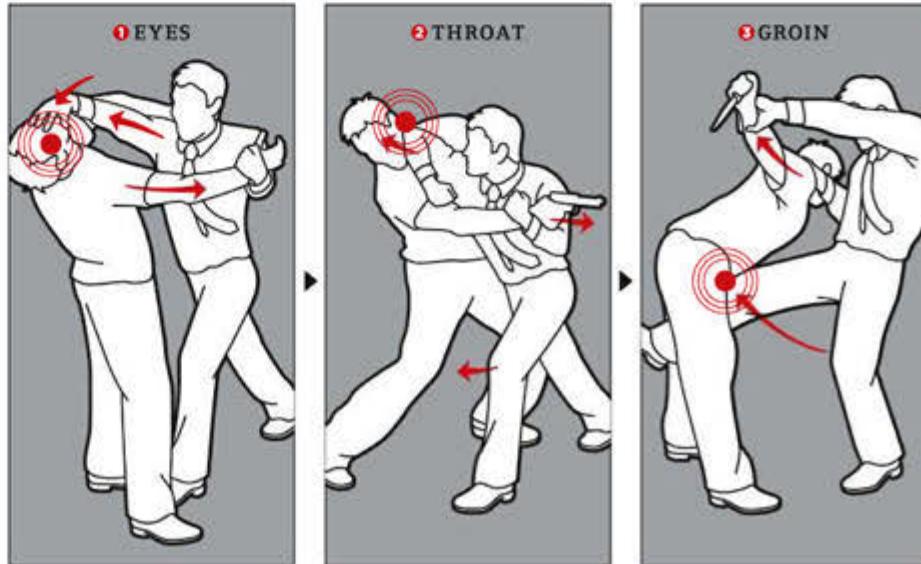
It's for moments like this that I train in martial techniques. Many martial arts are impractical for everyday use, but Krav Maga is different. It is a self-defence system developed by the Israeli military. Trust me: those guys know how to handle themselves. It's highly practical and focuses on real-world situations. It teaches you to avoid violence

force with an overwhelming force back. Make them think twice. Clawing is instinctive and will help you overcome adrenal freeze.

Finally, never agree to relocation or being tied up. If you allow either of these, you lose all power. When a predator in the wild smells victory and blood, they don't calm down, they get more violent. It's the law of the jungle. *Ghost Flight* by Bear Grylls (Orion, £16.99) is out now. beargrylls.com

THE RIGHT MOVES

Krav Maga self-defence: strike the weakest areas



Photograph Steve Neaves Grooming Amy Conley at Factory, using Chanel S 2015 and Chanel Body Excellence Illustrations Mark Watkinson

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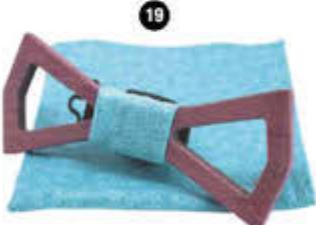
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12. Julius eRrol Flynn. A classic silhouette with a contemporary twist is what Berlin-based tailor Julius eRrol Flynn had in mind when he designed his Summer 2015 collection. "Maze" is one of the highlights of his eponymous label, a semi-slim fit shirt made of the finest 2-ply Egyptian cotton, woven in Italy. Hand-sewn buttonholes, a unique curved sleeve, and an appreciation for traditional craftsmanship are all elements of his approach towards perfection, with all shirts made in Portugal. Shop online at [www.juliuserrolflynn.com](http://WWW.JULIUSERROLFLYNN.COM) **13. Watch Buyers.** This stunning Daytona Cosmograph is a shining example of the Rolex finish and attention to detail. Powered by calibre 4130, Rolex's high-performance mechanical chronograph movement, it's as impressive inside as it is out. RRP £15,000. Boxed as new £9,250. Email enquiries@watchbuyers.co.uk or visit [www.watchbuyers.co.uk](http://WWW.WATCHBUYERS.CO.UK) **14. Bachelor Shoes** provides fashionable men around the world with handcrafted slippers from Spain, impeccable leather loafers and immaculate watches. Keeping close attention to detail are owners Christian Robles and Umberto Cabarracas. The duo provides a fresh eye on fashion for men, creating a ready-to-wear line that boasts impeccable style and craftsmanship. Visit [www.bachelorshoes.com](http://WWW.BACHELORSHOES.COM) to view the whole collection or call +1 832-284-2567. **15. The new camouflage collection from Avi-8 watches** is a great addition to this popular range inspired by the iconic Hawker Hurricane fighter plane, remembered with affection for boldly bringing home victory in the Battle of Britain in 1940. The Hawker Hurricane collection is characterised by a simplicity that echoes the design of its namesake. Clean, bold lines surround the dial on which the distinctive camouflage graphics celebrate the fighter plane's simple but striking motif. This piece is powered by a classic chronograph movement and a sporty appearance. Straightforward hour indexing, bold hands, and the detailed vintage-inspired sub dials, reminiscent of a fighter plane's cockpit, are all combined to create a timepiece that is elegant in design, precise in performance and stylish in presentation. Visit [www.avi-8.co.uk](http://WWW.AVI-8.CO.UK) for free UK next day and worldwide shipping and use code GQJULY for an introductory 30% discount on all watches. Call 0845 680 0857 for additional details. **16. Greyhours** is a new brand creating ambitious watches by taking advantage of exclusive materials commonly used for the manufacture of high-end timepieces. The 9.0mm thick Essential Black DLC is their first model. Pre-order now at -30% from [www.greyhours.com](http://WWW.GREYHOURS.COM) **17. Represent** is an essential menswear brand, made in England. Focusing on layering, top wear and tapered Biker denim, they push the boundaries between street and high-fashion. Visit [www.representclo.com](http://WWW.REPRESENTCLO.COM) **18. Drawing inspiration from serving members of the 210th Rescue Squadron, Parajumpers** is best known for their innovatively functional, yet sophisticated take on luxury outerwear. The Innoko nylon, hooded jacket forms the perfect, lightweight, sports-luxe staple for the British 'Summer'. Website: [www.parajumpers.it/en](http://WWW.PARAJUMPERS.IT/EN) Contact: info@parajumpers.it **19. TV Head Clothing.** The Joker Wooden Bow Tie is made out of salvaged Purple Heart Each wooden bow tie, and comes with an adjustable elastic band that allows you to size it to your needs. All bow ties come with a matching pocket square. Made in USA. Visit [www.tvheadclothing.com](http://WWW.TVHEADCLOTHING.COM) for further information.

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20. Galet. Handmade in France, these 100% canvas, machine-washable loafers are perfect for this summer. Featuring anti-slip stitched rubber soles, they offer supreme comfort, flexibility and durability. Galet is a French luxury brand that specialises in casual men's loafers known for their iconic motifs. The shoes are handmade in an atelier outside Paris using traditional techniques passed down for generations. Shop online at www.galet.com **21.** The legendary Swiss Made 24 hour one hand watch from **Slow** is now featuring bi-color nylon straps to create a fresh summer look. And of course it reminds you to stop chasing the minutes. More on www.slow-watches.com **22. Equus Leather.** Bespoke handmade leather belts using the best quality English leather and solid metal buckles, including Sterling Silver. Entirely hand stitched using traditional techniques. Visit www.equusleather.co.uk email enquiries@equusleather.co.uk or call 01916 408774. **23.** Inspired by the late British watch maker **Thomas Earnshaw**, Earnshaw watches present this new collection of Beaufort timepieces. Designed with tradition in mind and a 21st century twist, this watch will impress and sit exquisitely upon your wrist. The ES-8047-02 is powered by a 35 jewelled self-winding dual time complicated automatic movement. The dial is off white in a guilloche style topped off with blue breguet hands. Within the dial is an open window showing the exposed workings of the watch as well as an exhibition case back. The case is stainless steel and the black leather strap is both padded and soft. The perfect gift for Father's Day for that avid collector. Visit www.thomas-earnshaw.com for free UK next day and worldwide shipping and use code: GQJULY for an introductory 30% discount on all watches. Call 0845 680 0857 for additional details. **24. The Gentlemen's Watch Co** pride themselves on their diverse, yet defined collection of eye-catching timepieces from independent luxury watchmakers and designers. The featured Yachtsman Chrono from Megir boasts a rose-gold polished stainless steel case that gracefully frames a handy 24-hour dial and precision stopwatch. Choose from 6 colour options, £39. Shop Megir at www.gwcwatches.com or email info@gwcwatches.com. Quote GQJULY for an exclusive 10% discount, expires 30th June 2015. **25. Gambino Clothing** is an independent brand committed to designing clothing which is subtley attentive to detail. Founded in 2013 G.C operate from an online store www.gambinoclothing.bigcartel.com. **26. Hast.** It's easy to get lost when buying men's shirts today, why does such a basic product always have to be so expensive? Discover French brand Hast and their high-quality, European-made shirts sold at a fair price. Honest and simple trend. Available only online at www.hast.fr **27. Coogan London** create exclusive leather shoes available nowhere else, with no "pleather" in sight. From Limited Editions, to every day formal and casual designs. Shoes for every man and for all walks of life - at amazingly accessible flat prices, free UK delivery and a 30-day money back guarantee. Shop the full collection at www.cooganlondon.com **28.** Launched in 2013, **Atelier Makarios** is a French jewellery brand providing completely handcrafted high quality sterling silver bracelets. Each bracelet is uniquely detailed with an old savoir-faire and engraved with selected quotes. The goal of this brand is to share the message of peace, love and faith through an elegant accessory. Shop their full collection at www.ateliermakarios.com. **29.** Contemporary streetwear brand **Marbek** have now released a new collection which juxtaposes what we normally associate with summer. The London based brand have a collection titled 'ARCTIC SUMMER' and here is one of the piers de resistance. **30. Augustus Pili** is the rebirth of the classic British mens' shoe in colour. Handmade by master craftsmen in Northampton, it pulls together materials and colours that convention forbids and executes them with shocking finesse. On paper these shoes shouldn't exist. It's a good thing no one is asking permission then. Discover online at www.augustuspili.com

Style File... Continued!



BRITISH WATCH NAVY EDITION
£119
SMART TURNOUT
WWW.THEWATCHHUT.CO.UK
WWW.SMARTTURNOUT.COM



THE CLASSIC CLARET BOXER SHORT £28
DICK WINTERS
WWW.DICKWINTERS.CO.UK
CUSTOMERSERVICES@DICKWINTERS.CO.UK



REVIVAL 1969 LIMITED EDITION
PINION
PINIONWATCHES.COM



FACA GUNMETAL BRACELET WITH BLUE STINGRAY LEATHER £122
FACA
WWW.FACAINLAFFAIR.COM
[INFO@INTLAAFFAIR.COM](mailto:INFO@INTLAAFAIR.COM)



FONTWELL COGNAC SUEDE BROGUES £160
JOHN WHITE SHOES
WWW.JOHNWHITESHOES.COM
01933 410584



BRADE 181 13OZ SELVEDGE DENIM
£80
WWW.883POLICE.COM
INFO@883POLICE.COM

31. British Watch Navy – A minimal modern classic, combining a traditional case silhouette with a simple modern dial design. Pictured here with a Yale University strap, combine it with a strap of your choosing, to give it a personal touch. Available at www.thewatchhut.co.uk and www.smartturnout.com

32. Stylishly cheeky, properly British – **Dick Winters** are a decadent underwear brand for gentlemen, offering the ultimate in comfort and design. Expertly crafted in Britain, from the finest British "breathable" material, their stylish boxers will certainly keep one cool and dry below deck. View their entire range at www.dickwinters.co.uk

33. A new limited edition handwound chronograph from British company, **Pinion** that utilises a rare Swiss Valjoux 7734 mechanical movement produced in 1969 but never assembled into a watch until now. Available in only 100 editions. Visit pinionwatches.com

34. FACA. Guarded by the FACA lion – the FACA bracelet is a testament to their pursuit of beauty through simplicity. Made of 925 silver, handcrafted, hand painted, and hand polished the FACA bracelet is a piece of art that can be worn. Completed with exclusive stingray leather. Shop the full collection online at www.facaintlaffair.com

35. John White have been creating stylish, high quality shoes and boots since 1919. Using the finest materials and traditional methods to create long lasting, comfortable footwear. These Fontwell cognac suede brogues are perfect for summer, also available in brown and black. View more at www.johnwhiteshoes.com

36. Brade 181 13oz selvedge denim – £80 by **883 Police** Elaborately detailed to ensure the true selvedge quality remains; contrasting stitch with an embossed shield logo individualise's the Brade original slim fit Denim. www.883police.com INFO@883POLICE.COM

Fix Up Look Sharp... Summer's Sorted!



1. The Claudia Louch Natural Skin Clinic. Models, presenters and actors rely on the skin specialist, Claudia Louch to help their complexions look screen-ready. Her secret is entirely natural and she specialises in Acne, Rosacea, Seborrhoeic Dermatitis, Psoriasis, Natural Anti-ageing, Skin Allergies and more. Her medicinal botanical skincare products may be 100 per cent natural, her ethos may be holistic and her procedures non-invasive, but, let's be clear, there's nothing wishy-washy about her approach. It is scientific, rooted in testing and analysis, reflected in her 3,000-plus client list. Therapeutic and Cosmetic Phytochemical facials and body treatments are also performed on site by a team of Dermatherapists, addressing different skin conditions and the common-or-garden signs of ageing. Some of her superb skincare range is also available online. For Priority Bookings, call 020 7467 1539 or email appointments@claudialouch.com and quote 'GQ'. The Natural Skin Clinic, 10 Harley Street, London W1G 9PF. Visit www.claudialouch.com

2. Matt is back, for Summer 2015. Dapper Dan Matt Paste is the ultimate in high hold, low shine. Try the Matt Clay for even stronger hold or the Deluxe Pomade for the classic wet look. Sold by discerning Barbershops everywhere. Visit www.dapperdanuk.com or call 0114 4388026 for more information.

3. Teddy Boy Original. A handcrafted water-based pomade more majestic than a winged snow leopard flying across the pacific sunset. By **Anchors Hair Co.** For more information visit anchorshairo.co or email info@lovenanchors.com

4. Gentlemen's Swag holds steadfast to the belief that a beard represents each man's individual unique style, personality and individuality. They have created a line of handcrafted and all natural products to maintain and bring out the best beard in you. Visit www.gentlemensswag.com for more information or call +1 (504) 7347460.

5. Total beard and skin care from the Dandy Lions Apothecary. Offering a wide range of beard oils, balms, waxes and shampoo bars to keep your beard in tip-top condition. For more information visit www.dandy-lions.co.uk or email jonathan@dandy-lions.co.uk

6. Lucky Scruff are passionate about creating natural handcrafted beard care items including beard oils, beard balms and even mustache waxes and soaps that you'll go absolutely crazy for. Check them out at: www.luckyScruff.com

7. Stimulate your body and arouse your senses with Apple & Bears Natural and Organic Luxury Body Wash and Body Silk Gift Box, available in four invigorating fragrances. Retails from £34.95. Can be purchased separately. Visit www.appleandbear.com for stockist details.

8. This Volumizing Mist from NATU gives your hair the instant volume you crave without the stickiness or greasiness of most volumizing products. NATU's revolutionary formula uses key natural ingredients to provide that fuller look while remaining healthy for your hair and won't weigh it down allowing you to keep your style all day long. For more information please visit www.natuhaircare.com

9. Siam Botanicals. Simplify your life with this all-in-one shave and facial oil. The 100% natural blend provides superior glide for a close, smooth and satisfying shave, while seven organic seed oils hydrate and protect the skin. Handmade in small batches in Bangkok. Visit www.siambotanicals.com or email info@siambotanicals.com



10. Create a choppy, lived-in look with real street-cred by applying ed fibre by **chill*** to damp hair. Its strong hold fixes your masterpiece in place whilst giving you the versatility to re-work if you fancy a play! Get the look at www.chilluk.com or call 01535 658 499 Social #chillhair

11. Bolin Webb continues to bring award-winning design to the world of men's shaving in an inspired range of razors, bringing innovation and performance together for every-day grooming. Razors made in England and fitted with blades from Gillette. Bolin Webb razors are available in Harrods, Fortnum & Mason, The Conran Shop or online at www.bolinwebb.com or call 01572 868005.

12. Hay Fever? STOP the pollen before it gets in! **HayMax™** organic allergen barrier balms have been proven to trap more than 1/3 of pollen before it gets in. Prevention not cure. 36 Awards! Available at Boots, Holland & Barrett, Waitrose, Booths, Morrisons and independent pharmacies and health stores. For more information visit haymax.biz or call (01525) 406600.

13. Since 1854, Taylor of Old Bond Street have produced and sold the finest in Luxury Men's Grooming Products and accessories, creating a brand which is synonymous with British style and quality. Visit their store at 74 Jermyn Street, St James's, London, SW1Y 6NP, call 020 7930 5544 or visit them at www.tayloroldbondst.co.uk and www.selfridges.com

14. White Glo. Want to whiten your teeth without any hassle? Simply switch your ordinary toothpaste with White Glo! White Glo toothpastes use special micro polishing particles which work to lighten discolourations and yellowing on tooth enamel to whiten teeth. White Glo Professional Choice is an Australian Dental Association approved product for its safety and efficacy. Look out for White Glo Professional Choice in a fresh vertical packaging redesign with brand new bonus X-Action toothbrush! Available from Boots, ASDA, Amazon, Superdrug, and pharmacies. RRP £3.99. Visit www.whiteglo.com or call 00 44 20 8274 1238.

15. Handmade in Wales, Gruff Beard specialises in luxury beard grooming products. Their balms, oils and soaps are packed full of lovely things to help you grow a healthy beard and are available in a range of unique fragrances. Gruff Beard products are an essential bit of kit for any discerning man's daily routine. For more info visit www.gruffbeard.com or call 07843 487083.

16. Your Go-To Skin Experts! The Skin Specialist at **The Laser Treatment Clinic** in Harley Street, London, have been providing advice and treatment for men's skin concerns since the clinic opened in 2000. Hi-tech Cutting Edge treatments combined with advanced Marine Skincare Products for the best results! A full range of non-surgical skin solutions are available to help achieve healthy, clear more youthful looking skin. Our most popular treatments for men include Laser Hair Removal, Acne Treatment, Acne Scar Treatment, Tattoo Removal, Stretch Marks Treatment, Scar Treatment, Pigmentation Treatment, Thread Veins and Black Skin Care. To find out more visit: www.thelaserclinic.com or call them on 020 7307 872.

17. English Shaving Company. Don't forget Father's Day 21st June. Treat your Dad to a great shave this Father's Day. Razor prices start from £23 so you can afford to add a moment of luxury to his morning routine. Visit theenglishshavingcompany.com or edwinjagger.co.uk For advice and telephone orders 0800 328 2616.

18. KeraFiber Best-selling Hair Building Fibers are designed to instantly eliminate the appearance of thinning hair and give your hair a thicker, fuller, and healthier look. The natural keratin protein fibers bond seamlessly with your hair and are available in nine shades. Brand Ambassadors include respected doctors, stylists and celebrity make-up artists. For more information, visit www.kerafiber.com or call +44 (0)20 3129 2566.

19. Barberry Coast Shave Co. has impressively burst onto the luxury male grooming scene with premium, all-natural shave products. All of their ingredients are the highest quality available anywhere and are sourced from the absolutely best places on earth. Barberry Coast Shave Co. take's care to not use any toxic chemicals like you may find in many lower cost products. For more product information visit www.BarberryCoast.com or call them directly toll free at 1-877-500-7606.

20. Vitabiotics Wellman Skin Technology is from the UK's number 1 men's supplement brand and has been developed to help men stay looking their very best. The advanced skin formula is a major development in male nutrition, with a unique combination of 30 nutrients including biotin which contributes to normal skin health. RRP £17.30 for 60 tablets, available from Boots and online at www.wellman.co.uk

21. Five O'Clock Products. Authentic and locally handmade products, from the ingredients within and right down to the packaging. The Five O'Clock range is sourced from Yorkshire with pride, valuing local business and ethics. For more information visit www.fiveoclockproducts.com or email fiveoclockproducts@gmail.com

22. Award-winning British company beardbase.co.uk offer a range of products designed to make the life of any Beardsman easier. Beard Oil leaves a beard feeling smooth and smelling great, Moustache Wax helps you keep a stiff upper lip, and Beard Shampoo gently washes out food and dirt without damaging your delicate beard hair. Visit www.beardbase.co.uk or email contact@beardbase.co.uk for more information.



12 **HayMax**®
Organic Drug-free Allergen Barrier Balm Pure
75% sold to schools! Suitable for kids! No Itchy Side Effects
15

16 **White Glo** Professional Choice Extra Strength Whitening Toothpaste
17 **HAPPY FATHER'S DAY**
FREE UK DELIVERY



22

20 **wellman SKIN TECHNOLOGY®**

Advanced micronutrient formula to help maintain
health & vitality
With biotin which contributes to normal
skin health

PLUS Biomarine Collagen, Lutein, Lycopene, Co-Q10

VITABIOTICS SCIENCE OF HEALTHY LIVING

UK's NO 1 FOR MEN*

Generous Gestures... Splash Out!

1. **Latham & Neve** – known for their stunning contemporary hand-made British jewellery since 1997. Featured is the unique Ripple Bangle in beaten silver and 18ct gold, £205. Ballroom bangles, everyday earrings, ravishing rings and much much more... Buy online/stockists/brochure, visit www.lathamandneve.co.uk or call 01580 753399.

2. **Carnivore Club** is the world's first curated charcuterie of the month club. They've become famous for discovering the best British charcuterie artisans and delivering 4-6 of their meats to their member's doors in outrageously nice packaging. The discerning daddy will be impressed with great quality charcuterie shipped directly from local artisans. Subscriptions start at £29/month. Visit www.carnivoreclub.co.uk or email chiefcarnivore@carnivoreclub.co.uk

3. Show her how much she means with the stylish and personalised Anchor Bracelet by **Merci Maman**. (From £39). This lovely and affordable gift will be engraved by hand with the names, dates or message of your choice in their London workshop. The team at Merci Maman will hand-craft your sterling silver bracelet within only a couple of days and they will gift wrap your bracelet in their signature box. For more information, visit www.mercimamanboutique.com or call 020 7731 1377.

4. **Tux & Tabby** create beautifully considered toys, treats and accessories for the discerning feline and style conscious owner. Designed for cat lovers, crafted to complement the interior space. Visit tuxandtabby.com

5. **Simon Wright** offers a complete bespoke service, personally making your jewellery in platinum and gold using the finest diamonds and gemstones. An appointment involves viewing diamonds, a short tour of the workshop, and a sit down design session all in his Clerkenwell studio workshop. By appointment only. Call 020 7490 0665 or visit sw-jewellery.com

6. **Evy Designs** present their newest addition their incredibly popular range of vintage watch movement cufflinks. Featuring ruby jewels and brass cogs, these will make the perfect gift this Fathers' Day. Shop online at www.evy-designs.com

7. **British Born Tees** offer an outstanding range of fun t-shirts across multiple categories, including stag and hen do's, ensuring there is something for everyone. Their high quality shirts come in nine colours, with free postage and a 100% money back guarantee. GQ readers get a 10% discount using code GQ10 (expires 9th July 2015), or like them on Facebook for a further 10%. Shop online at www.britishborntees.com

8. **Northcoastcottage Jewelry Design** believes in making the world a better place and donates a portion of every sale to causes such as human rights, poverty, hunger, legal aid, animal welfare, wildlife preservation, the environment and cancer research. Customers can even direct where that portion of their purchase should go. Email NorthCoastCottage@gmail.com or visit the Etsy shop at www.etsy.com/shop/NorthCoastCottage to find out more.

9. **Helen Burgess Jewellery** creates wonderful handmade silver jewellery. This sterling silver bangle with message and 9ct yellow gold Heart (you and me) features in the latest collection which is hand stamped with a message that can be personalised. folksy.com/shops/helenburgessjewellery or call 01206 384892.

BRITISHBORNTees. com
BRITISH BORN TEES

Raise Your Glass... Chin Chin!

1. **Vinalba Malbec Reservado 2012** from Argentina is produced by award-winning winery Bodegas Fabre in Mendoza. Rich and inviting, this delicious Malbec has smooth blackcurrant and plum flavours and is perfect for a summer BBQ feast Argentine style! Available from Morrisons at £9.99, more info at www.vinalba.com

2. **Mastiha World: Enosis finest mastiha liqueur** (30% ABV), is the authentic and superfine spirit of the expert mastiha Growers in Chios: the only island in the world where the mastiha tree grows. Crafted locally, the unique and full herbal and woody flavours of Enosis make up the new taste for drinkers in the know. Find out more at www.mastihamworld.co.uk

3. **Gin Mare** establishes a new benchmark in the luxury gin category, with an innovative pan-Mediterranean concept that unites the different cultures around its shores and uses the finest botanicals to be found in the region; Arbequina olives, thyme, basil and rosemary. Four Mediterranean ingredients that united with juniper, coriander, cardamom and citrus provide a unique Gin capturing the essence of the Mediterranean; its gastronomy, its climate, the land and the sea. Gin Mare is exclusive in its blend and hand crafted elaboration. Visit www.caskliquidmarketing.com for further information.

4. **Gilpin's Gin**, the London-distilled winner of the 'World's Best Gin' title at the 2014 World Drinks Awards, offers smooth and delicate flavours from just eight fine botanicals creating the perfect taste balance. This London Dry gin not only tastes and looks great, but is becoming the stand out ingredient for the perfect G&T or Martini as served by some of the capital's coolest bars. Email: info@gilpinsgin.com or visit: www.gilpinsgin.com

5. **Benromach** handcraft their single malt scotch whisky and make it slowly, the time-honoured way. Using the finest natural ingredients, their three distillers orchestrate every second of the distillation process; there are no short cuts to perfection. Benromach 10 Years Old is the heart of their range, beautifully balanced with delicious forest fruits and creamy malt; a wisp of smoke and lingering luscious sherry notes. Visit www.benromach.com for more information.

6. For the perfect Manhattan or Negroni, you need the best vermouth and **Mancino Vermouth** is just that! Botanically-rich Mancino Vermouths are artisanally-produced and a must for any budding mixologist. Sip a mean Mancino Manhattan at GONG at the Shard or available to buy at Harvey Nichols or Master of Malt. Perfect as a chilled aperitif or for cocktail inspiration go to www.mancinovermouth.com

7. **Timorous Beastie Old Fashioned**: Place 1tsp brown sugar in a glass with 2 dashes Angostura Bitters, 25ml of Timorous Beastie Highland Malt and orange peel zest. Stir well. Fill the glass with ice – add a further 25ml of Timorous Beastie and garnish with orange slices, orange peel zest and cherry. Shop Timorous Beastie online at www.masterofmalt.com and www.thewhiskyexchange.com

8. Arran Single Malt Whisky.

Produced by the independent, Scottish-owned Isle of Arran Distillery. The Arran 10 year-old Single Malt is fresh and vibrant with creamy notes of vanilla, citrus and tropical fruits. The perfect gift for the whisky aficionado which can't be found on every supermarket shelf. RRP £34.99, available from specialist whisky shops or from www.arranwhisky.com. Tel: 01770 830 264.

9. Craft Brewed Cocktails. With summer in full swing **Bundaberg**

Ginger Beer has teamed up with cult London bars Grind to create a modern take on the classic Moscow Mule Cocktail. Meet the London Mule, a fusion of fresh apple, maple syrup, bourbon, angostura bitters and fresh lime, topped off with refreshing craft brewed Bundaberg Ginger Beer. With the trend for craft brewed drinks gathering pace, it's sure to set taste buds racing this summer. Try it at home or let the experts show you how it's done at Shoreditch Grind and London Grind. For your nearest stockist visit www.bundaberg.com.



10. Brown Bear produces delicious artisan-roasted, gourmet coffee from around the world. From bean to bag, Brown Bear ensure that your coffee is packed with flavour, and has been sourced responsibly. Sign up for an account, and with each purchase you'll earn Brown Bear Beans to use towards future purchases!

Visit brownbear.co to find out more.

11. Just four weeks into the launch of Dorset's first gin distillery, Conker Spirit's Dorset Dry gin

is causing a bit of a stir. With an exciting take on the traditional, the Dorset Dry is bright, refreshing and beautifully smooth. Distilled alongside the golden beaches of Dorset with handpicked gorse flowers. Conker will have you donning your flip flops in no time. That's the Spirit! Find at www.masterofmalt.co.uk contact www.conkerspirit.co.uk

12. No.3 is the London Dry Gin distilled to a

proprietary recipe of Berry Bros. & Rudd, London's oldest wine and spirit merchant and supplier to the royal family. The name No.3 refers to the address in St James's Street, London: Berry Bros. & Rudd's home since 1698. With juniper at its heart, it unashamedly celebrates the integrity and character of traditional London Dry Gin six perfectly balanced botanicals distilled in traditional copper pot stills. With an ABV of 46%, No.3 is the perfect gin for a Dry Martini and the classic G&T. No.3 has also won the International Spirits Challenge gold medal for four consecutive years after recently winning the 2015 award. Stockists include Waitrose and Selfridges. £35. Visit www.no3gin.com

13. Your Tea. Man Tea is designed to enhance the growth of muscle mass and size, whilst promoting a lean, cut frame. Free of sugar, chemicals and preservatives – this blend is designed to not only compliment, but also enhance physical results. Visit www.uk.yourtea.com for further information.

14. The Wild Geese Premium Rum, voted World's Best Gold Rum 2015 by The World Rum Awards. Broad nose displaying good complexity, moderate intensity. Refined and balanced in the mouth. Aged for up to eight years, from Barbados, Jamaica and Guyana. Available on Amazon.co.uk

15. Westerhall's award-winning Plantation Rum (43%) is the official rum of the Royal Ocean Racing Club's Transatlantic Race from Lanzarote to Grenada. Aged for a minimum of 5 years it is a delightfully smooth sipping rum that owes its unique character to a lengthy time honoured process. This rum isn't smooth it's silky smooth, with the first sip offering a moderate bite which then turns buttery smooth, honey sweet and mildly spicy, with the finish showing great finesse. For further information contact sales@westerhallrums.co.uk or call 01227 723007.

16. Top Note tonic Bitter Orange Tonic was inspired by a desire to create a lighter, more herbal version of Italian chinotto soda. Bitter Orange is arguably our most complex beverage containing many botanical herbs and spices and several types of sugars. A Top Note Bitter Orange Tonic pairs well with high-quality dark spirits, but it does not overpower their natural oak flavour. Visit www.topnotetonic.com for further information.

17. Copperhead Gin. During the summer of 2013, the passionate pharmacist, Yvan Vindvogel was triggered by an article telling the fascinating story of Gin. Intrigued by the medicinal history of this potion and the strong connection with his profession, he was inspired. During a period of months, multiple batches were made in the search for the perfect balance of ingredients. Finally only five ingredients were selected: Juniper berries, Cardamom, Angelica, Coriander seeds and Orange zest. Visit www.copperhead.be for more information.

18. Butler's Gin is an artisanal, craft spirit produced in East London's first gin distillery in over a century. Produced in a 20 litre jar and infused for 18 hours, each bottle is hand bottled, hand signed and made to order. Butler's Gin is available to purchase for £31.50 from www.butlersgin.co.uk including free next day delivery.



14



15



16



17



18

All The Gear... And No Idea!



1. Boot Bananas. the active person's new best friend. They're stylish. They're British. They're yellow. Most of all, they're bananas about being the ultimate shoe deodoriser. Saving the world, one pair of fruity feet at a time. For more information visit www.bootbananas.com Or email bootbananas@gmail.com

2. [QUODOS] ACTION by Knog. The world's first hi-powered action video light. Whether you're surfing after sunset, riding at midnight, or diving to new depths - [quodos] to you. Designed to work with GoPro's and other action cameras, plus DSLRs. Price: £89.99. For more information, visit knog.com.au or call +61 3 9428 6352.

3. Harkila Big Game Boa GTX 8" Boot This extremely lightweight and supportive GORE-TEX 8" boot has a top quality nubuck leather upper with a Harkila memory fit to provide maximum comfort and performance. It also has a deep tread outsole for effective grip and a 90 degree heel for additional support. The technical Harkila Ortholite footbed offers a superior fit, moisture transport, breathability and is odour repellent. The eye catching Boa quick and easy closing system dispenses with the need for traditional laces. It provides a completely even lacing via a simple turning mechanism. Available in dark brown/brown and sizes 5-17 (5-13 in half sizes). RRP £249.99. For more information visit www.harkila.com or call Ewen Steel 07912 934389 / Simon Esnouf 07887 997788.

4. Origin Paddleboards. The lightest, stiffest and most environmentally sound inflatable SUP on the planet. 6kg, 5yr warranty and small enough to take anywhere. Manufactured in the UK, loved worldwide. Use BRITISHGQ for a FREE Origin Water Bottle by Sigg with every board. Visit www.originpaddleboards.com

5. Pelago Bicycles makes reliable, well-designed products for the needs of transportation and active cycling. Shown is the company's Hanko bicycle - a modern classic, perfect for short to long distance daily cycling. For more information www.pelagobicycles.com

6. A2B. The foldable Kuo+ is lightweight and stylish enough to accompany you anywhere. This clever e-bike has a maximum speed of 15.5mph and range of 37+ miles. Predominantly for city commuters, the Kuo+ also manages hills comfortably when the rider uses the propulsion system with their own pedalling. For more information visit www.wearea2b.com or call 020 7489 6382.

7. Fabike, an Italian-designed cycling brand, combines sleek design with clever technical innovations, allowing the rider the freedom to create his own unique configuration like never before. For more information visit www.fabike.it or email info@fabike.it

8. Elephant Food. It's a jungle out there. And when you've just hit 40 Kicks on the bike or just finished a CrossFit class, you deserve something amazing to Nourish your body and delight your taste buds. That's why the team at 'Elephant Food' created three lovingly blended snack mixes, bursting with flavour and chock full of 100% natural ingredients including Goji Berries, Blueberries, Cacao Nibs, Bee Pollen, Buckwheat & Quinoa. Their superfood products contain copper which contributes to the normal function of the immune system, manganese which contributes to normal energy-yielding metabolism and vitamin C which contributes to the reduction of tiredness and fatigue. Elephant Food is versatile enough to be used on-the-go, or as a tasty pre or post workout snack. Include these Superfood Snacks in your daily diet-Eat and feel mighty! Now available at selected Boots, Holland & Barrett, GNC, Planet Organic, Selfridges and Booths supermarket stores or you can buy online at www.elephantsuperfood.com or call 08455 197802.

9. X-BIONIC® THE TRICK® Along an insulation zone on the spine, an overheating of the body is simulated, and the brain kicks in with early sweat production. Even before the body overheats, it's cooled by sweat effectively and more quickly. The strain on physical systems is relieved. RESULT. You have more energy for performance. For more information visit www.X-Bionic.com or call 01250 873863.

10. Bodysurfing has always been a mixture of art and function.

Dutch bodysurfing handplanes celebrate this balance by combining the beauty of premium materials and quality craftsmanship with unparalleled function and performance. www.dutchsurfboards.com Instagram: @realdutchsurfboards



10

11. The Dexshell intelligent range of waterproof breathable socks, designed for a multitude of outdoor uses; running cycling, hiking riding, they are comfortable and warm receiving high recommendations when reviewed. A must have for all you outdoor enthusiasts. For more information visit www.dexshell.com or call Susan Shuell on 01618 644666.



11

12. Tempest Bomber. Classically cut with 'Darklight' reflective details and made from remarkable Japanese waterproof and breathable fabric, the Huez* Tempest Bomber is built for style and performance. Visit www.huez.co.uk or call +44 (0)203 754 4681.



13

13. Jetvalve Bottle Cage Mount.

Lightweight and compact, this stealth mount fits below your bottle cage and carries a CO2 inflator, plus two spare cylinders meaning re-inflating your tyre after a puncture takes seconds, not minutes. For more information visit www.jetvalve.uk and info@jetvalve.uk



14

14. Swifty Scooters offer premium quality adult kick scooters, designed and engineered in Manchester, UK. SwiftyAIR £349 (featured) is designed for park, street and dirt riding, for jumps and stunts. SwiftyAIR has 16 inch pneumatic wheels suitable for mixed terrain riding. For more information visit www.swiftyscooters.com or call 0161 848 8695.



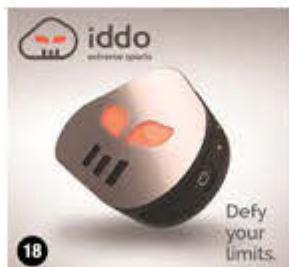
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15. AirWheel self-balancing units are not only portable, but also environmentally friendly and completely hands free to operate. Light weight, convenient and easily controllable. AirWheel can be taken to the office, restaurant, local shops, airports or even the subway. The built in carry handle, makes getting up and down steps very easy and can simply be stowed away anytime necessary. Available from www.theairwheel.com Phone: 020 3086 7983.



15

16. Waterproof up to 60 metres with high quality 12 megapixel photos, with its built-in Wi-Fi, the **Kitvision Escape** allows you to invite others to share in your journey. Available from www.kitvision.co.uk and online retailers.



17

17. Ruffit USA is a revolutionary dog carrier, inspired by the inventors own dog Mojo. Reinventing the way that we interact with dogs, the Ruffit USA team is creating new possibilities for what you can do and where you can go with man's best friend. The first comfortable, safe, and durable forward-facing dog backpack comes in a variety of sizes, to see their full collection visit www.ruffitusa.com.

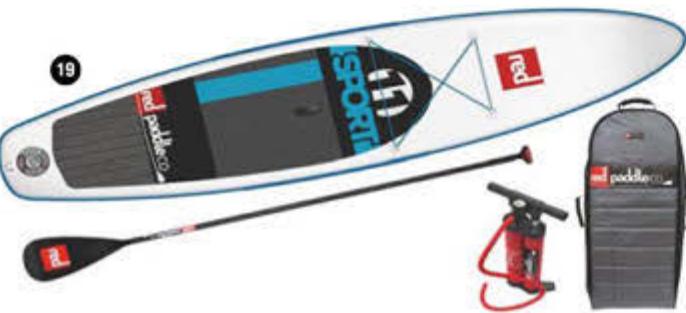


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18. Iddo extreme sports. A Sensor, an App, your Headphones. Defy your limits. For more information visit www.iddo.com or email go@iddo.com



19. Red Paddle Co 11' Sport Inflatable SUP Board The latest design from the world's number 1 inflatable paddle board brand. The 11' Sport blends speed and stability to be the ultimate all round board for the summer. The new and exclusive Titan pump reduces inflation time, while the patented RSS system increases stiffness by 40%. All this packed into a high quality wheeled bag for easy jet setting. RRP £789. For more information, visit www.redpaddleco.com



20

20. Performance, quality and reliability synonymous with German engineering is now making its way into the rapidly developing electric bike scene, courtesy of eBike pioneers, **A2B**. The Obree, with its state-of-the-art technology offers an impressive 62 mile range, with a top speed of 15.5 mph, extending the possibilities of your ride. For more information visit www.wearea2b.com or call 020 7489 6382.

Bachelor Pad... Living It Up!



1. The Electric Playground want to make it easier for you to upgrade your home entertainment system so they've packaged together all the necessary components, from trusted brands like Bowers & Wilkins, into one bundle. You can either self install or let them do it for you. For more information visit www.theelectricplayground.co.uk or email sales@theelectricplayground.co.uk

2. Camerich's Lazytime plus corner sofa (pictured) is currently on sale with 40% off at £290. Lazytime combines modern design with exceptional comfort and can be ordered in a wide range of fabrics or leathers; many modules available for immediate delivery. Call 020 7372 9887 or visit www.camerich.co.uk for more details (expires 10/7/2015).

3. Wishbone Publishing. "Still Me" is part of an incredible new Iconic Collective by the Exclusive UK artist Dean Fox. One of the most collectable artists in the UK right now, original paintings and sketches sell out in galleries instantly. These unique, signed limited editions are available in over 50 affiliated galleries across London and the UK. Prices start at just £375.00. Contact Wishbone Publishing for details of your nearest gallery / stockist. www.wishboneart.co.uk

4. Monolith Kamado Grill. Grill, Roast, Bake and even Smoke food all year round over charcoal. Great for burgers or bangers and perfect for low and slow smoked pulled pork. Turn up the heat for traditional stone baked pizzas, breads and even stews and casseroles. Stunning German design with superior oriental ceramics give you a barbecue that will last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes and 2 colours. Price: From £400. For more information including stockists visit www.monolith-kamado-grill.co.uk or email info@monolith-kamado-grill.co.uk

5. Millbrook Beds. It's your best kept secret in the bedroom. Traditionally handmade in the UK for almost 70 years, Millbrook Beds are made to order using only the finest, locally-sourced, natural materials to offer the ultimate in sleep luxury. For more information visit www.millbrookbeds.co.uk Email: enquiry@millbrookbeds.co.uk or call 01845 373 111.

6. Luxury Safes are the ultimate lifestyle product for stylish protection of your assets. The interiors are hand-crafted in the UK using the finest materials. These bespoke safes are perfect for cash, jewels and watches. For more information visit www.luxury-safes.co.uk or contact John on john@luxury-safes.co.uk or 07788 668236 for a consultation. (An approved Burton Safes Partner).

7. The stunning MAMMOTH chair by NORR11 is a new take on the modern winged armchair. Handcrafted in a solid oak frame, it is available for £1425 from **Nina's House**. Visit ninashouse.com to purchase or call +44 (0)207 751 5827.

8. For a more 'manly' table-top arrangement, **Room39** now offers a selection of uncompromisingly unisex dining textiles like this 100% linen Salamander table runner rrp £30 with a token feminine touch like the Anja Slapnicka's blush pink Leaf side plates rrp £18, each made all available exclusively via www.room39.co.uk Exclusive GQ reader 25% discount code GQSUMMER15 valid until end August 2015.

9. Vinyl Me, Please is a record of the month club that sends its members exclusive pressings of amazing albums on vinyl and pairs each with an original art print and custom cocktail pairing. Discover them online at www.vinylmeplease.com

10. B Bag comes in a cool range of 10 Colours. British made to the highest quality standards, B Bag represents nothing less than a revolution in beanbag design, delivered in the shape of a chair anatomically designed to support your tired muscles in extreme comfort. B Bag's tough polyester construction offers a breathable, colourfast, no fade and water-repellent spec that'll take a beating and keep on delivering extreme outdoors comfort whatever you or the weather throws at it. The unique silverplus hygiene technology incorporated into B Bag's fabric means that no matter how hard you go at it, how hot and sweaty you get, B Bag stays fresh and ready to give you the extreme lounging comfort you deserve. For more information visit www.extremelounging.com or call 01935 692573.

11. MoDecor. Huge £225 discount on the reproduction of the 1956 Charles Eames Lounge Chair and Ottoman. Usually priced at £775, readers can grab a deal just for £550. Visit www.moddecor.co.uk for full range / colours. To claim your offer, visit www.moddecor.co.uk email wsales@moddecor.co.uk or call 020 3239 3902 and use code GQ7 before 31/07/2015. (or while stock lasts). Next day delivery for UK mainland. Visit www.moddecor.co.uk

The Gadget Review..



1. With its high-impact protection yet compact design, the **mophie juice pack** delivers more than 100% (air), 120% (plus) or 150% (ultra) extra battery with the flip of a switch. Made for iPhone 6, this is the ideal case to keep you charged through the day and well into the night. Never need to take off the case, because it enables pass-through charge and sync while connected to a computer. Made for the iPhone 6 Plus, this is mophie's thinnest juice pack yet, but don't let the design fool you it will deliver you up to 14.5 hours talk time and 7.5 hours web browsing additional. Available in black, white and gold and Apple certified starting at £89.95. Shop at Selfridges or visit uk.mophie.com

2. KitSound Clash Evolution headphones allow you to Bluetooth high-quality audio from your device and have powerful 40 mm drivers delivering outstanding sound. Available from www.kitsound.co.uk and other online retailers.

3. Scandomat have launched Apple Watch app integration for their smartphone controlled TopBrewer coffee machine. With the TopBrewer Apple Watch® app your favourite coffee is a single click away on your wrist with the support of a new feature called 'QuickBrew'. Find out more at www.scandomat.co.uk

4. Swiss producer LUCRIN specialises in exquisite handcrafted leather accessories. Their top-quality leather cases are tailored to be a perfect fit for your iPhone, iPod, iPad or Macbook, protecting them from scratches and dust. These light, sleek cases are available in a variety of luxury leathers and colours, and can be engraved. To find out more visit www.lucrin.co.uk

5. Bookniture unfolds from a book to a multifunctional furniture. In just a flip, you will never run out of tables and seats. Pre-order now at : www.bookniture.com Discount code: GQBOOKNITURE. Offer ends 10/7/2015.

6. Cycloramic. This iPhone 6 secret feature makes your iPhone rotate 360 degrees handsfree! Placed on its power adapter, the iPhone 6 spins while capturing panoramic photos or videos. The revolutionary £149 app has reached over 15 million downloads worldwide. Also available in the App Store for iPhone 5/5s. For more information visit cycloramic.com or email contact@egosventures.com and visit egosventures.com to learn about the company's other apps.

7. Never lose your pet again. **POD** is a sleek little tracking device (about the size of a wine cork), which attaches to your pet's collar and lets you instantly locate your animal from your phone, as well as track their activity and fitness levels. For more information visit www.podtrackers.com

8. iRobot Scooba 450. Floor Scrubbing Robot is the only robot that tackles the tedious work of scrubbing hard floors so you don't have to. Scrubbing floors doesn't happen as often as it should. Scooba 450 automatically sweeps and pre-soaks, scrubs, then squeegees your floors, cleaning stuck-on mess and washing away up to 99.3% of bacteria. So easy to use. For more information, visit www.irobot.com or call Robert Dyas on 0191 600 0601.

9. Flicks is an all-in-one, Bluetooth enabled boombox that marries a high-fidelity audio system with a cutting edge (HD) LED projector. Stream your favorite tunes from your smartphone or watch movies (via HDMI) from media devices like Roku, Google Chromecast and more. Plus you can do it all for hours thanks to Flicks massive battery capacity. Flicks beautiful design travels easily from the kitchen, to the pool, to a campsite ... wherever you need a boost of ultimate FUN! Visit www.dashbon.com to learn more about Flicks or email info@dashbon.com

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JULY 2015

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acquadiparma.com

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B

Bally
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berluti.com

Bottega Veneta
bottegaveneta.com

Burberry Prorsum
burberry.com

C

Calvin Klein Jeans
calvinklein.com

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canali.com

Cartier
cartier.co.uk

Church's
church-footwear.com

Coach
uk.coach.com



F

Faconnable
faconnable.com



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London SW1. 020 7838 9455

D

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Prada
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Pretty Green
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S



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Ray Ban
ray-ban.com

Replay
replay.it

Richard James
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Rolex
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Russell & Bromley
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Tod's
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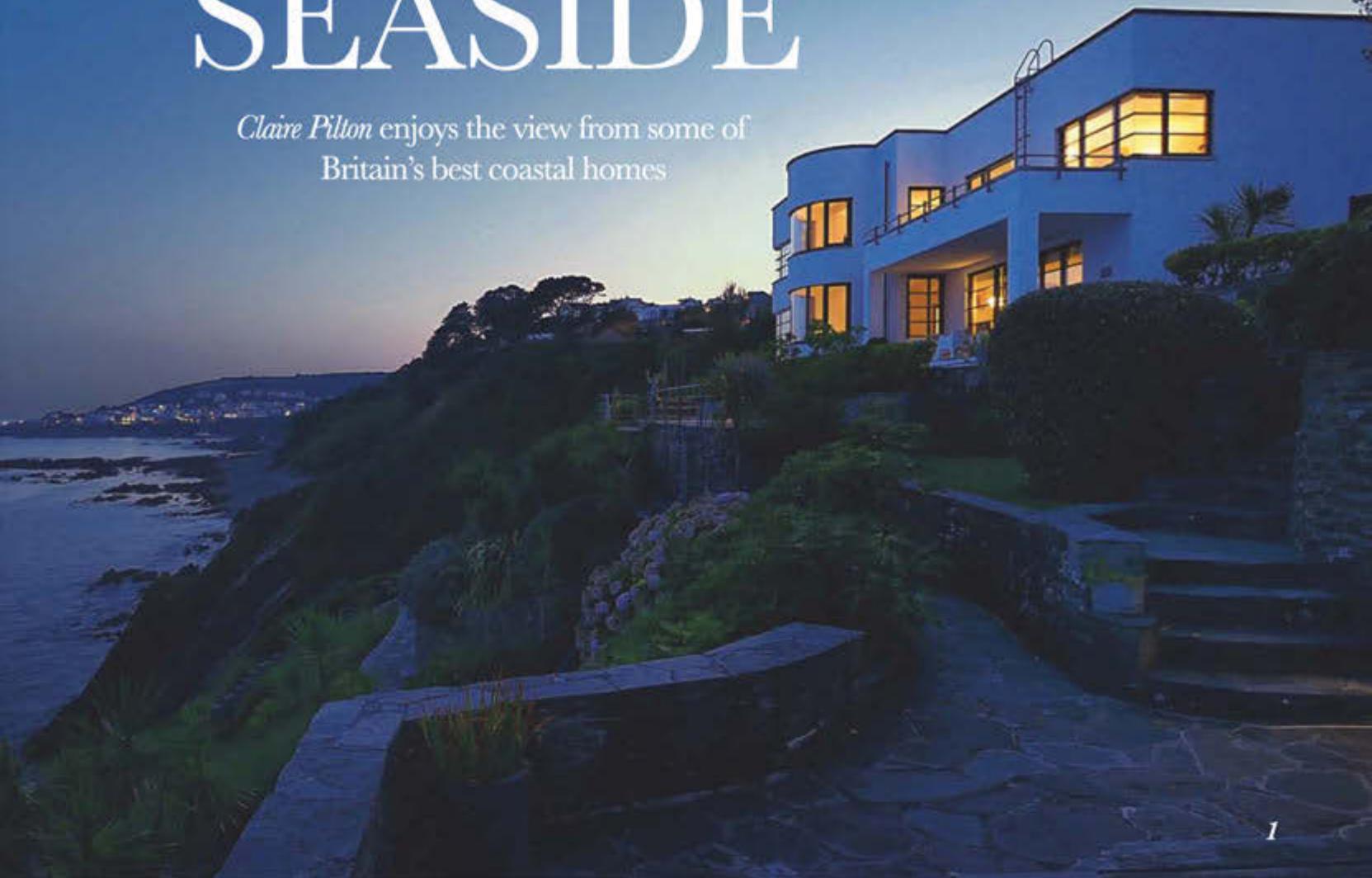


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Oh we do like to be beside the **SEASIDE**

Claire Pilton enjoys the view from some of Britain's best coastal homes



1

One of Cornwall's finest coastal houses is for sale at Plaidy where clifftop properties sit between the sea of Looe Bay and the Cornish countryside behind. Dating from the 1930s, **Gradna** (1) was reputedly built by the Wills tobacco family as their holiday retreat; the five-bedroom house then passed to Lord Bath whose son, the present Marquess (of Longleat fame) spent childhood holidays here. In the 1990s architect Stan Bolt oversaw every inch of Gradna's decade-long restoration; the finest fittings from Europe are teamed with the 'best of British' views that span the entire bay. Gradna has access to, and ownership of, the foreshore and is on the market through Savills (01872 243200) for £3 million. Savills' researcher Sophie Chick reports, 'Average property prices within 100m of the British coastline are 12.4% higher than those within 1km. The north-east and north-west of England carry the biggest premi-

ums at 41.3% and 25.4%, although average prices are highest in the south-west and south-east. Dorset boasts the most expensive coastline of any county, reflecting the ultra-prime coastal hotspots of Sandbanks and Canford Cliffs.'

Vanquish (2) is a £7.5 million marine villa with views over Poole Harbour to Brownsea Island and the Sandbanks peninsula. Well placed for Parkstone Yacht Club, Salterns Marina and Lilliput village, it sports all the toys including an indoor pool, media room, bar and snooker area, wine store and gym; but what really sets this six-bedroom trophy home apart is a private mooring area complete with a jetty, slipway and boathouse. Vanquish is for sale through Hamptons (01202 366707), which is also marketing a pair of brand-new, beach-fronting four-/five-bedroom houses on Sandbanks for £6.5 million a piece. **La Baie** and **La Plage** (3) are arranged over four (lift accessed) floors which all feature large balconies; on the ground floor, an indoor pool opens

to wooded gardens and a private terrace with steps to the award-winning beach. There is even a view from the loo in the master suite across Poole Bay to Studland and Old Harry Rocks.

Cross counties to Hampshire, and 17 miles from Southampton, near Lepe, £6.5 million will stretch to a huge and historic home with 11 bedrooms, a staff flat, granny annex and a cottage. For sale through Strutt & Parker (01962 869999), **Eaglehurst** (4) sits on the edge of the New Forest in some 10 acres of grounds that sweep down to the shores of the Solent. The property is Grade II listed and dates from the early 1800s. Queen Victoria holidayed here before she acquired Osborne House, and Marconi stayed here while conducting his wireless experiments in 1912.

Two miles from the New Forest with views over Lymington River and the town to the Isle of Wight beyond, the 12 villas at 'Lymington Shores' (5) (01590 670348) will be within a five-minute walk of



the Georgian coastal town and sailing resort. Due for completion at the end of 2016, this Redrow Homes development provides a mix of 156 one-, two- and three-bedroom apartments that start from £325,000. The detached villas have four or five bedrooms, a large roof terrace and a water-fronting terrace garden; prices range from £1.5 million to £1.9 million.

Alternatively in Kingswear, South Devon, Knight Frank (01392 423111) is seeking £1.99 million for a six-bedroom house that dates from 1640 and has been in the same family for over a century. **Kittery Quay** (6) has a running mooring that is accessed off the river garden patio; a nautical attribute which, according to Knight Frank's Waterfront Index, can command an astonishing average premium of 102% compared with private beach access, a jetty, pontoon or slipway that can secure average premiums of 80%, 90%, 106% and 113% respectively when compared to similar inland properties

without direct access to water. Kittery Quay, which also sits next to a public slipway, is located in the heart of one of the most popular destinations along the South Hams coastline; a favoured base with cruising yachters who wish to explore France, the Channel Islands and the creeks and harbours of the West Country, Kingswear is also just three minutes by ferry from Dartmouth.

Neighbouring Dartmouth Yacht Club on the town's South Embankment, a substantial double-fronted property currently provides two self-contained apartments with two- and three-bedrooms. Subject to any necessary permissions, Castle View House (7) could be restored back into a spacious family home with a walled garden, garage and stunning views over the River Dart, across to Kingswear and out to sea. Marchand Petit (01803 839190) is asking £1.1 million.

An extra £35,000, could see you and yours ensconced in a Scottish manor house on the shores

of a secluded sea loch. **Greshornish House** (8), near Portree on the Isle of Skye, operates as a family-run hotel but would, according to Smiths Gore (0131 3440888), easily revert to its original use as a family home. The 10-bedroom property and four-bedroom guest/ staff house are set in almost 10 acres of grounds complete with a tennis court, walled garden and woodland, a paved coastal platform, slipway, boat store and 200m of shore frontage.

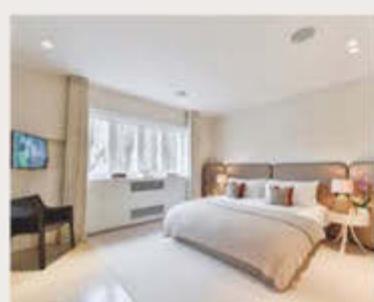
Another manor house, this time of the unusual four-winged 'butterfly plan' variety, is for sale in the Norfolk village of Happisburgh. Designed in 1900 by John Ruskin's disciple Detmar Blow to take full advantage of the views along the coast, **Happisburgh Manor** (9) provides extensive eight-bedroom accommodation and costs £790,000 through Jackson-Stops & Staff (01603 612333). It is surrounded by 12 acres of paddocks and charming gardens that access the cliff tops and excellent sandy beaches below.

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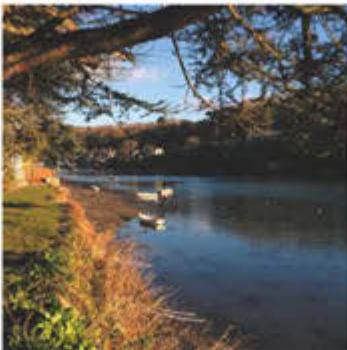
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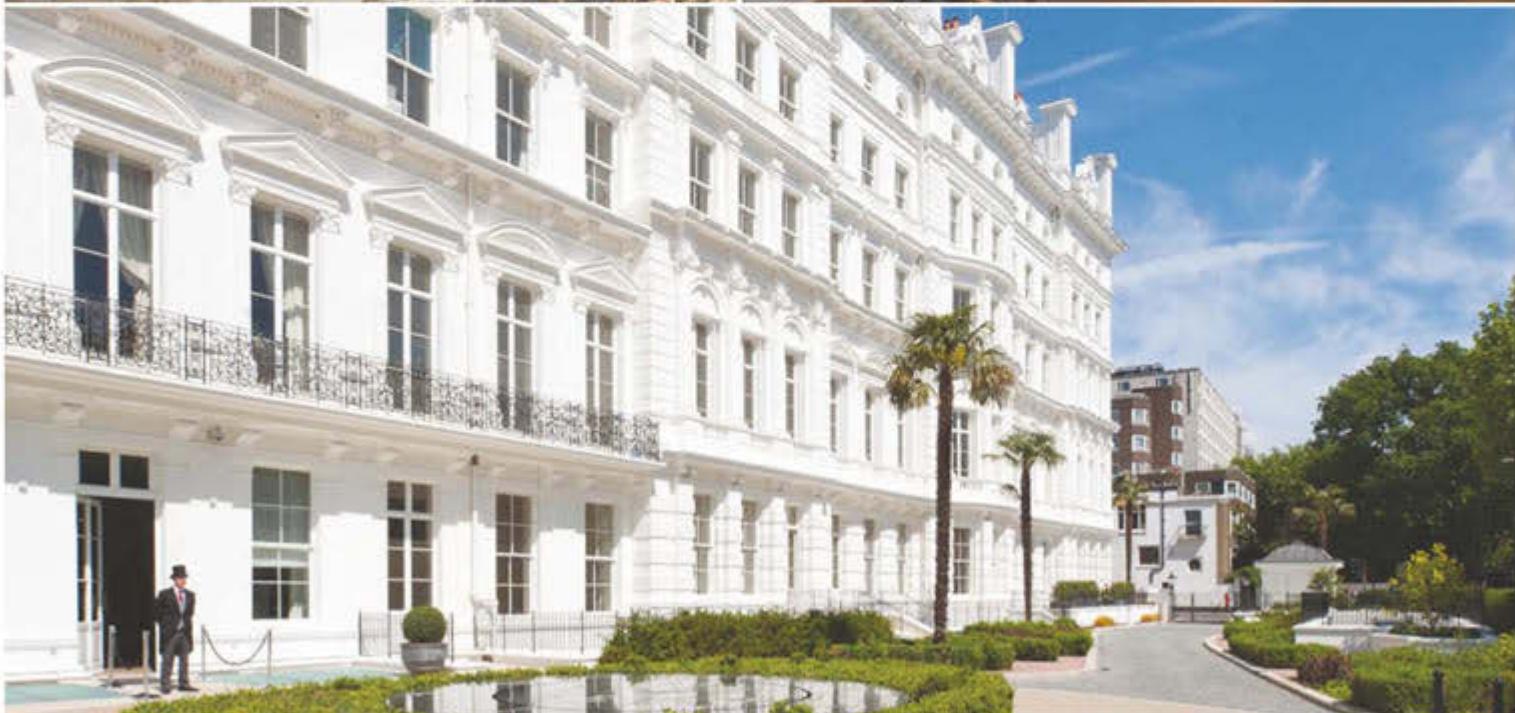
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Messing about on the RIVER

Claire Pilton pushes the boat out and celebrates the best views in town



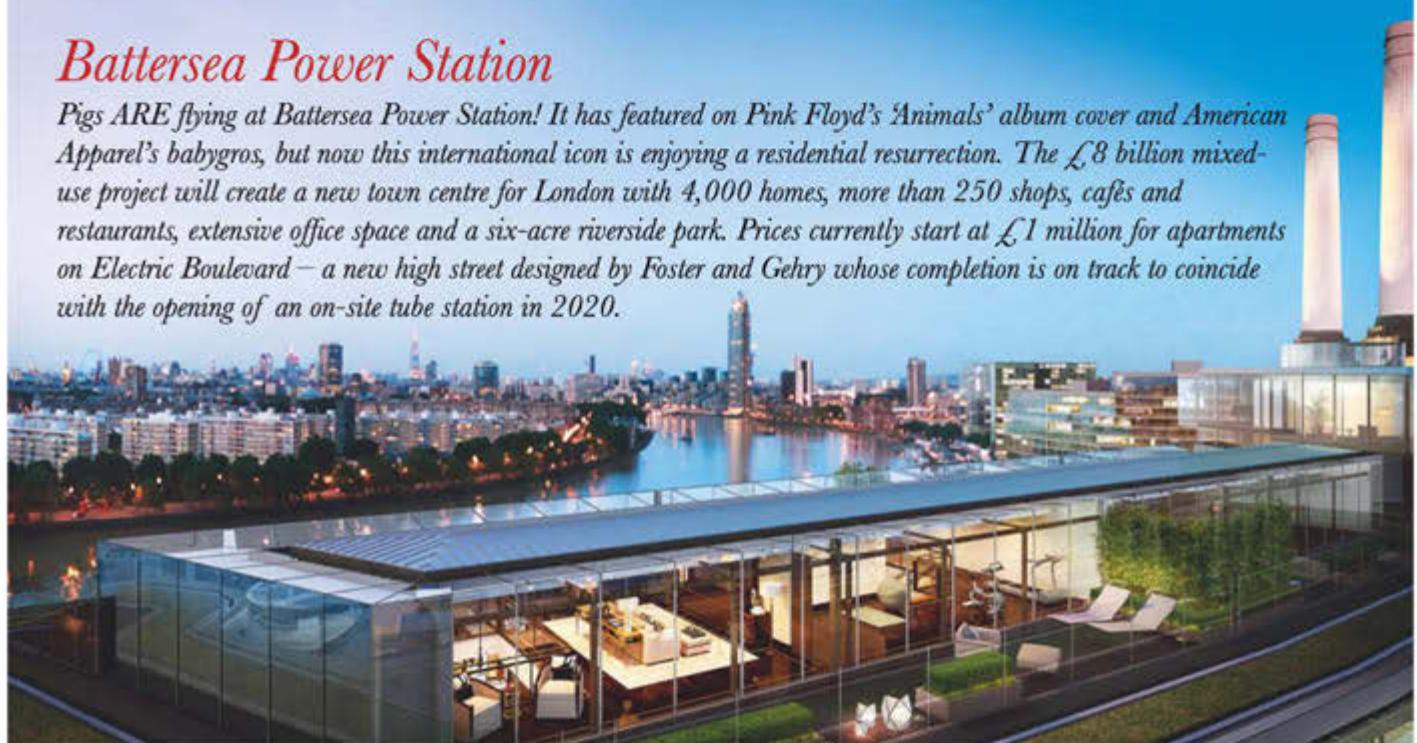
The view from One Tower Bridge is nothing less than spectacular

The Thames is why London exists. London was the biggest port of the world's greatest trading nation between the 16th and 20th centuries. Today its water-fronting homes can, according to Knight Frank, command premiums of 60%. There are some 25 miles of prime riverbank between

Battersea and the Thames Barrier where many of the capital's most historic and iconic sites are now synonymous with a new wave of designer developments. Yet at a time when London has never seen so much luxury construction work, the Thames provides an open outlook that can never be built on and provides spectacular views night and day.

Battersea Power Station

Pigs ARE flying at Battersea Power Station! It has featured on Pink Floyd's 'Animals' album cover and American Apparel's babygros, but now this international icon is enjoying a residential resurrection. The £8 billion mixed-use project will create a new town centre for London with 4,000 homes, more than 250 shops, cafés and restaurants, extensive office space and a six-acre riverside park. Prices currently start at £1 million for apartments on Electric Boulevard – a new high street designed by Foster and Gehry whose completion is on track to coincide with the opening of an on-site tube station in 2020.





An architect's penthouse

Richard Rogers' 'glass mountain' was completed in 2000 beside Battersea's Grade I-listed St Mary's. Originally designed for RR himself, this three-bedroom penthouse on Montevetro's seventh/eighth floors costs £7.5 million through Savills (020 3402 1900). Three terraces and huge windows are teamed with triple-height ceilings and an open-plan design that displays Rogers' signature use of steel and glass.



Fulham riverside

Ever so handy for The Hurlingham Club, this four-bedroom duplex is situated on the fourth and fifth floors of the Victorian mansion block at Hurlingham Court, Ranelagh Gardens, SW6. Featuring Thames-side balconies at both levels and access to the communal gardens and river walkway, it is on the market for £2.75 million through John D Wood (020 7731 4223).



Views of Albert Bridge

Cheyne Walk, SW3, remains one of London's most elegant riverside addresses with its predominantly Georgian and Victorian houses. Designed by Arts & Crafts architect CR Ashbee, this Grade II-listed four-bedroom house has open views across the Thames and Albert Bridge. Complete with a garden and one-bedroom cottage, Knight Frank (020 7349 4300) and Savills (020 7581 5234) are seeking £10.5 million.

Greenwich Peninsula

The man behind *The Knightsbridge Apartments* is now masterminding London's largest regeneration scheme. Greenwich Peninsula has 1.6 miles of Thames frontage, neighbours the O2 and is 15 minutes from Green Park underground. But how to create exclusivity on a 150-acre site where five districts will provide 15,000 homes? Developer Knight Dragon's Sammy Lee is identifying different designers who appeal to different audiences within the fashion-conscious context of limited editions. First up is Tom Dixon whose collection of 40 'playful' apartments marks the launch of *Upper Riverside* where prices start at £400,000.



Tom Dixon's distinctive style is shown in a limited edition of studios, lofts and penthouses with high-concept interiors

One Tower Bridge

Berkeley Homes has certainly pushed the boat out at One Tower Bridge. The 373-unit development boasts the group's best-ever spa and health club which is 'residents only'... whether you own a penthouse or pied-à-terre. The latest release of studios, one- and two-bedroom flats all

have large river-fronting balconies with terrific views of Tower Bridge and are priced from £975,000. If you want a hot tub on your terrace, put your name down for the September launch of three four-bedroom duplex penthouses that start from £13 million.



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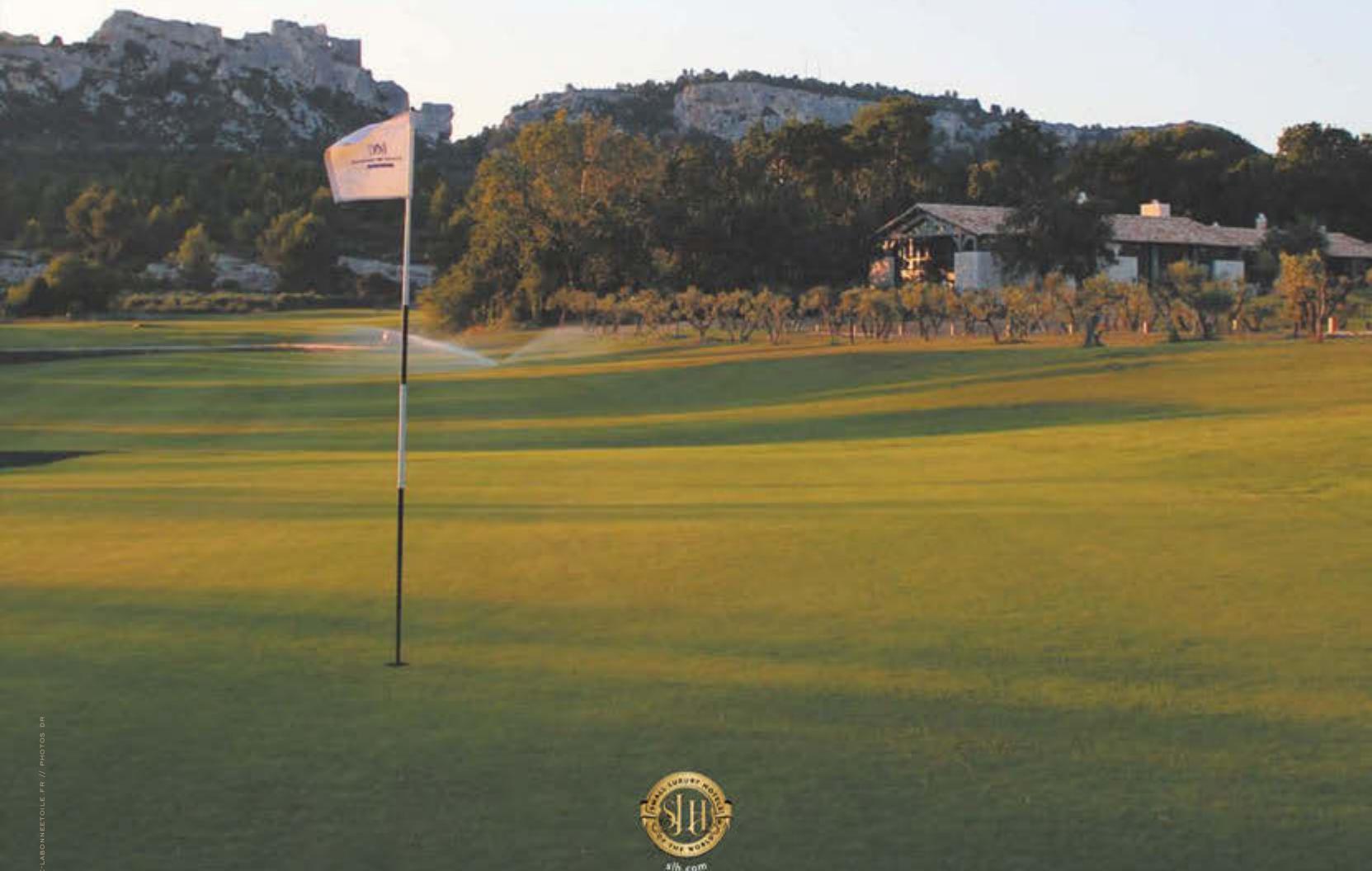
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NOTEBOOK

Rosemary Brooke reports on this month's highlights – from a floral tribute to a Spanish celebrity



BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

Set in a picturesque Hertfordshire hamlet called Mackerey End, this 1920s Georgian-style manor combines country living with city convenience. It's 6.5 miles from Luton airport and, from nearby Harpenden, it's a mere 27 minutes to King's Cross St Pancras by train. Set on 14-and-a-quarter acres, this well-maintained property has eight bedrooms, a swimming pool and leisure complex, two double garages, a stable yard and tennis court. With excellent local schools and lots of outside space, Little Manor is perfect for families – and a commuter's dream. For further information call Savills on 01582 465002



ROSY OUTLOOK

No flower is quite as English as the rose – it's the national emblem, after all. Whether carefully pruned in a formal garden, or climbing up a gable wall, they symbolise traditional beauty. Estate agents Chewton Rose, which specialises in traditional English houses, have had a rose bred and named after them. Clients will be given a plant for their new gardens – the perfect way to put down roots. www.chewtonrose.co.uk



Enduring glamour

With former guests including Audrey Hepburn, Ava Gardner and Cary Grant, the Marbella Club has a long history as one of the smartest hotels on Spain's Costa del Sol. The recently opened Villa Del Mar, a luxurious private villa

on the grounds of the estate, offers a different way to experience this sun-kissed sanctuary. It allows your party to be completely self-contained yet connected to everything the hotel has to offer – including the world-renowned golf



course and top-notch spa. Combining Andalucian architecture with luxurious interiors, Villa del Mar has six suites, five sitting rooms, private spa, infinity pool and fountain-filled gardens fit for a film star. www.marbelloclub.com

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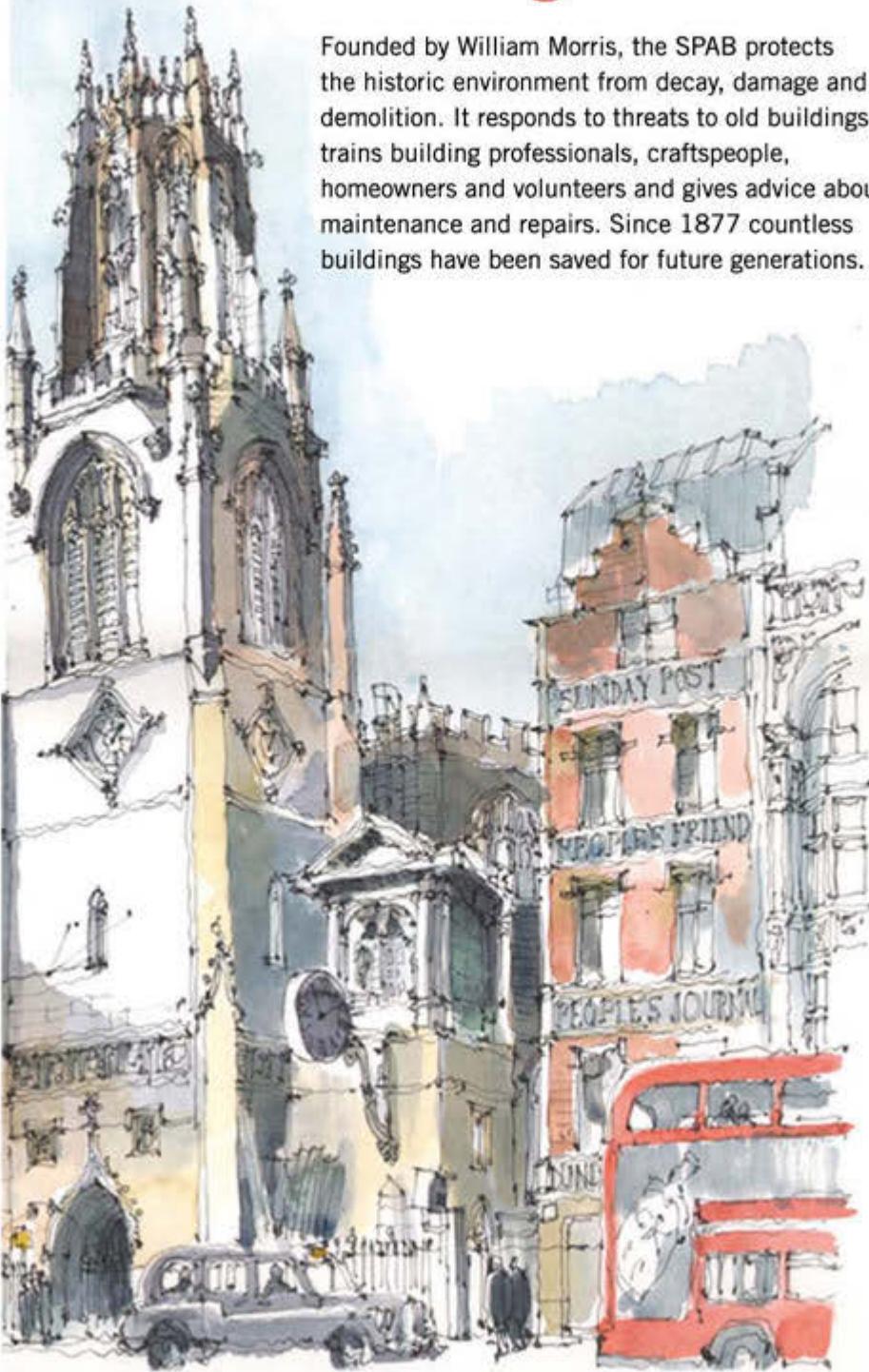


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Founded by William Morris, the SPAB protects the historic environment from decay, damage and demolition. It responds to threats to old buildings, trains building professionals, craftspeople, homeowners and volunteers and gives advice about maintenance and repairs. Since 1877 countless buildings have been saved for future generations.



Drawing of St Dunstan-in-the-West by SPAB Scholar Ptolemy Dean

Information about maintaining your home is available through events, courses, lectures, publications and telephone advice.

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Vital STATISTICS

Taking the measurements of the GQ world

Nº 25

By-appointment galleries favoured by art's cognoscenti

LUXEMBOURG & DAYAN

Speciality: Post-war Italian, French and German art, plus, secondary market contemporary
2 Savile Row, London W1. 64 East 77th Street, New York. luxembourgdayan.com

PEDIGREE: Daniella Luxembourg co-founded auction house Phillips de Pury & Luxembourg
2011: London launch

KEY ARTISTS: Lucian Freud, Michelangelo Pistoletto and Alighiero Boetti

MOST UNUSUAL WORKS: "Anna Betbeze's burned, tortured & abused carpets are authentic and powerful." (Luxembourg)

£13,500: Starting price for emerging artists

TO GET IN: Schmooze at museum openings (though public are permitted in one space)



SPACE IN BETWEEN

Speciality: Early-career contemporary artists working with installation, sculpture and video
Regent Studios, 8 Andrews Road, London E8. spaceinbetween.co.uk

2009: Year it was founded, by two old school friends Hannah Hooks and Laura McFarlane
11: Number of artists represented

MOST UNUSUAL WORK: Lucas Simões' paper and concrete floor that cracks as visitors walk on it

APPOINTMENT-ONLY? Apart from on Friday and Saturday afternoons, when it's open to the public

ART FAIRS: Nada during Frieze New York; Art-o-rama in Marseilles

GBS FINE ART

Speciality: Contemporary art
Ironstone Cottage, Great Elm, Frome, Somerset BA11. gbsfineart.com

SINCE: 2008

BACKGROUND: Director Giles Baker-Smith co-owned the Blue Gallery in London

MOMENT IN THE LIMELIGHT: 2001, when he was the only person to pick out the phoney artist on Channel 4's *Faking It*

TOP ARTISTS: Emily Allchurch (*pictured*) and Helen Sear, who is representing Wales at the Venice Biennale 2015

FEEL AN APPOINTMENT'S TOO FORMAL? Baker-Smith does 80 per cent of his sales through art fairs, according to ArtNet

DOMINIQUE LEVY

Speciality: 20th- and 21st-century modern and contemporary art
1st and 2nd floors, 22 Old Bond Street, London W1. dominique-levy.com

GALLERY STYLE: Venetian palazzo, re-designed for Lévy by D'apostrophe

BACKGROUND: Dominique Lévy founded Christie's private sales department in New York

30: Visitors per day. How to make the grade? If you're feeling brave and well-heeled, just ring the bell

PRICE RANGE: £100,000 - £100m

ARTISTS INCLUDE: Picasso, Frank Stella, Günther Uecker and Enrico Castellani

ON NOW: Alexander Calder's *Primary Motions*

JAMES HYMAN GALLERY

Speciality: 20th-century fine art and photography
16 Savile Row, London W1. jameshymangallery.com

USP: Access to museum-quality Camden Town School, Kitchen Sink Painters and British Pop Art

STAR NAMES: Derrick Greaves and Edouard Baldus

MOST HIGH-PROFILE EXHIBITION:

Linda McCartney: Photographs co-curated with Paul McCartney

SHOWING NOW: Images from the estate of Hungarian photographer André Kertész

ART FAIRS: Frieze Masters, Masterpiece, Aipad Photoshow, NY, London Original Print Fair, Photo London and Paris Photo

GALLERY FUMI

Speciality: Contemporary design - wall installations, one-off pieces of furniture, ceramics, screens, mirrors and lighting
Penthouse, 16 Hoxton Square, London N1. galleryfumi.com

OPENED: 2008

ARTISTS/DESIGNERS: Sam Orlando Miller, Max Lamb, Fay Toogood and Johannes Nagel

HOW DOES IT WORK? They'll invite you in, curate a space especially for you, serve you a flat white and inspire you to place an order

THOUGH THERE ARE EXHIBITIONS TOO:

Access via the buzzer

GOING THE EXTRA 1,450 MILES: The gallery opens in Sardinia from June to September

FAIRS: PAD London and Design Miami Basel

MERVILLE GALLERIES

Speciality: Post-war modern British and contemporary
Church House, Stopham, Pulborough, West Sussex RH20. mervillegalleries.com

20TH-CENTURY SUPERSTARS ON SALE: Patrick Heron, Craigie Aitchison and Ben Nicholson

BACKGROUND: Director Thomas Lighton once worked at Cork Street legend Waddington

VISITORS: About three per year mistakenly make the trek to Pulborough, only to find Mrs Lighton knee-deep in a flowerbed

SO WHERE ARE THESE GALLERIES? They are virtual. Lighton works from home. Make an appointment and he will bring the art to you

ANTHONY MOULD

Speciality: British art and taste from medieval to contemporary
21 Bruton Street, London W1. anthonymould.co.uk

GALLERY STYLE: Blue-chip art consultancy in an office

BACKGROUND: Cambridge, Courtauld, then straight into business for himself

LAUNCHED: 1983

YOU DON'T NEED TO BE RICH: It's surprising what you can buy for under £5,000

ART FAIRS: No intention of ever doing one

HOW DOES HE FIND CLIENTS? Word of mouth

CAN YOU MAKE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE HIM? Do your research, marshal your charm and pick up the phone. He might even say yes

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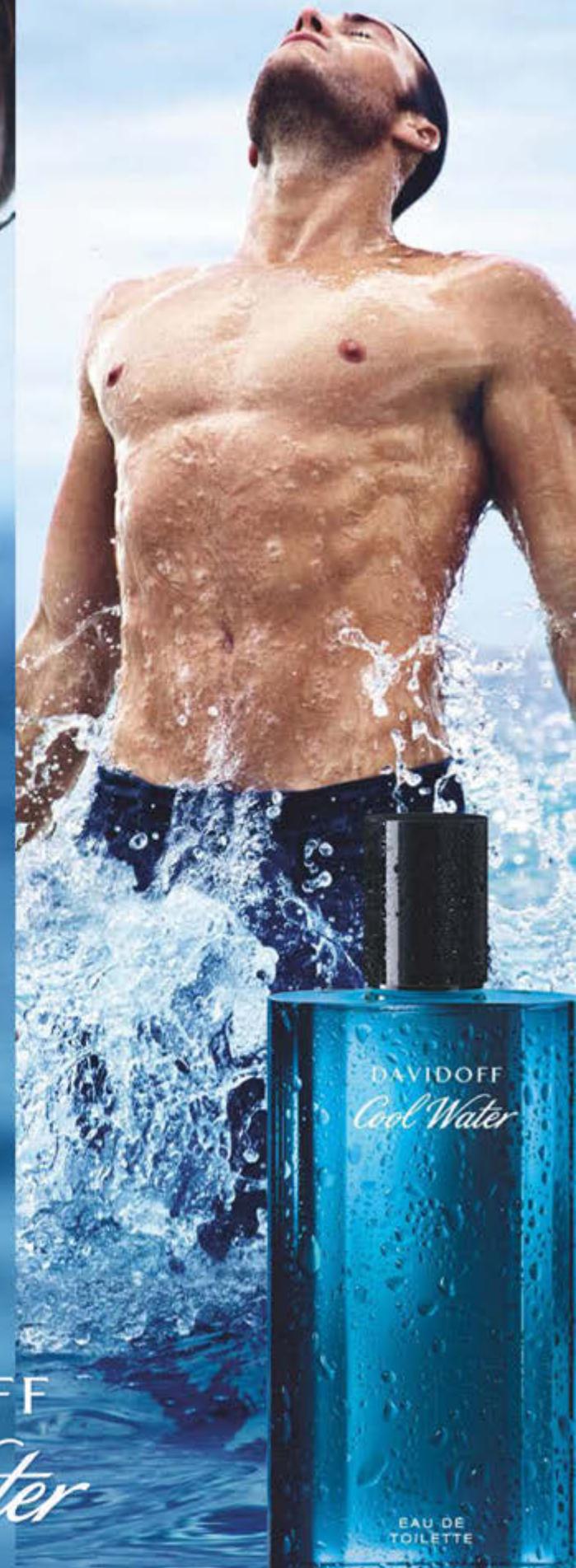
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GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

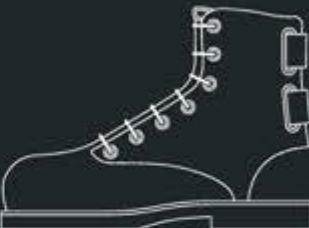
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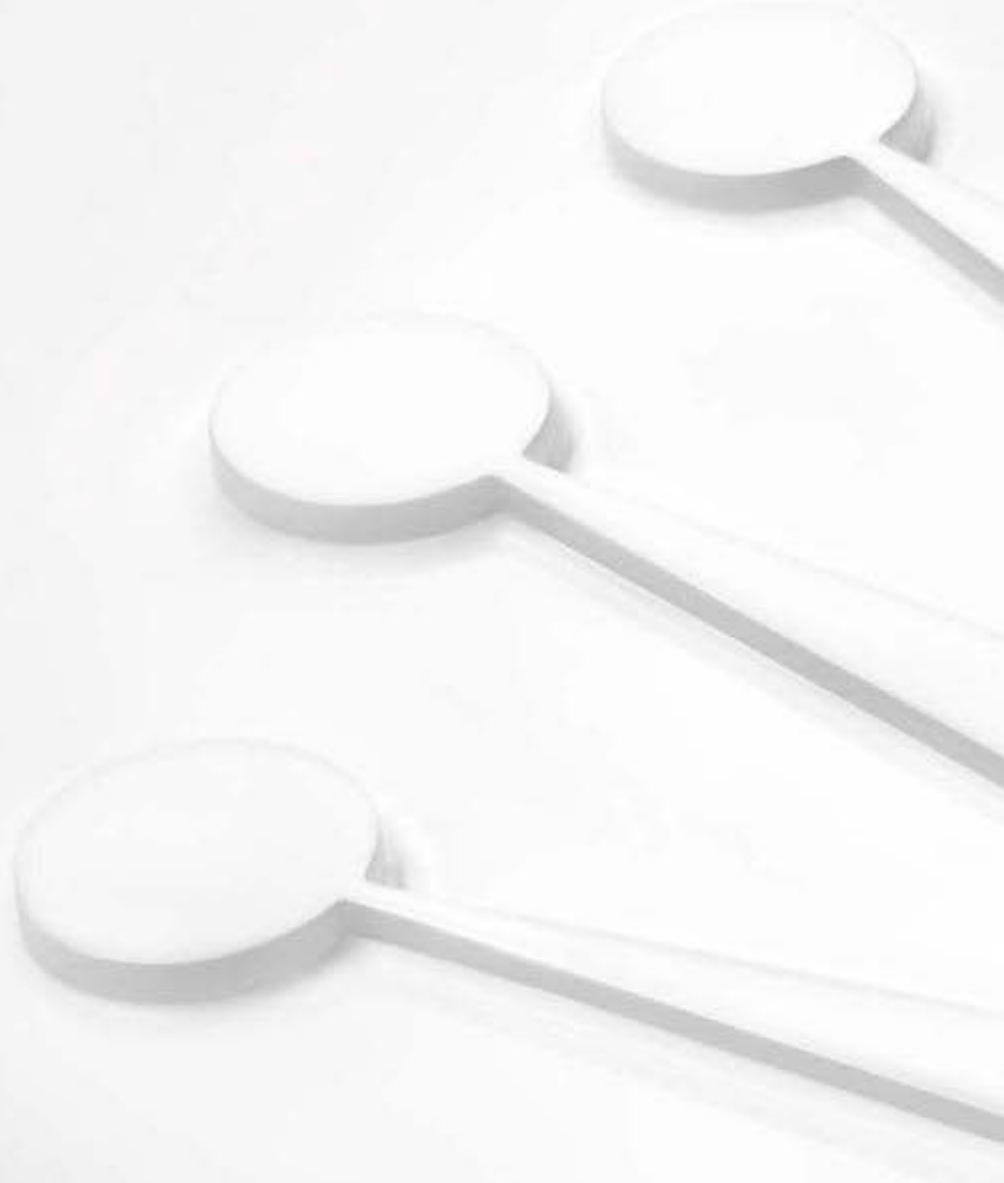
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YOUR MANUAL FOR A STYLISH
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OYSTER PERPETUAL

MANIFESTO

Welcome to the *GQ Handbook Of Style*, where we have joined forces with the legendary Harrods to bring you the best in menswear. From the biggest labels to the coolest new trends, this is what every stylish man needs to know to make sure he is always in fashion

WORDS
Kirstie Finlayson

PHOTOGRAPHS
Nicholas Kay



LE MOC'N'ROLL

JM Weston shoes are the perfect fusion of French construction with a British sensibility. If you fancy flashing an ankle (socks are so last year) then check out the new Le Mocs, a collection of stripped-down loafers in butter-soft calfskin and a range of cool colours.

CARRY ON FLYING

The past 40 years have seen a lot of changes in the world of air travel – Concorde has come and gone, former giants of the skies such as Pan Am are no longer with us, new giants such as the A380 have arrived and Nicole Kidman finally has her own first-class cabin. But throughout that time Tumi has been one of

the frequent flyer's best friends. The new 1975 Collection takes its inspiration from the company's original range crafted in full-grain leather.



International carry-on suitcase by **Tumi**, £1,295. [tumi.com](#)

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Grey jeans by Jacob Cohën, £315.
Indigo jeans by AG Jeans, £229.
Both at **Harrods**. harrods.com



ON THE DOUBLE

Born in Cornwall in 1829, John Lobb walked all the way to London to find for himself if the streets were paved with gold for an apprenticeship. Now the company he founded is owned by Hermès and its new creative director Paula Gerbase, once of Hardy Amies and Kilgour, has celebrated his epic walk with a new collection including – of course – a version of the classic John Lobb double monk.

Morval double monk by **John Lobb**, £890. johnlobb.com

BAG OF TRICKS

We are big fans of the Moncler Armand jacket, which is the perfect mash-up of a quilted duffle in classic Moncler style but with wooden toggles. Now it has inspired a new version as part of the company's latest collection of bags in quilted nylon and Nappa leather.

Armand bag by **Moncler**, £415. moncler.com



JEAN POOL

The first dedicated denim department in Harrods launches this month on the lower ground floor with a range of international labels including exclusives from brands such as AG Jeans, Jacob Cohën and Nudie.



WHALE OF A TIME

The latest in Acqua di Parma's Colonia line comes in the form of Ambra. The main accord is ambergris, one of the world's rarest ingredients – unsurprisingly, considering it is produced by sperm whales and found washed up on beaches. Here it has been complemented with orange blossom, bergamot and petitgrain, plus cedar and rosewood.

Colonia Ambra by **Acqua di Parma**, £195 for 180ml. At **Harrods**. harrods.com



TIME AND MOTION

Emporio Armani is upping its game with the launch of its new watch model, Bold Motion. Available in three sizes, it also comes with a range of finishes and straps as well as a chronograph with a moonphase function.

ARS9105 watch by **Emporio Armani Swiss Made**, £995. armani.com

O CANADA

When you think Canada Goose you tend to think of ultra-padded cold-weather gear that would keep out the iciest Arctic blast. But the new Spring Outdoor Performance range is anything but overheated, and the lightweight designs in technical fabrics mean that you can layer up without looking like an igloo.

Hybridge Lite vest by **Canada Goose**, £290. canada-goose.com



ON SPEC

Burberry's new range of optical eyewear and sunglasses featured heavily in its rave-reviewed Classically Bohemian menswear show for autumn, so if you want to be loved for your mind just as much as your body, get the girls checking out the brains on Brad with the new Scholar range that will be available in three styles from August.



Scholar eyewear by **Burberry**, £179. burberry.com



**LOVE DEFINITELY**

Launched in 2014, the Made With Love campaign is Harrods' celebration of luxury craftsmanship, and this year the focus will be on footwear. Many of the big kickers of the shoe industry and beyond will be creating exclusive designs for sale in store throughout the month of August.

BAGS BOTH WAYS

Calvin Klein was way ahead of the curve when it became the first design house to push the unisex trend by launching the CK One fragrance back in 1994. Now it has come up with a range of athletics-style unisex bags, including mesh origami-inspired rucksacks and washed-leather gym bags.



Bag by
**Calvin Klein
Jeans**, £135.
calvinklein.com



Clean blue cashmere denim jeans by **7 For All Mankind**, £225.
At **Harrods**. harrods.com

SHOWER POWER

Combining American heritage with contemporary Italian flair, to celebrate its 185th anniversary, Woolrich John Rich & Bros has evolved, creating the rainwear range of luxury parkas. They use Gore-Tex, Loro Piana's Storm System fabric and 90 per cent duck down for pieces that are fully waterproof but light as, well, a feather. And that's fair play for foul weather.

Coat by **Woolrich**, £650.
woolrich.eu

**BRUSH UP**

The girls have long had sonic cleansing brushes, but now Clinique has a men's version. The bristles are designed for thicker male skin and are infused with charcoal to help draw out impurities. Use it twice a day with Clinique For Men's new Charcoal Face Wash.

Sonic System Deep Cleansing Brush by **Clinique For Men**, £79.
clinique.co.uk

**RING OF DESIRE**

Here at GQ we have long been cheerleaders for men's jewellery, and so we are thrilled with the new collection by Gucci – a first for the Italian fashion house. The much-reported androgynous menswear looks presented by new creative director Alessandro Michele in January were accessorised with handfuls of the most masculine of knuckle-dusters.

Ring by **Gucci**, £305. gucci.com

**FLYING HIGH**

Qatar Airways has taken in-flight luxury to a higher altitude of style with its new amenity kits and loungewear designed by two iconic Italian fashion houses. Missoni has designed an exclusive sleep suit and slippers that will be available to first- and business-class passengers only, along with a Giorgio Armani wash bag that includes travel-sized fragrances and skincare products. qatarairways.com



Soaps, £48 for three. Hand and body cleansing gel, £39 for 100ml. Shower gel, £28 for 200ml. All by **Hermès**. hermes.com

BARRETT'S HOME

Since 1999, British designer Neil Barrett has built a reputation for his recognisable hi-tech sportswear, which has won him fans from Seattle to Seoul. He has now opened his first shop-in-shop at Harrods with a space designed by architect Zaha Hadid, who was also responsible for his flagship store in Tokyo.

SMOKING BAIN

Long overdue in our humble opinion, Hermès has finally launched a bath and body line. Le Bain also includes shower gels and a moisturising balm that is perfect post-shave and is available fragranced by a range of the Hermès colognes, including the peerless Eau d'Orange Verte, as well as a range of the Le Jardin scents.

Soaps, £48 for three. Hand and body cleansing gel, £39 for 100ml. Shower gel, £28 for 200ml. All by **Hermès**. hermes.com

**LUST FOR LUNCH**

If you want to get fresh alfresco, this summer's essential piece of kit is the Aston Martin picnic hamper for two. Inside the traditional wicker and saddle leather basket you'll find crystal glassware, bone china tableware, linen napkins and a lambswool blanket as well as silverware by celebrated silversmith Grant Macdonald who is



Nubuck leather jacket by **Versace**, £2,467. versace.com



usually found working for livery companies and royal families so this is cutlery that is literally fit for a king.

Picnic hamper by **Aston Martin**, £2,950. At **Harrods**. harrods.com

**CANS FESTIVAL**

Fusing style and performance, Master & Dynamic and Zero Halliburton have together created the ultimate in audio kit, with an aluminium attaché case that houses the MH40 Over Ear headphones, a stand and the new Boom Microphone. Available from next month. Zero Halliburton kit by **Master & Dynamic**, £600. masterdynamic.co.uk



Beach bag, £110. Swim trousers, £180. All by **Vilebrequin**. vilebrequin.com

**MED MEN**

French beach brand Vilebrequin has always been at home on the Plage de Pampelonne in Saint-Tropez with its swim shorts but if you want to hang out in the beach bars for a sundowner and still have the option of a moonlight dip check out its new swim "longs". Plus don't miss the limited-edition shorts decorated with images taken by photographer Massimo Vitali, on the nearby island of Porquerolles, of men wearing the shorts with images of men wearing... we could go on but we're off for a swim.

Coat by **Paul Smith**, £5,990.
At Harrods. harrods.com.
Trousers, £409. Shoes, £550.
Both by **Paul Smith**. paulsmith.co.uk. Jumper by **Louis Vuitton**,
£875. louisvuitton.com



MALE
06
ORDER

The biggest names in fashion are pushing the boundaries of menswear like never before. Here's our pick of their modern masterpieces

PHOTOGRAPHS
Felix Cooper

STYLING
Gary Armstrong



Coat, £1,579. Shirt, £787.

Vest, £250. Belt, £396.

All by **Haider Ackermann**.

haiderackermann.be.

Trousers by **Burberry**

Prorsum, £550.

burberry.com



From left: Sven wears jacket by **Burberry Prorsum**, £3,495. burberry.com. Cardigan, £540. Trouser, £385. Both by **Emporio Armani**. armani.com. Vest by **Haider Ackermann**, £250. haiderackermann.be

Jack wears coat, £3,995. Jumper, £1,495. Both by **Burberry Prorsum**. burberry.com. Trousers by **Fendi**, £295. fendi.com. Belt by **Gucci**, £290. gucci.com

Cardigan, £395. Trousers, £400. Both by **Maison Margiela**, maisonmargiela.com. Shirt, £360. Sandals, £405. Both by **Gucci**, gucci.com. Scarf by **Lanvin**, £585. lanvin.com





Coat by **Lanvin**, £10,115.
lanvin.com. Cardigan, £880.
Trousers, £1,400. Both by
Balmain. balmain.com. Top
by **Paul Smith**, £199.
paulsmith.co.uk



Coat by **Dior Homme**, £7900, dior.com.
Coat, £1,739. T-shirt, £180. Both by
Paul Smith, paulsmith.co.uk. Trousers
by Gucci, £1,010, gucci.com. Scarf by
Emporio Armani, £665, armani.com.
Belt by **Lanvin**, £270, lanvin.com



From left: Sven wears coat, from £17,800. Shirt, from £820. Trousers, from £610. Boots, from £610. Belt, from £250. All by **Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci**. givenchy.com

Jack wears coat, from £2,400. Shirt, from £820. Trousers, from £675. Boots, from £840. Bag, from £1,140. All by **Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci**. givenchy.com



Coat by **Bottega Veneta**, £3,425, bottegaveneta.com. Pyjama shirt, £560. Pyjama trousers, £400. Both by **Dolce & Gabbana**, dolcegabbana.com. Rollneck by **Lanvin**, £800, lanvin.com. Scarf by **Haider Ackermann**, £365, haiderackermann.be. Shoes by **Gucci**, £695, gucci.com

Jacket by **Valentino**, £8,500.
valentino.com. Jumper by
Bottega Veneta, £745.
bottegaveneta.com. Shirt by
Haider Ackermann, £795.
haiderackermann.be. Trousers,
£670. Shoes, £335. Both by
Lanvin. lanvin.com





From left: Jack wears gillet by **Burberry Prorsum**, £2,495. burberry.com. Shirt, £695. Trouser, £510. Both by **Gucci**, gucci.com

Sven wears T-shirt by **Maison Margiela**, £210. maisonmargiela.com. Shirt by **Gucci**, £695. gucci.com. Trousers by **Haider Ackermann**, £400. haiderackermann.be

Styling assistant Georgia Medley and Itunu Oke
Grooming Louis Ghewy at The Book Agency using
TIGI Catwalk and Nip + Man Set design Thomas
Petherick Models Sven De Vries at Supa Model
Management and Jack Chambers at Elite

A new dimension

Having entered its greatest chapter yet, Harrods now showcases the very best in classic, contemporary and runway pieces. With an even bigger menswear department, set your sights on London's most iconic destination for fashion.

Clockwise from top left:
Trainers by **Adidas**, £67.95. Denim shirt by **Acne Studios**, £185. Jumper by **Alexander McQueen**, £345. Parka by **Christopher Raeburn**, £395. Trainers by **Maison Margiela**, £480. Jumper by **Neil Barrett**, £310. Bomber jacket by **3.1 Phillip Lim**, £675 (exclusive to Harrods). Jumper by **Maison Margiela**, £599.

Anders wears: Bomber jacket by **Ami**, £390. Polo shirt by **Valentino**, £240. Trousers by **Valentino**, £699. Trainers by **Tom Ford**, £430. All brands available at **Harrods**. harrods.com





Clockwise from top left:
Shirt by **Dsquared2**,
£525. Shirt by **Givenchy**,
£355. Trainers by
Balenciaga, £455.
Jeans by **Moschino**,
£245. Trainers by
Balenciaga, £335. Bag
by **Givenchy**, £330.

Anders wears: Sequin
T-shirt by **Burberry**
Prorsum, £2,499.
Trousers by **Burberry**
Prorsum, £550. Trainers
by **Valentino**, £410.
All brands available at
Harrods. harrods.com







Clockwise from top left:
T-shirt by **Paul Smith**
Jeans, £99.95 (exclusive
to Harrods). Jumper by
Valentino, £975. Bomber
by **Christopher Kane**,
£975. Backpack by **Fendi**,
£920. Trainers by
Alexander McQueen,
£360. Jeans by **Tom Ford**,
£490. Trainers by **Fendi**,
£505. Trousers by **SOLID**
HOMME, £205 (exclusive
to Harrods). Trainers by
Nike, £99.95.

Anders wears: Bomber
jacket by **Versace**, £1,175.
Shirt by **Fendi**, £200.
Trousers by **Alexander**
McQueen, £495. Trainers
by **Fendi**, £545. All brands
available at **Harrods**.
harrods.com







Photographs Sam Hofman Set design Aliki Kirmitsi Model Anders Hayward at David Artists using Grooming Michael Gray at Supa Bumble And Bumble and Sisley

Clockwise from top left:
Jacket by **Kenzo**, £499.
Trackpants by **Markus Lupfer**, £225 (exclusive to Harrods). Floral jeans by **Givenchy**, £495. T-shirt by **Lanvin**, £245. T-shirt by **A.P.C.**, £89.95. Trainers by **Giuseppe Zanotti**, £715. Backpack by **Kenzo**, £355. Trainers by **Adidas**, £67.95.

Anders wears: Jumper by **SOLID HOMME**, £320 (exclusive to Harrods). T-shirt by **James Perse**, £110. Trousers by **SOLID HOMME**, £335 (exclusive to Harrods). Trainers by **Lanvin**, £335. All brands available at **Harrods**. harrods.com



HIGH AND

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WORDS
Robert Johnston

J

Jonathan William Anderson, now 30, was born in the small town of Magherafelt in Northern Ireland. His rugby player father, Willie, is one of Ireland's great sporting heroes, the former captain having been capped 27 times for the national side between 1984 and 1990. One memorable moment saw Anderson and French counterpart Jean Condom become the subject of a banner spotted in the crowd during a Five Nations match at Dublin's old Lansdowne Road stadium in Ireland's 1985 championship campaign. It proudly read, "Our Willie's bigger than your Condom!"

Anderson junior, meanwhile, studied menswear at the London College of Fashion. He graduated

Spanish heritage label Loewe's new creative director JW Anderson is one of fashion's latest, greatest talents

in 2005 and launched his own label in 2008. His talents were quickly spotted and, as well as collaborating with the likes of Aldo and Topshop, he was appointed creative director of British heritage brand Sunspel. He also signed up to design a capsule collection for the Versace second line, Versus, where Donatella praised him as a future talent.

Today he is creative director of the venerable Spanish fashion house Loewe. This started life as a co-operative of leather workers in 1846 before being consolidated by German entrepreneur Enrique Loewe Roessberg under his name in 1872, making it one of the world's first luxury houses. It was acquired by LVMH in 1996.

In 2013 then creative director Stuart Vevers announced that he was leaving to head American label Coach, and



House in order: (top left) Loewe's flagship store in Miami includes an 18th-century stone granary from Portugal (left); its new creative director JW Anderson (above)

the clever money was on his successor being an experienced pair of hands,

such as Mulberry's Emma Hill. Instead, to many people's surprise, it was Anderson.

"It came about when I was talking to LVMH about a possible investment in my own company," he explains. "When we were near to closing the deal, Delphine Arnault [daughter of CEO Bernard Arnault] asked whether I was interested in Loewe. To be honest I didn't know much about the brand, so she suggested a visit to one of its factories to see what I thought. I ended up pretending to be a journalist on a press trip. It was a revelation. When I arrived I felt like a child in a toy shop. There is something astonishing about seeing things actually being made that makes you fall in love with them. It's

the level of craftsmanship. I have never really dealt with that level of skill, and I found myself thinking, 'I actually, really, really want to do this job.'

"So I came back to London, talked to some friends and finally decided just to take the risk. I was pretty sure by then that it would work out in the end, and that was that." He was quoted at the time of the announcement, saying that LVMH is the "Oxford University of luxury goods".

So what informs the JW Anderson aesthetic? "Since day one my look has been this idea of a shared wardrobe. It's the idea that a wardrobe can coexist between men and women and there is no distinction. It is just about garments. We tend to typecast clothes according to gender, but why does that happen? Does a white shirt not mean the same to a man as to a woman? Does a tuxedo not mean the same thing? Who



From left: Coat, £4,990. Trousers, £425. Shoes, £675. Suitcase, £1,990. Sunglasses, £185. Jacket, £3,825. Trousers, £425. Shoes, £675. Sunglasses, £185. All by **Loewe**. loewe.com



From left: Jumper, £695. Trousers, £475. Shoes, £250. Scarf, £250. Bag, £1,650. Jumper, £696. Trousers, £457. Shoes, £250. Scarf, £250. Bag, £1,650. All by **Loewe**. loewe.com

can't confess to raiding their partner's closet recently?"

Anderson wanted to create a collection that incorporated the idea of a homogeneous wardrobe. "It's always been about men borrowing women's clothing, women borrowing men's clothing." One of his early hits was the frilled "skort" for men.

When she reported on the JW Anderson autumn/winter 2015 men's collection, *Vogue* International Editor Suzy Menkes declared that he brought out a man's softer side, and that, "The big coats, the ruffs of fringe and the wild mixes of unexpected fabrics made the show seem ambidextrous in a 21st-century way." Anderson told Menkes backstage that he liked the "idea of floppiness". She was, however, concerned that he had, at times, gone a little far.

"If men find that frightening then fine – it's not for them," he

says now. "It's no secret what I believe in, and I don't hold back. I think that there has never been more of an exciting time in menswear than now – it is probably more interesting than womenswear. Men are a lot more liberated, possibly due to social media. They are taking more pictures of themselves than ever, so they are more aware of what they look like. Men are approaching a level of vanity about their appearance that has traditionally been associated with women. And that makes designing for men so interesting right now."

But how do you inject sexiness into clothes if you don't make them gender-specific? "Personally, I don't think that men look that attractive in a three-piece suit so, for me, ultimately it has to do with texture and fabric," he replies. "For example, silk can be more interesting on a man than on a woman. It just depends on

how you reappropriate it. And this is one of the reasons it has been so rewarding working for a leather house like Loewe. I have always been obsessed by leather and I think it can be a lot more modern than, say, nylon, because you can do pretty much anything to it. You can make leather look like nylon, you can waterproof it. And when you have the facilities, the technology and the access to the best leather as we do at Loewe, we can basically do whatever we want with it. It is a blank canvas – you can rubberise it, you can paint it, you can emboss it.

"I have been very lucky that the technicians themselves are extremely open. Loewe is a house that loves to be challenged. I ask, 'How do we do this?' and the team will never tell me it can't be done. They want to prove they can do it so they always come back with a solution. And I am very like this myself. If I find I can't do

something initially I will keep doing it and doing it until I get it right. And I think that's what keeps me going – trying to learn everything and trying constantly to find solutions."

And that is the contradiction at the heart of JW Anderson. Alongside his gender-neutral musings he approaches his job in a masculine, little-boy-with-a-Meccano-set way. "The obsession with having to build something is probably the male in me: the do it/fix it mentality. But when it comes to Loewe, I work very differently. I need to build up a character and ask who that Loewe man will be. It's very difficult for someone to buy something from a brand if they don't know who the brand is. What does he look like? What does he do? What does he believe in? If your customer can't answer these questions then all you're producing is ornamentation, not fashion."

loewe.com

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PHOTOGRAPHS
Steve Neaves

STYLING
Dan Blake

WORDS
Robert Johnston



Jacket, £2,100. Shoes,
£700. Both by **Dior Homme**. dior.com.
Shirt by **Brioni**, £380.
brioni.com. Trousers,
£190. Scarf, £390. Both
by **7 For All Mankind**.
7forallmankind.co.uk.
Bag by **Alexander McQueen**, £995.
alexandermcqueen.com

THE MANUAL

Here's how to carry off the six key items that should grace every modern man's wardrobe

BLAZERS



MR SOFT

The classic Canali Kei blazer may look perfectly tailored, but when you slip it on, it feels like you are wearing a cardigan rather than a suit jacket. Believe us when we say dressing for work has rarely felt this good. The comfort factor is thanks to the lack of lining and the minimal but cushioning construction around the shoulders. And the cashmere is as soft as a maiden's kiss. What more could you ask for?

Blazer by **Canali**, £950. canali.com

Photographs Nicholas Kay

"I LIKE TO KEEP A UNIFORM – WEAR A BLAZER, TRY TO KEEP THE SAME COLOUR PANTS; VERY TAILORED, VERY FITTED BUT STILL EDGY"

THEOPHILUS LONDON

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

One of the key trends in recent menswear collections is the use of colours blending into each other to form shaded blocks or stripe effects. These are referred to in three different ways:

1 DÉGRADÉ

Here, colours are gradually shaded instead of clearly demarcated, and could be described as a modern, minimalist version of tie-dye, so will not necessarily go seamlessly from light through to dark.

2 OMBRÉ

From the French word for shaded, this is very similar to dégradé but usually refers to the gradual blending of tints and shades progressively from light to dark. The term is also used to describe hair colouration.

3 DIP-DYE

Although this can be used to describe a process of dyeing yarn, it is more commonly used to describe the effect when a garment has been partly immersed in a dye to give two or more different colours.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BLAZER AND A SPORTS JACKET?

Historically, thanks to its naval roots, the blazer was blue with gold buttons, while its landlubber cousin the sports jacket came in tweeds and worsteds and was often accessorised with a shotgun. But as the original blazer (from HMS Blazer in the mid-1840s) bore blue-and-white stripes, the difference between the two styles was blurred from the beginning, and these days they are almost indistinguishable.



From left: Blazer by **Boglioli**, £1,465. boglioli.it.
Blazer by **Michael Kors**, £390. michaelkors.com



From left: Blazer by **Lanvin**, £780. lanvin.com.
Blazer by **Aquascutum**, £795. aquascutum.com

LEATHER JACKETS

HIDE PARKED

Here's a quick guide to some of the most common types of leather. And if you're wondering, technically speaking, there is a simple difference between skins and hides – hides are the pelts of large animals, whereas skins come from small animals.

The Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES) is extremely strict regarding these leathers, so when you buy in the UK from a reputable retailer you can be confident that your purchase will conform to the highest standards.

CALFSKIN

This is a leather from the hide of a calf. Typically, it is less than three years old. Calfskin is particularly soft, with a fine grain, and is very durable.

SHEARLING

This is skin from a recently sheared sheep that has been tanned and dressed with the wool left on. It has a suede surface on one side and a clipped fur surface on the other. It can be worn with either surface out.

OSTRICH LEATHER

This is usually farmed in South Africa and is distinctive for its pattern of bumps. The intricate and specialised production process makes it an expensive material.

PONYSKIN

This is often a misnomer – the "ponyskin" used by designers is, in reality, more often calfskin. If in doubt, you should check before buying.

ALLIGATOR AND CROCODILE

These are similar in texture and pattern, and are both composed from square and oblong scales known as tiles. To tell the difference, if you examine them closely you will see that some skins have little dots close to the scale edge (crocodile), and others don't (alligator) – these are hair follicles. Alligator is usually considered the finer skin, but croc is harder-wearing.



"I NEVER WORE A STUDDED LEATHER JACKET. NE-VAH!"

JOHN LYDON



Jacket by **Moncler**, £1,610. moncler.com



Jacket by **Bally**, £2,850. bally.co.uk



Jacket by **Gieves & Hawkes**, £3,995. gievesandhawkes.com



Jacket by **Jacob Cohen**, £1,150. At Harrods. harrods.com



Jacket by **Emporio Armani**, £1,390. At Harrods. harrods.com



Jacket by **Brioni**, £5,400. brioni.com

SIX OF THE BEST JACKETS ON FILM



JOHNNY STRABLER
The Wild One (1953)

The image of Marlon Brando in a Schott One Perfecto jacket seared itself into the world's imagination as the iconic uniform of the bad boy.



WYATT
Easy Rider (1969)

The jacket worn by Peter Fonda was most famous for its red, white and blue stripes on the right side and around the left sleeve, plus the Stars and Stripes on the back.



DANNY ZUKO

Grease (1978)
John Travolta's character greased his hair back, slipped on his leather biker jacket with the T-Birds logo emblazoned on the back and drove away into movie history.



INDIANA JONES
Raiders Of The Lost Ark (1981)

According to legend this jacket required several processes to get the garment just right, with the final result having to pass both the designers and Harrison Ford's critical eye.



MAX ROCKATANSKY
Mad Max (1979)

Thanks to budgetary constraints only Mel Gibson and Steve Bisley were given jackets made of leather. Gibson's classic biker number was picked up in Melbourne.



MAVERICK
Top Gun (1986)

The US Navy commissioned this iconic shearling bomber jacket in 1931 and it's still cool today. Tom Cruise's featured the patches pilots sew on to commemorate their missions.

Blouson by **Louis Vuitton**, £3,650. louisvuitton.com.
Shirt by **Aquascutum**, £125. aquascutum.com.
Jeans, £280. Scarf, £199. Both by **Boss**.
hugoboss.com

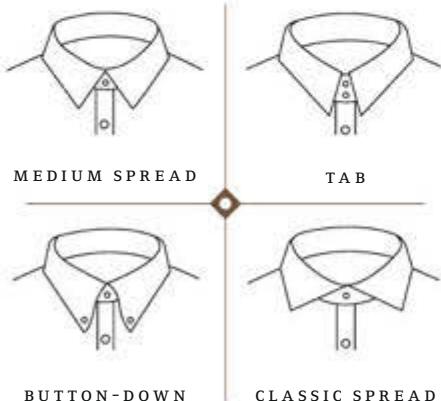


Shirt, £420. Jeans £400. Both by **Dior Homme**, dior.com. Shoes by **Berluti**, £1,350. berluti.com. Belt by **Paul Smith**, £125. paulsmith.co.uk. Gloves by **Valentino**, £200. valentino.com





Shirt by **Turnbull & Asser**, £175.
turnbullandasser.co.uk



FEEL YOUR COLLAR

Many modern shirts will only come in the choice of small, medium or large collars. But it is always a good idea to know your actual neck – particularly for formal shirts. You should be able to fit one finger comfortably between neck and collar. And beware: on average a large shirt will have a collar width of 42cm (UK 16.5in).

THE FINEST-QUALITY COTTON OFTEN COMES IN TWO DIFFERENT VARIETIES

- 1 Pima cotton is named after the native American tribe who cultivated it on experimental farms in Arizona in the 1900s.
- 2 Sea Island cotton takes its name from the outlying islands of South Carolina and Georgia, where it was first cultivated in the US.

THE ORIGINAL

Forget the toga, the shirt has a longer history than any other garment. Indeed, the oldest preserved piece of clothing was discovered by the British archaeologist Flinders Petrie in a First Dynasty Egyptian tomb just south of Cairo. It was described as a "highly sophisticated" linen shirt. "The shoulders and sleeves have been finely pleated to give form-fitting trimness while allowing the wearer room to move. The small fringe formed during weaving along one edge of the cloth has been placed by the designer to decorate the neck opening and side seam." Until the introduction of the cotton jersey, however, the shirt was considered a piece of underwear, with separate collars and cuffs. This all changed with the opening of Charvet, the world's first shirt shop, on Place Vendôme, Paris, in 1838.

"I HAVE THIS COMPLEX THAT IF I WALK INTO A PLACE WEARING A COLOURFUL SHIRT SOMEONE WILL STOP ME AND SAY, 'I'M SORRY, BUT THE LATIN BAND COMES THROUGH THE OTHER DOOR.'"

OSCAR DE LA RENTA

THE DILBERT CONUNDRUM

The breast pocket found on many men's shirts first appeared in the Sixties thanks to the disappearance of the waistcoat. Today it is more likely to sport a number of ballpoint pens but, as it looks undoubtedly untidy on a formal shirt, is best left for casual weekend wear rather than at work.



T A K E G O O D C A R E

Cotton shirts should be washed at 40–60°C (check instructions first) in order to prolong the life of the shirt (and possibly the planet). Remember: the lower the temperature the better. Always remove collar stiffeners before washing. If possible, try to avoid tumble drying as the steel drum of the drier can, over time, damage cuffs and collar points. Ideally, shirts should be line dried until slightly damp, ready for ironing.



ALL BUTTONED-UP

Traditionally, the finest buttons are mother-of-pearl, made from nacre, the inner layer of the shell of an oyster or mussel. As a material it is relatively fragile, so wash shirts undone and inside-out to prevent the buttons chipping against the drum. You should avoid ironing over buttons as this can cause damage.

A good substitute for mother-of-pearl is corozo. This material comes from the nut of the South American tagua palm and is also known as vegetable ivory – it is such a good substitute that it has even been used to make bagpipes. It is also less likely to chip than nacre.



Clockwise from top left: Shirt by **Dolce & Gabbana**, £1,850. dolcegabbana.com. Shirt by **Corneliani**, from £220. corneliani.com. Shirt by **Thom Browne**, £250. thombrowne.com. Shirt by **Ermenegildo Zegna**, £195. zegna.com



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ROLLNECKS

VERSATILITY

Few pieces are as versatile as a rollneck, and in its various incarnations it can be as useful dressing up jeans and a bomber jacket as it is giving a casual twist to classic tailoring. It goes brilliantly with both cargo pants and flannels. It is perhaps best as the perfect layering piece, as happy under a tweed jacket as it is under leather. In a fine gauge it can be worn under a shirt

for a twist on the no-tie look, but one of the coolest ways to wear it right now is over a long, untucked shirt so that the tails are clearly visible – go for black if you're feeling a bit goth, otherwise white. For the sports-luxe feel, wear a dark rollneck with an unstructured blazer and a pair of grey cuffed jogging pants (luxury cashmere versions work well).



ORIGINS OF THE ROLLNECK

Although rollneck-style tops date back centuries, from the late 1800s they were most often associated with either athletes or sailors. Perhaps one of the most famous examples of the latter, who was almost always depicted in his French blue rollneck, was Tintin's loyal friend Captain Haddock. He was first introduced as a befuddled boozier in *The Crab With The Golden Claws* in 1940 – and if you want a piece of pub-quiz gold, his first name was only revealed in the very last completed Tintin tale, *Tintin And The Picaros*, as Archibald.

Noël Coward championed them in the Twenties and made them acceptable – briefly – for middle-class men. With the advent of the

DEFINITION AND DIFFERENTIATION

1 ROLLNECK

A rollneck is a jumper with a close-fitting, round, high collar that folds over and covers the neck. Simple.

2 TURTLENECK

Although known as the mock turtleneck in the US – where they call a polo neck a turtleneck – we will be sticking to the British definitions here. In the UK, a turtleneck is

a high, round, ribbed collar that does not fold back. Making you look a little like a turtle, in fact. Steve Jobs wore a black Issey Miyake turtleneck as a uniform.

3 POLO NECK

The polo neck is really a synonym for "rollneck" but is so called because polo players wore them in late 19th century. These tended to be of a fine gauge, so today most people tend to use "polo neck" to describe fine knitwear and "rollneck" for chunky.

4 FUNNEL NECK

This style is less common in knitwear. It is like a turtleneck in that it doesn't turn down, but is usually twinned with a zip or buttons.



Jumper by **Emporio Armani**, £375. armani.com



Jumper by **Boss**, £179. At Harrods. harrods.com



Jumper by **Maison Margiela**, £460. maisonmargiela.com

"I DIDN'T INVENT THE TURTLENECK... BUT I WAS THE FIRST TO RECOGNISE ITS POTENTIAL AS A TACTICAL GARMENT. THE TACTALNECK."

STERLING ARCHER

Jumper by **Kenzo**, £955. kenzo.com

Rive Gauche intellectuals in Paris such as Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, however, the black rollneck became intimately associated with artists and poets – think of Audrey Hepburn's character in *Funny Face*. This style was then appropriated by beatniks in the US.

Today it is a fashion staple and a key piece in many of most important men's collections as the epitome of masculine style. This season it has taken a tech twist, with bold graphics and clever textures taking it to a new level. As Captain Haddock would say, "Ten thousand thundering typhoons!"

Rollneck, £620. Trousers,
£445. Both by **Louis Vuitton**.
louisvuitton.com





Jacket, £1,125. Jeans, £215. Both by **Polo Ralph Lauren**, ralphlauren.com. Rollneck by **Boss**, £139. hugoboss.com. Shoes by **Paul Smith**, £225. paulsmith.co.uk. Gloves by **Dunhill**, £295. dunhill.com. Watch by **Omega**, £4,170. omegawatches.com. Bag by **Burberry Prorsum**, £1,895. burberry.com



JOEY HAS THE LAST LAUGH

It's one of menswear's great mysteries: where did the manbag come from? With hindsight it seems that one minute men wouldn't be seen dead carrying anything less macho than a hard-sided briefcase and the next they're all strolling around with a soft leather tote thrown jauntily over one shoulder.

The first example we can dig up was a calves' leather handbag-style option produced by Prada in 1998, but its first moment in the mass media was an unhappy affair. Broadcast in 1999, the *Friends* episode "The One With Joey's Bag" introduces Joey's manbag, which is mercilessly mocked by Chandler and Ross, even causing him to lose a job when he is mistaken for a salesman.

But despite this setback, the new millennium experienced the total victory of this now-essential piece of kit. And we would put money on the fact that David Schwimmer and Matthew Perry have some fine examples of their own now.



Bag, £2,700. Leather tag, £195. Crocodile-skin tag, £2,300. All by **Dior Homme**. dior.com

PICKING THE PERFECT BAG

Avoid overly elaborate decoration and extraneous bells, buckles, whistles etc. Despite what some people may think, it's not a handbag, so functions should always come first

Think practically about dimensions and weight

If you go for something that is more gym bag than man clutch, you will find yourself half-crippling people in the street. Also check the weight. If the leather is heavy when it is full of your belongings you are asking for a rotator cuff injury. However, if you want to carry around an iPad, for example, beware that its corners can overstretch and damage leather.

Make sure it suits your character (and for that read defects)

If you are less than organised and rarely clear out the rubbish in its depths, a deep tote is probably not ideal as you will spend the equivalent of years of your life scrabbling around trying to find your keys, phone and travel card. Look for a piece with the relevant pockets and compartments.

You don't have to think big

If you are used to travelling light, a leather portfolio or document holder may well be all you need – and tucked under an arm they certainly look the business. One word of warning: lacking as they do a handle or strap these aren't for those who can suffer from absent-mindedness.



HIDE AND SLEEK

To keep leather looking new you should first spray it with a product such as Scotchgard to protect it – but do test it on a small, out-of-sight area first to be on the safe side. Then regularly use a cleaner to prevent dirt building up – ask the store you buy your bag from what they recommend. To make cleaning easier it is a good idea to give it a quick wipe with a dry, soft cloth after you have used it to get rid of surface dust. Every once in a while condition the surface with neatsfoot oil (made from cattle bones, I am afraid to say). This will soften and protect the leather and greatly prolong its life – again, do a little test and leave it to dry first in case it causes discolouration. Use pure oil as otherwise it may contain mineral oils that can actually damage the hide.

Neatsfoot oil by **Bell & Oak**, £10. bellandoak.com



Bag by **Michael Kors**, £795. michaelkors.com



Bag by **Canali**, £1,630. canali.com



Bag by **Burberry Prorsum**, £1,795. burberry.com



Bag by **Louis Vuitton**, £3,635. louisvuitton.co.uk

"IS THAT WEIRD, TAKING MY LOUIS VUITTON BAG CAMPING?"

JESSICA SIMPSON

SCARVES

THE ORIGINAL

American cultural commentator and *The Power Of Glamour* author Virginia Postrel has no doubt what floats her boat (or flies her plane) manwise: "From the days of biplanes and silk scarves, the aviator has been the archetype of masculine glamour."

And that's one in the eye for a certain freelance designer (who bore more than a passing resemblance to Animal in *The Muppet Show*) that I crossed paths with many years ago at a well-known design magazine. When a mutual acquaintance asked him what the team there were like, he sniffed dismissively and sneered, "The men all wear scarves."

And there is nothing wrong with that actually. Even the Terracotta Warriors back in 210BC wore them, and a butcher bunch it is hard to imagine. The scarf, however, in modern times, has enjoyed a rather louche reputation – which is perhaps what Animal was getting at – and what man doesn't want just a little touch of that? So wear your scarf with pride – and remember, neckwear isn't just for Christmas, it's great in summer, too.

Right: scarves by Alexander McQueen, £275 each. At Harrods. harrods.com



SIR DUKE

If you want inspiration for your square summer scarf look no further than John Wayne. You might argue it is an overgrown bandana – though I prefer foulard – but no man has ever worn a piece of cloth round his neck with more panache.

SCARF FACE

10 AD

Romans wear a linen kerchief or "sudarium" (Latin for "sweat cloth") knotted around the waist or around the neck

1600

Croatian mercenaries wear scarves to signify rank

1783

The Third Duke of Krakatoa invents the knotted scarf

1810

Beethoven adopts a new look including silk scarves

1837

Hermès is born

1856

Burberry is founded

1914

Knitting scarves becomes a war-time duty in the US

HOW TO WEAR A SCARF

There is more than one way to wrap up a neck – well, at least eleven that we can think of. Here are some favourites

1 THE DRAPE

To be honest, this probably doesn't need instructions as no **actual tying** takes place – just drape scarf round neck. It's nice to know it has a name, though.

2 THE ASCOT

Again, hardly tricky: take both ends of scarf, and tie them **over-and-under**, as if you were starting to do up a giant pair of **shoelaces**. Adjust the front to smooth and tighten if you wish.

3 REVERSE DRAPE CROSS

Loop scarf around neck. Tuck one end under loop, and then the other, so they are lying **parallel**. The width of the initial loop will dictate how low-slung the resulting knot will be. This is particularly good if the scarf has interesting **fringing**.

4 THE FOUR IN HAND

5 THE FAKE KNOT

Hang scarf around neck with one end **twice** the length of the other. Tie a loose over-hand knot about **1ft** from shorter side. Loosen knot slightly and thread longer end through and **adjust** to desired length.

6 THE PARISIAN KNOT

Fold scarf in **two** so the ends touch. Pass ends around **back** of the neck and thread through loop at front. Adjust as required.

36

GET WITH THE PROGRAMME

"All over the country I somehow find myself engaged in conversations with men that would never normally discuss things like patterns, colour or cut [of scarves], but it's happening everywhere I go. From my daughter's college fraternity friends to Wall Street guys... there is a quiet revolution going on."

Nick Graham, founder and former chief underpants officer (seriously) of Joe Boxer

"I SAW AEROSMITH AND I WAS LIKE, 'WOW, YOU CAN DRESS LIKE A GIRL AND STILL GET GIRLS? HAND ME A SCARF!'"

GREG BEHRENDT



Right, clockwise from top:
Scarf by Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci, £250. givenchy.com. Scarf by Harrods of London, £99.95. harrods.com. Scarf by Paul Smith, £275. paulsmith.co.uk. Scarf by Etro, £455. etro.com



Jumper by **Canali**, canali.com.
Trousers, £419. Scarf, £225. Both
by **Paul Smith**, paulsmith.co.uk.
Boots by **Boss**, £280, hugoboss.com

With thanks to Bentley and
Jack Barclay dealership,
Berkeley Square, London

P R E C I O U S T I M E

How does Richard Mille make some of the most expensive watches in the world?

THE BACKGROUND

Mille started his career at a small French watchmaker. This was taken over by French industrial giant Matra, and Mille rose to head its watch division where he was inspired by Matra's involvement with Formula One. After the division was sold to Seiko, he left in 1992 and founded his own company in collaboration with Audemars Piguet in 1999.



THE MATERIALS

For the RM009 model, Mille demanded a metal that was both incredibly light and very strong. This turned out to be Alusic – an alloy of aluminium and silicon carbide more often used in the aerospace industry. It really pushed the boundaries, and is almost impossible to work with regular machine tools. The result was the most expensive case ever produced, but one that weighed only 30g. Forget the heft and cost of platinum – at this level, says Mille, “The weight of a watch is inversely proportional to its value.”

RM011 Flyback Chronograph Yellow Flash limited edition by **Richard Mille**, £18,000. richardmille.com

THE CASE

The sandwich style of the classic Richard Mille case is incredibly difficult – and therefore very expensive – to manufacture. It comes in three sections: the front and back bezels, as well as a middle piece. All of these components are curved, making machining less easy, and have to fit together to 100th of a millimetre to prevent moisture and dust getting in. Everything is designed from scratch with precise specifications and very limited production (again, much like an F1 car). To create each case takes at least 40 days of continuous machining.

richardmille.com

WORDS
Robert Johnston

R

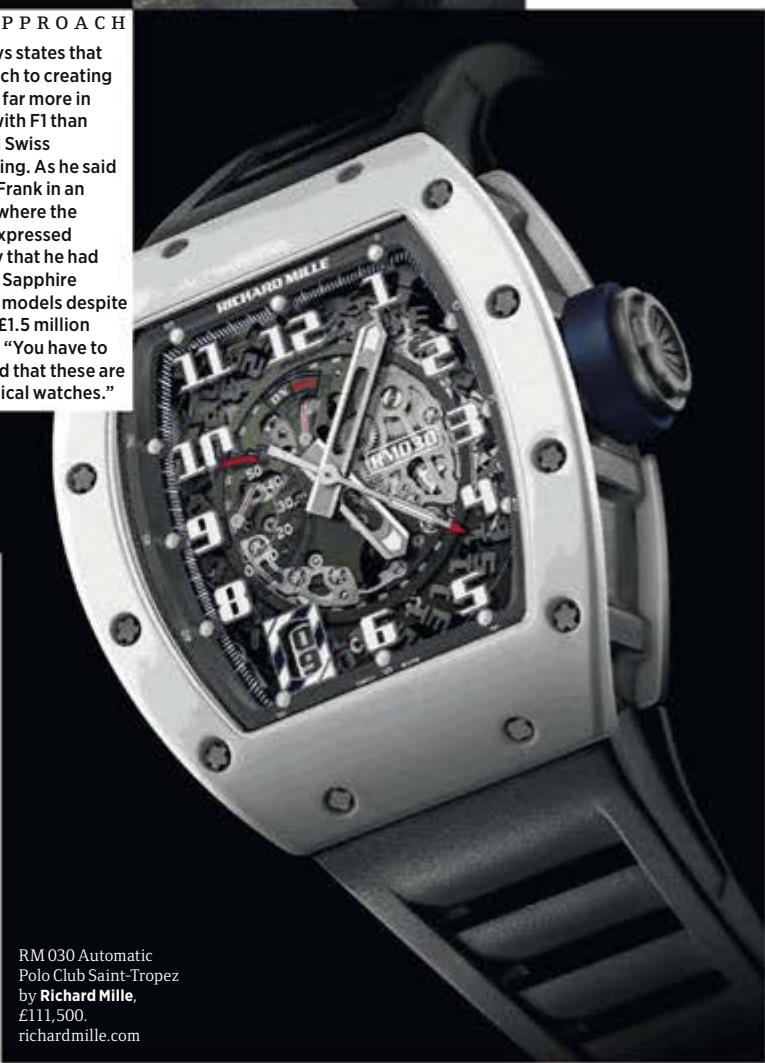
ichard Mille has been called the *enfant terrible* of the watch industry. And the price tags attached to the watches he creates can cause even the most sober of men to gasp. Robert Frank, a veteran reporter on the American cable channel CNBC, has referred to Richard Mille watches as “the secret billionaire’s handshake”. And while his works can cost up to £1.5 million, it seems that demand is growing.

So how can a timepiece cost this much?



THE APPROACH

Mille always states that his approach to creating pieces has far more in common with F1 than traditional Swiss watchmaking. As he said to Robert Frank in an interview where the reporter expressed incredulity that he had sold all his Sapphire Tourbillon models despite their near £1.5 million price tags, “You have to understand that these are very technical watches.”



RM 030 Automatic
Polo Club Saint-Tropez
by **Richard Mille**,
£111,500.
richardmille.com

FASHION NEWS

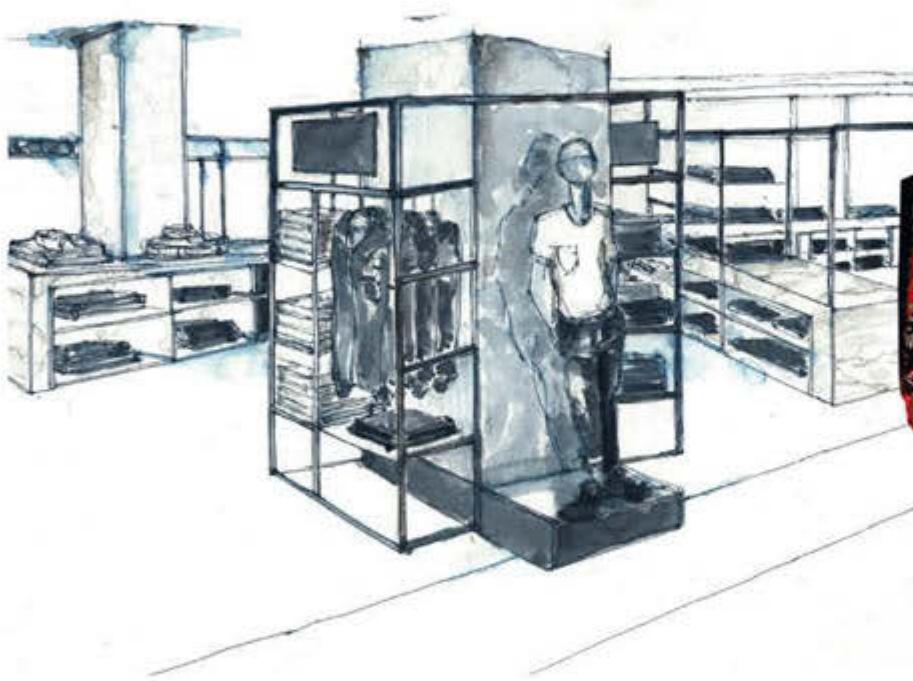
HARRODS FLOORS IT

An unveiling of its latest homage to runway and contemporary menswear

Head to Harrods' lower-ground floor this summer and you'll find more than 34,000 sq ft of sartorial supremacy as part of the latest development of the Menswear Contemporary department, including Harrods' Denim Gallery. Nestled within the Men's International Gallery and Contemporary Collections, the opening highlights Harrods' extensive offering of modern denim heavyweights, such as Diesel, AG Jeans, Nudie, True Religion and J Brand. Offering itself as London's must-visit fashion destination, Harrods' menswear departments continue to dazzle elsewhere with a number of exclusive boutiques from the likes of Lanvin, DSquared2, as well as runway regulars

Givenchy and Alexander McQueen. These brands are set to send Harrods' latest move in menswear to the stratosphere.

Part of a large redevelopment of the lower-ground floor, each department will play a key role in the fashion icon's most recent drive to elevate its menswear with a series of experiential boutiques. From luxury brands such as Balenciaga, Fendi and Valentino, the latter boasting the biggest "shop-in-shop" in the world, to a host of contemporary brands sitting alongside them. Future openings are coming in the form of Neil Barrett, Balmain and Versace, giving all the more reason to visit the capital's favourite fashion destination.



FOOD NEWS



DISHING IT OUT

Michelin-starred chef Ollie Dabbous has joined the famous Harrods Food Halls as Chef of the Season

The founder of Fitzrovia's celebrated Michelin-starred Dabbous restaurant will be offering an exclusive selection of dishes in the Harrods Food Halls, all born from his own menu. Ollie Dabbous' love of modern and European cuisine is at the backbone of the dishes that have been on offer since 11 May. Available for eight weeks, the Traiteur counter will celebrate Ollie becoming Chef of the Season in the Harrods Food Halls. "The dishes I've created for Harrods are stylistically aligned with my restaurant, but with a bit more comfort and accessibility," says Ollie. "It's summer, so I've gone for a mix of cold foods, salads and baked goods with a simple, light feel where you can taste all the ingredients."

SHOE NEWS

SOLE PURPOSE

Running through hoops with Nike's latest effort

The limited-edition Nike Basketball Elite Series Team Collection is now available at Harrods' fifth floor, making it the only destination in the UK where the limited-edition Elite series is available outside of Nike

stores. Built in three signature styles designed by basketball luminaries Kobe Bryant, Kevin Durant and LeBron James, the KD VII (pictured), KOBE X and LEBRON XII all merge ultimate comfort and support

with extreme lock down and stability, for an incredibly advanced answer to a modern sporting shoe. Each shoe is designed in team colours, making Nike's newest series a real playmaker.



KD VII by
Nike, £120.
At Harrods.
harrods.com

A photograph of three luxury watches displayed on a dark, textured wooden surface. In the foreground, a Longines watch with a light blue dial and black leather strap is positioned diagonally. Behind it, an Omega watch with a white dial and black leather strap is oriented vertically. To the right, an IWC watch with a white dial and black leather strap is also oriented vertically. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some green foliage and branches.

GOING

FOR

GOLD

40

If you want precious metal on your wrist make sure it is a work of watchmaking art and not just an expensive toy

PHOTOGRAPH
Matthew Beedle

Clockwise from top left:
De Ville Trésor Master
Co-Axial by **Omega**, £8,730.
omegawatches.com. Cellini
Time by **Rolex**, £15,300.
rolex.com. Carrera Calibre 5
Automatic by **TAG Heuer**,
£2,650. tagheuer.co.uk.
Altiplano Chronograph by
Piaget, £21,800. piaget.com.
WW1 Edición Limitada by
Bell & Ross, £15,000. bellross.com. Portugieser Hand-Wound
Eight Days Edition '75th
Anniversary' by **IWC**,
£15,250. iwc.com. Weems
Second-Setting by **Longines**,
£9,750. longines.com



WORDS
Robert Johnston

Boot room (below):
Hunter creative director
Alasdair Willis

There are few modern businesses as international as fashion, but there are some labels that could only have come from one part of the world. Here are four 'local' globals – and whether you're wearing them in Beijing or Boston, you can't fail to know where they come from



AW15 collection by Hunter

HUNTER

What could be more British than a Wellington boot? Named after the victor of Waterloo, it became the default weekend wear of the county set that traipses across the rain-soaked countryside with black Labradors and murderous intentions. And yet Hunter, itself the most trad wellie manufacturer since its founding in Edinburgh in 1856, has shown it can be something much more than a way to keep a Sloane's socks dry.

Its rebirth was heralded when, in 2005, Kate Moss sported a pair at Glastonbury – and when creative director Alasdair Willis came on board in 2013 it showed the brand meant business. Willis, who is married to Stella McCartney, transformed the company while staying true to its roots – including catwalk shows with Anna Wintour in the front row that closed with magician Dynamo getting up to his tricks.

The clothes reference the purpose of the original rubber boot but take it into whole new areas, such as the coolest ponchos you can find and dazzling-print bombers. And, of course, you can now go splashing in puddles in a whole range of Hunter styles, from lace-ups to Chelsea boots – even matt rubber plimsolls. hunterboots.com



AW15 by Beams Plus, from £65. beams.co.jp

Ray of light (left):
Beams Plus director
Shinsuke Nakada

BEAMS PLUS

The Japanese have been obsessed with all things American since the US occupation at the end of the Second World War. And today, for example, Japanese denim (often made on vintage American looms) is widely considered superior to the home-grown version. Beams Plus is a Tokyo-based line that epitomises this Japanese take on American heritage workwear.

But rather than being a faddish re-creation of a foreign culture, this is a world away from clumsy copies. As writer Tom Downey wrote last year in *The Smithsonian*, "The best examples of Japanese Americana don't just replicate our culture. They strike out, on their own."

Indeed, what Beams Plus does with true Japanese genius, under the direction of president Yo Shitara, is to take the traditional American references – trucker jackets, Shetland wool, tweed, denim (of course) and plaid – and mix them up. Its pieces are instantly recognisable but also completely new, pieces you feel you should have always had but never found before. They're Ivy League-inspired, but look closely and these clothes could not have come from anywhere except Japan: think Harajuku, not Harvard. beams.co.jp



JACOB COHËN

You might think that jeans are as American as Cowboys and Indians, but take into consideration that the best Westerns ever made were, in fact, Italian Spaghettis. And the same is true when it comes to denim. Indeed, the Italians are fanatical about jeans and, while we would be the first to admit that this can veer into the world of "fussy denim", at their best they can put their mastery of fabric, technique and tailoring into producing a peerless product.

One of the best examples of this Italian approach is Jacob Cohën. The brand was founded in 1985 by Tato Bardelle in a small town near Venice, but it was his son Nicola who transformed it in 2003 with one simple aim – to make the world's best jeans and give denim's working-class roots an Italian aristocratic polish.

The label boasts that every piece of its jeans is considered. The cut is tailored not only to fit but to flatter, and any distressing is achieved by hand so that every pair of jeans is unique. Even the buttons can be sculpted. If you read the label inside you will see it states "Made in Veneto", which means no outsourcing. jacobcohen.it



AW15 by **Band Of Outsiders**, from £135. bandofoutsiders.com



Inside track: Founder of Band Of Outsiders Scott Sternberg

BAND OF OUTSIDERS

Scott Sternberg started his career in the film business at Creative Artists Agency, the Hollywood behemoth that represents everyone from JJ Abrams to Kanye West. He left to work on a new venture with husband-and-wife team Tom Scott and Emily Woods, but found working with the latter, who helped create J Crew with her father, so inspiring he started his own fashion label in 2003.

Band Of Outsiders started life as a line of men's shirts and ties in vintage fabrics but soon expanded into a full range, based on American classics with a contemporary twist seen from an understated Hollywood perspective. And like the LA lifestyle, he has described the Band Of Outsiders' lifestyle as "easy breezy", though his key piece will always be a beautifully constructed blazer (often with old-school gold buttons). It is also a go-to label for the perfect button-down shirt.

Old films are one of Sternberg's greatest loves and he has cited Robert Redford's *Three Days Of The Condor* and Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories* as sources of inspiration. He believes that while American fashion changes and diversifies, American style, with its origins in sportswear, remains a constant. bandofoutsiders.com

ILLUSTRATIONS
Peter StrainWORDS
Robert Johnston

44

If you want to look your best you have to choose the best. Here's a selection of grooming products we consider classics

A W O R K S

BRINGING SEXY BACK

It's quite simply one of the most famous fragrances for men ever produced. Created in 1966, Eau Sauvage is like a mix of jasmine and magnolia and has been found to actually stimulate pheromone receptors, so literally turns women on. It certainly helped its most famous fan, Steve McQueen, and its original face, Alain Delon.

The name means "wild water" but was allegedly a pun inspired by an episode when Christian Dior's friend Percy Savage, an Australian fashion publicist in Paris, was announced by the butler as "Monsieur Sauvage".

Its latest incarnation is Eau Sauvage Cologne, a lighter fresher interpretation of the classic fragrance – but still guaranteed to drive women wild.

Eau Sauvage Cologne by Dior, £67.50 for 100ml



BALM OR GEL?

The endlessly expanding world of grooming can leave men baffled by technical terminology and the breadth of choice available. So, for example, you may ask, what is the difference between a gel and a balm? In practical terms not much beyond texture – though a balm will be moisturising so more suitable for dry skin and the gel's slightly astringent quality is better for oily skin. The truth is it is all about trial and error so give everything a try and then make up your own mind.

Super Moisture Balm and Super Moisture Gel, both by ClarinsMen, £29 for 50ml



A NEW GENDER

After the over-moisturised metrosexual we are now in the age of the lumbersexual when real men can look tough but be in touch with their more sensitive side. And Chanel's Sycomore is proof – thanks to its unmistakable deep, smoky vetiver notes, an archetypal West Ham-supporting London cabbie shyly asked me what I was wearing. He would have been astonished if I had let on that Sycomore was originally a woman's fragrance. We're claiming it for ourselves now.

Sycomore Eau de Toilette by **Chanel**, £210 for 200ml

EYES RIGHT

In an era when every man feels he has to be at the top of his game, the last thing you want are big dark circles under your eyes. Clinique's Anti-Fatigue Eye Cream contains whey protein to increase collagen production and phytosphingosine to reduce irritation.

Anti-Fatigue Eye Gel by **Clinique For Men**, £23 for 15ml

TRAD MEN

Not everything in the modern man's bathroom has to be cutting edge – apart from in the most literal sense. Although the brand was only founded in the Seventies, Czech & Speake has always taken inspiration from the glory days of the Edwardian era, when the men strolling through the Burlington Arcade wore spats and demanded the very best of everything. So what better way to bring a little nostalgia for the heyday of empire

to your morning routine than this elegant shaving set?

No.88 Shaving Set & Stand by **Czech & Speake**, £310



LOOKING THE BUSINESS

Men like their grooming products to look like they are taking their job seriously and for nearly 30 years LAB Series has taken male skincare technology to a new level. And the fact that the packaging looks the business is a boon. The Power Wash gives your face a deep-down clean and is perfect for use pre-shaving.

Power Wash by **LAB Series**, £22 for 250ml



BUSH TELEGRAPH

Australian brand Aesop has proved that you can have both style and substance with a range that proves you do get what you pay for. Its mandarin rind Resurrection Aromatique handwash is the best on the market (just ask my dog, who is reduced to a frenzy of excitement at the merest whiff). Add this powder exfoliant to your favourite cleanser – it's brilliant at sloughing dead skin cells.

Tea Tree Leaf Facial Exfoliant by **Aesop**, £27 for 30g



BOOSTER PACK

Sisley is one of those brands that men are always "borrowing" from their girlfriends. And it's no surprise with products such as this Botanical D-Tox, which is an overnight treatment to help eliminate toxins and give skin a reviving and lasting boost. Think of it as a great night's sleep in a bottle.

Botanical D-Tox Detoxifying Night Treatment by **Sisley**, £138 for 30ml

[All at **Harrods**, harrods.com]

2015 Nautilus by
Patek Philippe,
£33,340. patek.com



DAVID LINLEY

CHAIRMAN OF CHRISTIE'S
EUROPE, MIDDLE EAST,
RUSSIA & INDIA

What is your definition of luxury?

I believe the greatest luxury is time, or seeing a plain piece of wood being transformed by human hands into a truly beautiful cabinet, or a plain piece of canvas turned into a painting that will last for centuries.

What is the one luxury you couldn't do without?

Watches are miniature miracles of craftsmanship and, in the right hands, of beauty too. I know them to be useful, and believe my favourite watch to be beautiful. The Patek Philippe Nautilus is designed to mimic the shape of a ship's porthole; it sits perfectly on my wrist and never loses a

46 WHAT IS LUXURY

We ask the professionals who surround themselves with the finest things in life for their definition of indulgence

'The saddest thing I can imagine is to get used to luxury'
Charlie Chaplin

second. Every time I look at it, I can't help but smile at its little perfections.

What is the most luxurious thing you have ever done?

It would always be something that money can't buy. Having a unique experience itself can be a luxury. At Christie's we have the luxury of working with beautiful objects and pictures from the past and present, and sometimes this leads to interactions with the artists and makers who create them.

christies.com

MARTIN ROTH

DIRECTOR, VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

What is your definition of luxury?

When I was a teenager, the chance to get out of my small German village and drive to other parts of Europe seemed a luxury, but now that international travel is part of my daily job, I consider it a luxury to stay in London for the weekend.

What is the one luxury you couldn't do without?

Instant global communication through phone and internet is an incredible luxury. I am wedded to my iPhone. I read a survey in which young people were asked whether they would rather lose a finger or their smartphone and a surprising number chose to lose the finger. It's not just the functionality, but the fact that it's such a beautifully designed object. Jonathan Ives told me that his design career was partly inspired by childhood visits to the V&A's Silver Galleries, so perhaps I can claim that the attachment is professional. But that's only half the truth.

What is the most luxurious thing you have ever done?

At my age looking back is a mistake – let's say it's yet to come. V&A's current exhibition *What Is Luxury?* is on until 27 September. vam.ac.uk

JUANITO ASENCIO

MANAGER, CHILTERN FIREHOUSE

What is your definition of luxury?

Having time and freedom. What is the one luxury you couldn't do without?

Spanish extra virgin olive oil for breakfast toasts with *pata negra jamón*. Also, cashmere socks and a glass of very old oloroso.

What is the most luxurious thing you have ever done?

I went on safari with friends in Dogon Country in the Sahara. The Dogon people are wonderfully welcoming and I loved their culture. I met one of their tribal leaders. One of the most unforgettable memories I have from then was when I first met the leader of a tribe in Mali. It was the first time he had ever met a white man and we shared a glass of Krug. chilternfirehouse.com



Socks by Club Monaco,
£85. clubmonaco.com

SYLVAIN ERCOLI

GENERAL MANAGER,
BULGARI HOTEL, LONDON



What is your definition of luxury?

Independence, elegance, quality and know-how.

What is the one luxury you couldn't do without?

Friendship.

What is the most luxurious thing you have ever done?

Tasting a Château Margaux Premier Grand Cru de Bordeaux en primeur with the owner and her sommelier on the estate at ten in the morning. bulgarihotels.com

'Some people think luxury is the opposite of poverty. It is not. It is the opposite of vulgarity'

Coco Chanel

ALBERT HILL

FOUNDING DIRECTOR, THE MODERN HOUSE

What is your definition of luxury?

Being surrounded by things that work well and are a pleasure to use. Forget the cost – it could be anything from a 20p pencil to a £20 million penthouse apartment – just as long as the person who designed it has done so with uncompromising integrity, intelligence and an eye for form as well as function.

What is the one luxury you couldn't do without?

Silk running apparel imported from Hong Kong. I can't stand so-called technical fibres (often just polyester). And space and light – I am lucky enough that our offices (*below*) are designed by excellent architects, Cullinan Studio, and I have just bought a new house

that will soon be refurbished to maximise these qualities.

What is the most luxurious thing you have ever done?

Employed a fantastic architect, Pereen d'Avoine, to design my garden shed. themodernhouse.net



JASON BASMAJIAN

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER, GIEVES & HAWKES

What is your definition of luxury?

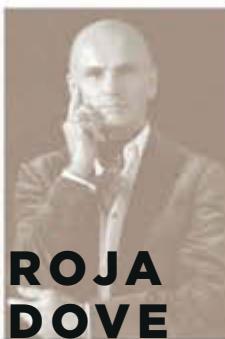
My definition of luxury is time. There is never enough free time to read, travel, spend time with friends and family.

What is the one luxury you couldn't do without?

I couldn't live without my house in the Loire Valley, which is my favourite place in the world and where I go to recharge my batteries. I'm currently loving *I'll Drink To That* by Betty Halbreich, the memoirs of the legendary personal shopper at Bergdorf Goodman in New York.

What is the most luxurious thing you have ever done?

I once spent two weeks on a friend's very smart yacht cruising around Greenland. There was a helicopter and marine biologist on board – James Bond meets *National Geographic* – but no phone or internet access, surrounded by the most amazing nature. gievesandhawkes.com



ROJA DOVE

MASTER PERFUMER
AND FOUNDER OF
ROJA DOVE PARFUMS

What is your definition of luxury?

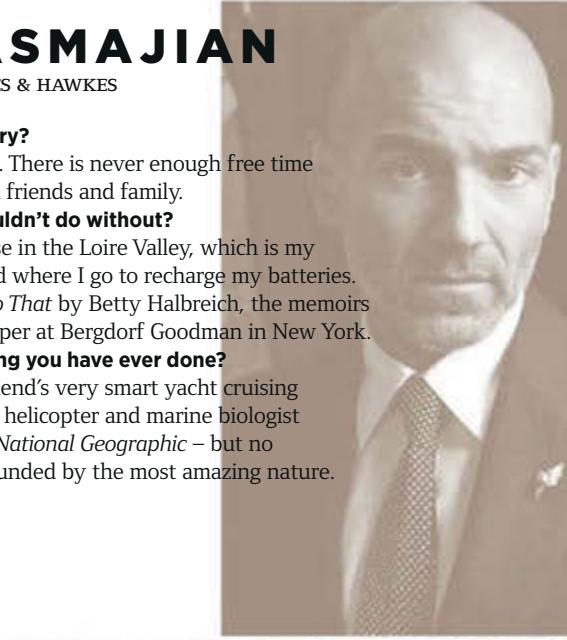
It is when only the best will do. The moment you compromise on luxury you come face-to-face with mediocrity.

What is one luxury you couldn't do without?

I can't live without putting on fragrance in the morning. Also, the leather atelier Jean Rousseau produces some of the most beautiful bespoke crocodile pieces in the world. Likewise, Araldi1930, a leather-goods company, created bespoke luggage for me in glossy black crocodile.

What is the most luxurious thing you have ever done?

To celebrate the opening of the new Roja Dove Haute Parfumerie on the sixth floor of Harrods, I created a perfume called By Appointment. rojadove.com



MAX POGLIANI

CEO, VERTU

What is your definition of luxury?

For me, time is the ultimate luxury and anything which helps me make the most of my time – ie well-thought-out design, seamless service and experiences personally tailored to my preference.

What is the one luxury you couldn't do without?

My weakness is for shoes. As a young man I bought the best I could afford and I now have a wardrobe of Berluti, Santoni and Crockett & Jones. I spend many a happy hour with my shoe polish and brush, polishing them myself.

What is the most luxurious thing you have ever done?

Vertu recently sponsored a series of dinners that were hosted by the chef Ferran Adrià. I was lucky enough to experience several spectacular creations inspired by ElBulli, as well as having some great conversations with Ferran himself during the various dinners. vertu.com

'For me, true luxury can be caviar or a day with no meetings, no appointments and no schedule'

Michael Kors



A design for life: All featured in Christian Liaigre's new book *Liaigre 12 Projects* (Flammarion, £85), his personal masterpieces for private yachts and residences in London, Nantucket, Saint-Moritz; plus his work for the Samsung family in Seoul (top left)



WORDS
Robert Johnston

According to Coco Chanel, true style is looking in the mirror before going out and taking one thing off. And when it comes to interior design Christian Liaigre, who has just opened his second shop in London, sings from the same style sheet.

The Paris-based designer has a client list that reads like a gathering of the global great and good, including Karl Lagerfeld, Valentino, Marc Jacobs, Ralph Lauren and Rupert Murdoch. He has built and designed houses from St Barths to Bangkok and Bora Bora. His style has been described as 18th-century minimalism – after his favourite century.

"This was the time when the worlds of jewellery, furniture, metal, gardening – everything in fact – was modern," he says. "Versailles was the motor powering this, and I feel it's coming back into fashion." Indeed, you can see the similarities between his work and the creations of garden designer Le Nôtre, the subject of Alan Rickman's film *A Little Chaos*, which tells the story of the creation of Louis XIV's gardens at Versailles.

Liaigre, 70, was born in the Vendée on France's Atlantic coast. He studied and then taught art in Paris before retiring back to his birthplace for ten years. In 1987 he returned to the French capital and opened a showroom, and rapidly became one of the most sought-after designers in the world with his blend of traditional French style with an Eastern feng shui twist. It is all about quiet elegance – as he says, "If you have too many things in your house your spirit is disturbed."

So forget Seventies kitsch – instead his furnishings are made of the highest quality materials and fabrics, many of them custom-made, creating a modern-day grand palais fit for this century's Sun Kings.

Liaigre, 52 Conduit Street, London W1.
christianliaigre.us/en





60 °C BELOW ZERO

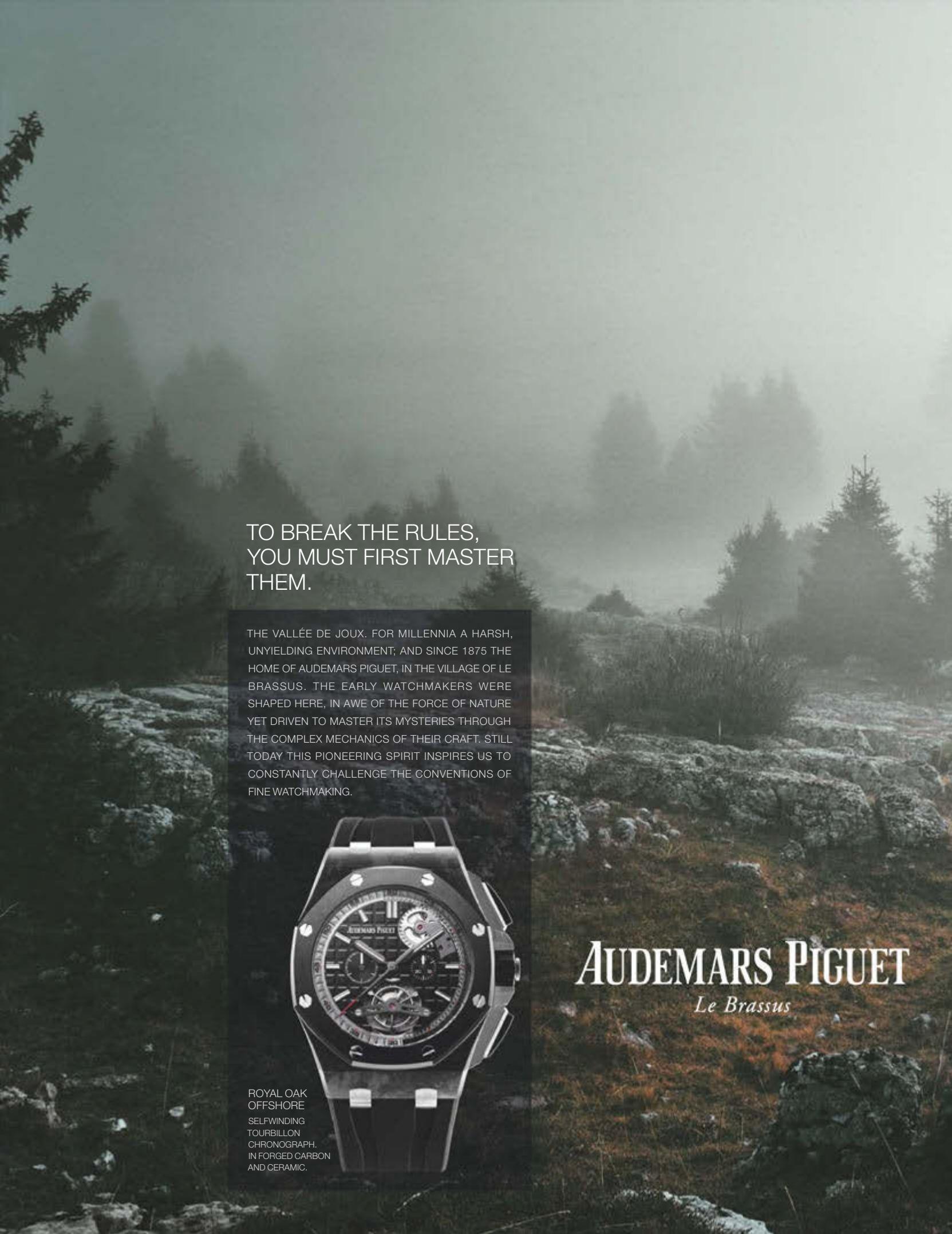
It is at the coldest and most remote extremities of the planet, visited by expeditions and studied by universities but never inhabited by man, that the soul of TUDOR North Flag belongs. A finely honed instrument, with the first movement developed and produced by TUDOR sheltered within, it is the modern adventurer's solid companion, beginning a new era in the brand's history.

TUDOR NORTH FLAG

Self-winding mechanical Manufacture TUDOR MT5621 movement, officially certified chronometer, non-magnetic silicon spring, approx. 70 hour power reserve. Sapphire case back, waterproof to 100 m, 40 mm steel case. Visit tudorwatch.com and explore more.



TUDOR
WATCH YOUR STYLE



TO BREAK THE RULES,
YOU MUST FIRST MASTER
THEM.

THE VALLÉE DE JOUX. FOR MILLENNIA A HARSH, UNYIELDING ENVIRONMENT; AND SINCE 1875 THE HOME OF AUDEMARS PIGUET, IN THE VILLAGE OF LE BRASSUS. THE EARLY WATCHMAKERS WERE SHAPED HERE, IN AWE OF THE FORCE OF NATURE YET DRIVEN TO MASTER ITS MYSTERIES THROUGH THE COMPLEX MECHANICS OF THEIR CRAFT. STILL TODAY THIS PIONEERING SPIRIT INSPIRES US TO CONSTANTLY CHALLENGE THE CONVENTIONS OF FINE WATCHMAKING.



ROYAL OAK
OFFSHORE
SELFWINDING
TOURBILLON
CHRONOGRAPH.
IN FORGED CARBON
AND CERAMIC.

AUDEMARS PIGUET
Le Brassus